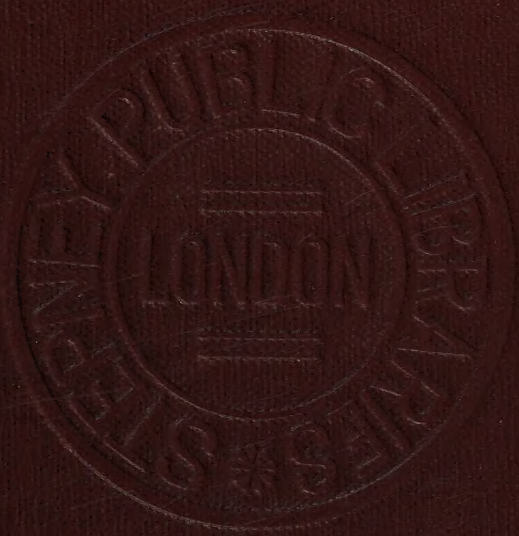
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BY

JULIAN S. CORBETT

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PREFACE

The present work is designed as a sequel to 'Drake and the Tudor Navy,' to which it practically forms a third and concluding volume, carrying the reader through the period of hostilities with Spain which extended from the death of Drake in 1596 to the conclusion of the war at James I.'s accession. It is a period which, if we except the operations of Essex at Cadiz in 1596, has been much neglected by historians and as much misunderstood. The years in which it is included have been thus summarised by one of the highest and most recent of English authorities. 'Between 1588 and the death of Elizabeth there intervened fifteen years. So long the war lasted, which on the side of England was chiefly a series of plundering expeditions in which the Government scarcely aimed at a single national object, but rather allowed naval adventurers to make reprisals for their exclusion from the New World. It is a peculiar and unique period of English history, in which war is waged, but freely, with a triumphant sense of power, with scarcely any sense of danger, with some lawlessness, yet on the whole with a good conscience and with a national pride which no earlier generation had known. The glory of 1588 tinged every succeeding year of the war; the sense of danger and the tension that had held the national mind for a whole generation was gone, and a

new generation grew up to revel in victory and discovery.' [1]

That this passage fairly represents the prevalent view of the last decade of Elizabeth will not be denied. Yet to those who have patience to examine the time more closely it will seem curiously, even perversely inadequate. They will find that the period which is represented as one of triumph, security, and random buccaneering was the period which saw the birth of the Spanish navy, which saw such comprehensive and well matured attempts as the campaigns of 1596 and 1597, which saw a new Armada off Ushant, which saw Spinola at Sluys and Spanish naval stations established from end to end of the Channel, which saw the invasion of Ireland and the English cruising squadrons again and again driven off their ground by superior force. Nor is the one event that is ever dealt with in detail presented in a truer light. The same writer quotes our first authority in naval history as saying that the Cadiz exploit was the Trafalgar of the Elizabethan war. In a sense perhaps it was, for it was the last naval victory; but in the following years Spain was able to dispatch two Armadas against England and a third one would have sailed but for the action of the Dutch; nor to the war's end could the English navy ever get command of the Spanish trade routes. So far from being a crowning success it was rather an irretrievable miscarriage, that condemned the war to an inefficient conclusion.

In truth the whole period is one of splendid failures, and it is this very consideration which makes it so well worth study to-day. For it is the period during which England attempted to use the maritime supremacy she had obtained, and the conditions and causes of her

[1] Seeley, *The Growth of British Polity*, i. 216.

want of success are full of a deep and living interest such as the largest measure of victory could hardly have afforded.

Mainly the work is concerned with naval history, but not so exclusively as the two previous volumes. Military affairs begin to intrude themselves. Indeed it is doubtful whether the naval and the military history of England should ever be written apart. The real importance of maritime power is its influence on military operations. This is the thesis which lies at the bottom of all the teaching with which Captain Mahan's name is pre-eminently associated. To forget it is the chief danger of the heresy which Elizabethan soldiers vainly derided as the 'idolatry of Neptune.' The direction of a great war can only be followed out in the mutual reaction of the two forces, and how closely they are inter-dependent nothing shows more emphatically than the last years of the Elizabethan war. It is impossible to deal adequately with the naval operations without understanding what the soldiers were doing. To treat, for instance, of the action of the fleet during the Spanish descent on Ireland in 1601 without following the strategy ashore might be naval chronicling. It would not be history.

But there is yet another reason why military affairs intrude. The great lesson that the period teaches is the limitation of maritime power. The power had been gained and was appreciated, but to everyone's surprise it did not produce the expected results, and neither the Queen nor her Government could understand the reason. The navy maintained a high level of efficiency. It was almost continually at work under fairly capable officers, and yet the war seemed to draw no nearer to its end. It was not seen that there is a point beyond which hostilities by naval action alone cannot advance. It was an army

that was wanting. Some there were who saw where the hitch lay, and under Essex's influence they succeeded in procuring some kind of reorganisation of the land forces. Ostensibly it was done with a view to coast defence, but the real object of Essex and the military reformers was to form a corps ready trained and organised for service beyond the seas—a force that could reap where the fleet had sown. The consideration of this movement, then, becomes essential to a right judgment of what the navy achieved, and what it left undone.

Nor must it be forgotten that the most famous of Drake's successors, Essex, Ralegh, Vere, and Mountjoy, were all soldiers. They brought to the handling of the navy a soldier's conception of warfare. They viewed the fleet, not as a separate entity, but as an integral part of one great force, in a way that it had never probably been regarded before. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the campaign in which Mountjoy and Carew saved Ireland affords the first example in modern history of a naval force being rightly used by a military commander as a fourth arm.

There is one more curious misconception pervading the period which can only be referred to with regret and disappointment. An almost universal idea exists that in the last years of the war Sir Walter Ralegh played some high and heroic part. Yet one seeks for its justification in vain. By the majority of his contemporaries he was regarded as a Jonah and a marplot, and the more closely the period is studied the more reason they seem to have had for their opinion. They even accused him of a want of staunchness at sea, and, however far we may be from sharing their personal dislike of him, it is difficult to find a means of defending him against the charge. Judged by what he wrote in later years, Ralegh appears a states-

man, a strategist, and a Christian hero, but when we seek for his fruits in action the effect is sadly different.

As for new lights on the subject, I have been fortunate in finding several important sources which have not been published, but my special thanks are due to the Marquis of Salisbury for his permission to use the Hatfield MSS. from 1597 onwards, which have not yet been calendared by the Royal Commission. They have proved a mine of wealth, and will be found quoted as 'Hatfield MSS.' to distinguish them from the 'Hatfield Papers,' already calendared. I am also indebted to Earl Cowper for permission to transcribe the valuable journal kept by John Coke, Deputy Treasurer of the Navy during the great naval mobilisation of 1599.

In view of the length to which these volumes on the Tudor Navy have run, a word of apology may not be out of place. To many it will appear that the bulk of the history is out of all proportion to the scale of the operations. In the case of the Armada campaign of 1588 the universally recognised importance of its results is perhaps generally taken as justifying all that can be written on the subject, but in the later campaigns this defence is not available. To feel the importance of such an expedition as that to Cadiz in 1596 it is necessary to compare the resources of Elizabeth with the resources of Victoria. It is true that Essex's expeditionary force probably did not exceed 8,000 men, but the population of England then is usually taken to have been under 5,000,000. That of the United Kingdom is now assumed to be over 40,000,000, so that the 8,000 men of 1596 represent an effort as great as 65,000 in 1900. Tried by the tests of the comparative shipping and revenue returns of the two periods, the effort will appear greater still. Moreover, in those days Cadiz, from a military point of view, was quite as

distant as the Cape is to-day, and it may be doubted whether in one operation England ever put out more relative force than she did in 1596 until the present campaign in South Africa. Again, in the case of Ireland in August 1601, the army there, before the Spaniards landed, consisted of 13,450 foot and 1,200 horse, which represents a drain of men equivalent to nearly 108,000 foot and 10,000 horse to-day. After the Spaniards landed the Irish army was brought up to 16,000 men and further reinforcements were in preparation. This would be equal to nearly 130,000 men at the present day, and thus if we also remember the large contingent that was serving in the Low Countries at the same time—the equivalent of at least a modern army corps—we are able to get a better grip of what the struggle was costing England, to appreciate the gravity with which the crisis was regarded at the time, and to understand that it was hardly a period of light-hearted security in which the Government 'aimed at scarcely a single national object.'

It is a recognised rule that to get a true apprehension of money values under Elizabeth we must multiply by eight, but it is generally forgotten that to estimate the military force exhibited we must multiply, at the lowest estimate, by the same figure. The rule, of course, must not be strained beyond its intention. But used broadly to help us to see the Elizabethan war in its true perspective, it will show us how very far England was from having established her position by the defeat of the great Armada, and how vital to her future were the campaigns that followed.

J. S. C.

May 1900.

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THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE

CHAPTER I

REVIVAL OF THE WAR

'If the late Queen,' wrote Ralegh, in discussing the power of Spain, 'would have believed her men of war as she did her scribes, we had in her time beaten that great empire in pieces, and made their kings kings of figs and oranges, as in old times. But her Majesty did all by halves, and by petty invasions taught the Spaniard how to defend himself and to see his own weakness, which, till our attempts taught him, was hardly known to himself.' The words were written at a time when it was possible for men to look back upon the great Elizabethan war and see its cardinal features stand out clear from the mass of brilliant detail, that had dazzled their eyes and confused their judgment while the Queen yet lived. As a broad summary its strictures are just. Yet there were times when Elizabeth inclined her ear to the men of war rather than to the scribes, and it is only fair to her to remember that although the failure of the men of war was partly due to her own fault, yet they did fail, and being unable to show the results they promised, threw her back on the counsels of the scribes.

The first of these occasions was in 1589, when she

sanctioned the expedition of Drake and Norreys to the coasts of the Peninsula. The campaign of 1587, in which Drake had been permitted to take the offensive, shone in so bright a contrast to that of 1588, when till too late he had been held back upon the defensive, that the counsels of the scribes had been discredited. Both campaigns alike had demonstrated the correctness of his ideas on naval warfare. In the first he had broken the enemy's power in its cradle with ease and with profit. In the second, at enormous cost, the whole force of the kingdom seemed barely to have sufficed to avert a national disaster. The unexpected strength and fighting power, which the Spaniards had displayed at our doors, had given a serious shock to the Government, and it looked at last as if the men of war were to have a free hand. Still, in spite of all teaching, Elizabeth could not shut her ears entirely to the scribes. She would not put out her whole strength ; she could not free herself from their calculating caution ; and when Drake and Norreys sailed they sailed with inadequate force and with ill-conceived instructions. Instead of being allowed a direct blow at Lisbon, they were compelled to dull the fresh edge of their weapon upon minor objectives before they struck at the vital point.[1] It was mainly owing to this ineradicable love of civilian governments for preliminary or secondary operations that the expedition failed in its main object. The weakness of Spain was demonstrated, but the key of her power was not wrested from her relaxing grasp. That the Government should recognise where the real fault lay was not to be expected. Upon the comparatively insignificant errors of the two

[1] See their official instructions (*S. P. Dom.* ccxxii. 89) and Drake's protest to Walsingham (*Ibid.* ccii. 7, wrongly assigned to 1587). The persistent error that they were ordered to go direct to Lisbon has unfortunately received new life in the latest Calendar issued by the Record Commission. See *Spanish Calendar*, iv. 553.

commanders the whole miscarriage was visited. In vain they protested—and we know now they were right—that had they been allowed with the force which was promised them to deliver their first blow in the Tagus, nothing could have prevented the war being fought out on Spanish territory. Portugal would have become another Holland; and Spanish armies must have broken their teeth on Lisbon as they were afterwards broken on Ostend. With that well-placed and impregnable harbour interposed in English hands between the northern ports of Spain and the southern, the indispensable coastwise traffic in naval stores would have been stopped, the East and West India trade would have been rendered almost as hopeless, and without means or opportunity no great naval mobilisation to recover the command of the sea would have been possible. Nor need English resources have failed. With the whole of the Spanish trade and colonies thus laid naked to the operations of Elizabeth's cruising squadrons, the war might well have reached her ideal, and become practically self-supporting, at least, until with the annihilation of Philip's oceanic trade and the amputation of his colonial depôts, he became, as Ralegh said, like his predecessors, a king of figs and oranges.

That the miscarriage was due, or even partly due, to herself and her scribes Elizabeth never understood. The dominant note of her foreign policy was a fanatic love of peace. Her womanly ambition was to develop the resources of her country, unenvious of the greatness of her neighbours, and to live and die the beloved spouse—as she delighted to imagine—of a prosperous and grateful people. Perhaps the deepest sorrow of her lonely life was the very war that has survived as the glory of her reign. Through it all she was craving for peace, and in her eyes the brightness of every victory was dimmed with an

anxious regret that it widened the gulf between her and Spain. For that strange idea is to be seen at the bottom of all her half-measures. She never shared the confidence of her officers, and never believed she could strike her enemy a fatal blow. All she knew of her power was mixed with dread lest she should deal Philip an injury too deep for forgiveness. Womanlike, she believed, if only she did not exasperate him too far, she could worry and tease him back to peace. In diplomacy her wayward art met with much success and baffled the shrewdest ministers in Europe. In war it was disastrous, and gave away the game to one of the most tedious bunglers that ever played it for a nation's sins.

For six years after the failure of the Portugal expedition she blindly persevered in a desultory war on Philip's trade, and when at last her eyes were opened and she turned again to her men of war, it was to find the whole of the cards in the King of Spain's hand. Setting aside the question of whether a maritime invasion is ever possible without absolute command of the sea, the failure of the attempt in 1588 may be put down to two main causes. In the first place, Philip had no navy that could compare with that of Elizabeth; and in the second, he made the fatal error of attempting a great combined movement from two widely separated bases, without first preparing a practicable point of concentration. By 1596 both these defects had been largely remedied. While Elizabeth had been squandering the precious results of the earlier campaigns in operating with weak squadrons and ever lessening returns upon the routes of Spanish commerce, Philip's dogged industry had been building up a navy on the English lines. The new war policy which had followed Drake's disgrace in 1589 had not been in operation for two campaigns before the main English

cruising squadron was driven from its station at the critical moment by a superior Spanish force, with the loss of one of the finest vessels in the Queen's navy. Still the lesson was not learned. Elizabeth persisted, and the next year she was startled by the news that Philip had seized Blavet in Brittany and was threatening Brest. Whether his immediate object was a new invasion of England or rather the incorporation of France into his voracious empire is not quite certain, but to English men of war the move had but one meaning. Since the first dawn of the struggle Philip's finest admirals had never ceased to urge upon him the establishment of an advanced naval base in the mouth of the Channel. They rightly regarded such a step as a necessary preliminary, not only to an invasion of England, but even to the successful defence of the Spanish oceanic trade; and at last Philip seemed bent upon putting their wise counsels into practice. Then, at the eleventh hour, the Queen called her men of war about her, and by a rapid and decisive counter-stroke Brest was saved. But there it ended. The Spaniards were not expelled from their original holding. It was thought enough to assist the King of France with supplies of troops just sufficient to hold the common enemy in check. Had the navy been properly used upon the Spanish lines of communication, or even against the northern ports of Spain from which Blavet was being supplied, short work could have been made of the invaders. But this was never done; and the original card was allowed to remain in Philip's hand.

In justice to Elizabeth's Government, however, it must be said that this half-measure was not necessarily due to a military blunder. The expulsion of the Spaniards from Brittany was a matter of even graver importance to Henry IV. than it was to Elizabeth; but he was suspected

of an intention of letting his ally pull the chestnuts out of the fire. It was doubtless the Queen's intention to let him understand that the Spaniards' presence in Brittany was not regarded as a matter vital to England, so long as they were kept from securing a first-class port. By the relief of Brest and the maintenance of two small but efficient forces in Normandy and Brittany this end had been secured; and, although the situation was defective from a purely military point of view, it was certainly an extremely clever compromise between the military and the political exigencies of the case. It was a solution entirely characteristic of that bewildering instinct for machiavellian politics which the Queen again and again displayed to the wonder and uncertain admiration of her less nimble-witted ministers.

In the present case the military danger was by no means ignored. For it was not only from the new position of affairs in Brittany that anxiety arose, but also from the point where English Governments have always been most sensitive. The old adage ran :

> He that would England win
> With Ireland must begin.

And Ireland was fast falling into a condition which would render it peculiarly susceptible to Spanish action. In the north-west O'Neil and O'Donel, the two great chieftains of Tyrone and Tirconnel, were assuming a more and more defiant attitude to the English Government. They were suspected of being in communication with Spain, and should they rise they would have under their control in Ulster and northern Connaught some of the finest ports in Ireland, where Spanish assistance could easily reach them. So ugly was the outlook in every direction that at last the Queen had been induced to take the step which

was always most repugnant to her, and call the nation to her assistance. Early in 1593 Parliament had been summoned and the whole case laid before it. The Subsidy Bill led to a long debate, but was eventually passed for the full amount on the vehement advocacy of the courtiers and the men of war.

For a time, however, the Queen's energy continued to be almost confined to military operations in France. In the course of the debate Sir George Carey, as the mouthpiece of the Court, had announced as an inducement to the Commons that the Queen had resolved to send Sir Francis Drake to encounter the Spaniards with a great navy. Recently, as though she really had some such intention, he had been summoned from his disgrace and was once more in high favour at Court. But beyond the co-operation of Frobisher's fleet with the army at Brest, and the usual weak cruise against the Indian trade, there was no special sign of naval activity. Drake is dimly seen trying, in concert with Hawkins, to organise an expedition to carry out the dream of his youth, the capture of Panama, which in 1586 he had found his force too much exhausted to attempt. But the preparations for the Brest expedition swamped all his plans. The bulk of the navy remained at home, and Philip was still permitted, almost without interruption, to carry on the work of reconstructing his fleet.

The natural result followed. By 1595 the Queen saw herself threatened with a new invasion. For the moment, it is true, there was no immediate danger. Philip was seriously preoccupied with internal unrest, especially in his troublesome province of Aragon; and in view of the many other drains upon his resources it was considered that a diversion in the Indies was all that was required to hang up the expected invasion for the year. To this

end Drake and Hawkins were authorised to proceed with their long delayed project. Ralegh was also permitted to make his carefully prepared attempt in Guiana, and the Earl of Cumberland went for his usual cruise. This policy, though obviously imperfect as a strategical conception, should not be too hastily condemned. No doubt a strong offensive movement upon some part of the Peninsula would have been strategically the proper course, but politically such a measure would have been just as likely to smooth Philip's path for him, by arousing an outburst of patriotic unity in Spain, as to increase his internal embarrassments. Further than this, the question of finance and resources was for England the most serious point in the problem of national defence. The mobilisation of a large force had become a very grave matter, especially when done with rapidity. The drain of men was telling on the country; the great privateer owners, the forces abroad and in Ireland, and the local garrisons were causing an ever-increasing demand. Sea wages had had to be raised, and, what was worse, sea victuals had almost doubled in price since the opening of the war The temptation, then, to secure as a preliminary step to the great attack such a substantial assistance as both Drake and Ralegh were assured they could easily lay hands on, was not to be lightly set aside. Complete failure Elizabeth had never known.

In any case, the project of a naval mobilisation on a grand scale for the following spring was never lost sight of. Drake's expedition even came near to being stillborn, because he would not frankly promise the Queen to be home again in time for it. Whether she clearly grasped the ambitious operations that her men of war intended is very doubtful. As a war minister her intellectual limitations were remarkable for so keen a mind.

Her utterances suggest no deeper conception than the old general idea that the navy must be mobilised to repel the impending attack. But it is significant of the profound influence which Drake and his school had had upon naval thought, that the men of war were at one upon what was wanted. His revolutionary ideas had become axiomatic even to his oldest opponents. If we may believe Essex, it was Howard himself who drew up the plan of campaign, and his plan was a strict counterpart of that of Drake and Norreys in 1589. Lord Burghley alone perhaps of all the men the Queen trusted had been unable, as we shall see, to overcome his deep-rooted habit of caution. But with Howard on the side of action Elizabeth was not likely to hesitate long. Except for Burghley, there was no one on whom she rested with so much security as on her old and trusty Lord Admiral. It is true that after the Armada campaign a cloud seems to have settled on his naval reputation.[1] His plan of campaign had been superseded by that of Drake; at the final battle of Gravelines he had been found wanting, and had suffered his vice-admiral to seize the psychological moment; and so completely had he surrendered to his second in command the real direction of the fleet, that the last council-of-war, at which it was decided to abandon the chase of the Spaniards, had been called by Drake from the 'Revenge.' Since then he had been unemployed at sea; but now that the war was about to be reopened in grand form, the greatness of his office, with which his name had

[1] For fresh evidence of this see *Spanish Calendar*, iv. p. 410, where the Spanish agent at Calais writes (August 31, 1588): 'They are speaking rather ill of the Lord Admiral, who they say did not do his duty. All the credit is given to Drake, and there is a considerable amount of ill-feeling between the two. It is believed that the Lord Admiral will not again command at sea.'

been associated for so many generations, and the natural nobility of his character, pointed him out as the only man who could hope to unite the headstrong and jealous commanders that the Queen had at her service.

Foremost and most typical of the new men was the young Earl of Essex, the heir of Drake's earliest patron. That such a feather-head could have been accepted as a leader, loyally and even with enthusiasm, by the earnest and far-sighted men who had to do the work, is but characteristic of that fantastic colouring that lends to the Elizabethan age the half of its charm. Of his power to lead men and to inspire them to the finest heroism there is no room for doubt. It is easy to laugh at the doting Queen, and to explain the Earl's advancement by her infatuation, but there was something more in it than that. It is doubtful whether, except perhaps in Leicester's case, she ever allowed her heart to get the better of her head in any matter vital to the State. After all, she herself is the most perfect mirror of her age. Instinctively she understood and reflected it more clearly than any of her contemporaries, and there is no reason to believe she did not feel there was that in Essex which best appealed to the men of the time. He was certainly regarded very generally as a youth of extraordinary promise. Cool and astute politicians like the Bacons could look upon him as a promising rival to the Cecil influence, and were content to walk gratefully in his train. To any close observer of the later Elizabethans, it must always be doubtful whether any other man could have led them so well. To us it is strange enough. It is even difficult to rid ourselves of the uneasy feeling of a great age being taken in by the heroic posing of a brilliant charlatan. As we follow him through his brief and brilliant career we seem never, even in his most serious

operations, to be out of the tilt-yard, nor ever to lose the accompaniment of Spenser's unreal singing like music at the play.

Still, this view is quite misleading. It was an age, though in many aspects crudely matter-of-fact, yet in others acutely sensitive to romantic impression. To the men of his time Essex appeared from the first as a heaven-sent leader. His education had been the same as that of other noblemen to whom it was then the custom all over Europe to commit the destinies of nations in time of war. Indeed, it had been something more. When at the age of nine he lost his father he was a child of remarkable precocity, and could already write Latin with correctness and elegance. The first year of his orphanage was spent in Lord Burghley's family, where his companion in play and study was Robert Cecil, his future political rival. Hence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and after graduating at the age of fourteen, retired to Llanfey, his remote estate in Wales, where he lived the life of a recluse, devoting himself to study and country pursuits. At this time, indeed, he gave promise of a life of scholarship rather than of arms and politics. 'For my affection,' he wrote to Anthony Bacon after the zenith of his glory was passed, 'in nature it was indifferent to books and to arms, and was more inflamed with love of knowledge than with the love of fame; witness your rarely qualified brother and that most learned and truly honest Master Savile; yea, my contemplative retiredness in Wales and my bookishness from my very childhood.'[1]

[1] See his *Apology*, written in the winter of 1597–8 to defend himself from the charge of being what is now called a 'Jingo,' printed in 1603. Savile was the famous Warden of Merton and tutor to Elizabeth in Greek and mathematics, also Latin Secretary to the Council and founder of the Savilian professorships.

From his studious retreat in Pembrokeshire, he was removed about the age of seventeen by Leicester, who, having married the late Earl's widow, was now his stepfather. By him he was carried to Court, in hopes, it was whispered, that the extraordinary personal charm that he was beginning to display might distract the Queen's attention from Leicester's rising rival, Walter Ralegh. At first there is no indication that the young Earl met with any pronounced success. 'In the Court,' he says himself, 'I had small grace and few friends. In my house in the country I had lived a year, till the opinion of the world upbraided me with more retiredness than was fit for my years or the present time.' It was not his first appearance in the circles where he was to reign supreme. When a child he had been brought to the Queen, and, as it amused grave men to remember, he had signalised the introduction characteristically by petulantly refusing the caress which the Queen offered him, and probably he had still as little desire to please her. Sir Philip Sydney, moreover, still securely occupied the place for which Essex was destined, as the darling of a cultured society and the pattern of a dilettante chivalry. The young Earl's head was still singing with the romances and warlike biographies with which an Elizabethan young gentleman was wont to feed and stimulate his imagination, and he was naturally preoccupied with dreams of military distinction and impatient of Court life. The first opportunity of seeing service was eagerly seized. When in 1585 Leicester went over to command the Queen's forces in the Low Countries, Essex, though only eighteen years old, was permitted to go with him, and received the complimentary appointment of general of the handful of English horse. It was a post in which he might learn much and could do little harm, for the

real responsibility lay in his second in command, Sir William Russell, a soldier of proved capacity. The post was, indeed, usually given as a compliment to a man of rank under whom gentlemen would be glad to serve and who could add dignity to the general's staff. Essex acted well up to his part and his character, by spending all his energy and much more money than his fortune warranted in equipping a small troop of his tenants with unnecessary splendour. But war for him was always a pageant in which he was playing a glittering part, and the reprimand he received for his extravagance he could bear with equanimity.

The campaign that ensued was not a pattern for a student of the military art. Much of his time was spent in tilting, pageants, and athletic sports. He was present at several cavalry affairs, and at the taking of Doesborgh made himself conspicuous by personally rescuing the women from the insults of the victorious soldiery. At Zutphen he took part in the mad charge which was immortalised by the death of Sir Philip Sydney, and behaved brilliantly enough to justify Leicester in knighting him on the field. It was in this campaign, if not before, that he began his lasting friendship for the truculent Sir Roger Williams. This typical soldier of fortune became his father-in-arms, probably by Leicester's influence, who had the highest opinion of him. 'This Roger Williams,' he wrote after Zutphen, 'is worth his weight in gold, for he is no more valiant than he is wise and of judgment to govern.' His only military fault was that his absolute insensibility to fear led him to rashness. A bit of a buffoon with a coarse satirical humour, he was at once the laughing-stock and admiration of every smart young volunteer. No one was in manner more frankly the rough, old-fashioned soldier, and no one more

deeply versed in the newest phases of his art. After a brief career at Oxford he had been amongst the first band of volunteers that, in 1572, went to back the budding Dutch rebellion ; and two years later, wandering abroad in search of military experience, he had taken service under Julian Romero, the most distinguished of the Spanish tertia commanders. Some five or six years later he returned to serve as John Norreys's lieutenant in the Low Countries. He was now the recognised authority on the Spanish discipline, which was then the pattern for Europe, and it was his 'Brief Discourse on War' which finally put an end to the use of the long-bow in the English army. No better master could be desired for a man in Essex's position, and it cannot be but that this accomplished and pedantic Welsh captain, jealous as he was of the dignity of his profession, took care that his brilliant young charge did not come off without some grounding in the rudiments of his art. Indeed, he treated Essex with the rough familiarity of a drill sergeant, and it is probable even, from the terms on which this melodramatic soldier and his young pupil stood, that Williams must have regarded Essex as a very promising piece of material.

In any case, in 1586 the Earl came home with a greatly enhanced reputation. He stepped at once into the place left vacant by Sydney's death, and as the idol of the gilded youth was recognised everywhere as Ralegh's rival in the Queen's favour. Henceforth he became the leader and the hope of that brilliant throng of soldiers, whose devout service the Queen had still the power to secure, and for whom, as for their successors of to-day, active service was the king of field sports. Their enthusiastic devotion Essex returned in full. He made no secret of his love of 'men of action,' as he called them. 'I love them,' he wrote, for mine own sake, for I find sweetness in their conversa-

tion, strong assistance in their employment, and happiness in their friendship. I love them for their virtues' sake and for their greatness of mind. . . and for their understanding. . . I love them for their affections; for self-loving men love ease, pleasure, and profit, but they that love pains, danger, and fame, shew they do love public profit more than themselves. I love them for my country's sake, for they are England's best armour of defence and weapon of offence. If we may have peace, they have purchased it; if we must have war, they must manage it.' It was an extraordinary position to have been won by a youth of twenty, of poetic temperament and a soaring spirit, and if his head was quickly turned he is hardly to be blamed. Convinced of the greatness of his endowments and the lofty purity of his aims, he was quick to take offence. Before the following year was out he had quarrelled with the Queen over some fancied slight to his sister, which he believed to be at Ralegh's instigation. In a passion of jealousy he left the Court, and his old disgust for it returned to him. He attempted to rejoin the Low Country army at Sluys. His sporting but long-headed young friend Robert Carey saved him from this indiscretion and brought him back; but only to throw him into worse temptation. It was in 1587. Drake had but recently returned, the wonder of Europe, from his immortal campaign on the Spanish coast, and was in a frame of mind almost as rebellious as Essex's. He knew his work had been left uncompleted. He was panting to return. As the months went by and no sailing orders could be had, his irritation grew, till at last we dimly see him hatching some dark scheme with the recalcitrant young Earl, by which, with or without permission, they were to get to sea together and perform some feat which would win its own forgiveness. The

scheme fell through, but it serves to show how even thus early Essex was abandoning the old tradition of land service alone and turning his eyes to the sea.

By the time the Armada was threatening the coast he was so far reconciled to the Queen as to receive the appointment of General of the Horse, and to fight a duel with Lord Mountjoy, the hero of the last years of the war, for daring to wear the Queen's favour. The winter at Court was as stormy as ever, and culminated in his challenging his rival Ralegh. The affair was smoothed over, but Essex continued to chafe like the spoiled child he was, till finally he seized the opportunity of Drake and Norreys sailing for Lisbon to steal away to the seat of war as a volunteer in his friend Sir Roger Williams's ship. It was more than a month—not till after the retirement from the abortive attempt on Coruña—that they succeeded in joining the expedition. They came with a bevy of prizes in their train, and it is clear that the young Earl's advent was like a breath of new life to the forces. A landing was all too quickly effected, which Essex led himself, pike in hand, wading breast-high through the dangerous surf. As a piece of strategy the long march from Peniche on Lisbon was a grave mistake—as a piece of bravado it justly hit the Elizabethan spirit. When the exhausted force reached the gates of Lisbon and found themselves powerless to take it without a siege train, Essex's fantastic chivalry was all that was left to cover the defeat. In repelling a sortie, it is said, he pursued the enemy to the very walls and hammered on the gates in contumely with the pommel of his sword; and when an ignominious retreat on the ships became inevitable, he could still find heart to challenge the Spanish commander to fight him man to man or ten to ten or any number that he liked. Recalled to England by a severe reprimand, which the generals

could not disobey, he was received by the Queen like a prodigal son. The glitter of his knight-errantry seemed all there was to relieve the gloom of the splendid failure. He was higher in the royal favour than ever, and so continued until in the following year the disclosure of his secret marriage with Sir Philip Sydney's widow drew down upon him a new outburst from the Queen. This, however, was pardoned as quickly as his escapade to Lisbon, and he reigned supreme. Even abroad he was coming to be regarded as an all-powerful influence at Court, and the French King began to solicit him to support his petition for assistance. Essex embraced the cause with enthusiasm. For him Henry of Navarre was a pattern of knight-errantry, and nothing was more to his mind than to break a lance at his side. His dream, of course, was to command the auxiliary force himself, and when it was given to Norreys his disappointment knew no bounds. But he was to have a speedy consolation. The party of the League still held their ground in Normandy, and Turenne, the King's general, saw the importance of removing this stepping-stone between Parma in the Netherlands and the Spanish forces in Brittany. So clear was the advantage of the proposed operations that the Queen consented to despatch a second auxiliary force to Normandy. Essex redoubled his entreaties for the command. The Queen, torn between the desire to keep her favourite safely at home and her love of men of action, was at her wits' end. For hours together, it is said, he remained upon his knees imploring her to consent; he absented himself in despair from the Court, and at last, in fear perhaps of another escapade, the Queen gave way.

Thus in the summer of 1591, at the age of twenty-four, Essex found himself at Dieppe in command of a splendidly

equipped force of four thousand foot and a due proportion of cavalry. The object of the campaign was the capture of Rouen, but it is needless to follow it except in so far as it reveals the development of Essex as a commander. Truculent, dissipated Sir Roger Williams, as a matter of course, was chosen for his marshal or chief of the staff. In the previous year Williams had published his 'Brief Discourse of War,' and dedicated it to Essex, and the fire-eating author held an unrivalled position as an authority on the art of war. Indeed, so far as the English were concerned, the campaign seems to have been conducted with singular propriety and skill. If Essex was deeply tainted with knight-errantry, it must not be forgotten that he was also a scholar, and the orderly rules of war appealed to his scholarly side as much as its romance and adventure infected the other. He opened the campaign with a wild and adventurous ride with the bulk of his cavalry through the heart of the enemy's country, in order to communicate personally with the French King. The romance and glitter of the exploit certainly decided the move more than its military necessity. It was in eager anticipation of such adventures that Essex was followed, as Shakespere shortly afterwards sang, by

> All the unsettled humours of the land,
> Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
> With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
> Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs.[1]

But daring as was the exploit, it was conducted by Williams with all the regularity and careful expedients against surprise that were laid down in the leading text-books of

[1] *King John*, act ii. scene i. The play is attributed to 1594, only three years after Essex's campaign, and is obviously inspired in numerous passages by the memory of it.

the time. Furthermore, in spite of the strenuous attempts of the enemy to foil the march, it was accomplished with success, and as a feat of soldierlike skill and endurance gave a remarkable prestige to the English arms. The rivalry between the gallants who had followed Essex and those of Henry's train was naturally never ending. Nor was it confined to feats of arms. They were ready to engage each other at drinking, athletic sports or anything, and the King and the Lord-General were foremost at the game. One evening, we are told, 'the King with his nobles would needs leap, where our Lord-General did overleap them all.' Yet for all his love of plebeian sports, Essex never forgot the dignity of his rank and office, nor the dramatic splendour which he regarded as essential to his part. Here is how he and his sixty gentlemen appeared in a Frenchman's eyes, at the end of the daring ride, though no one was allowed baggage and the heat and dust had been overpowering. 'As to the person of the said Earl of Essex,' he wrote, 'and of those of his suite, nothing more magnificent could possibly be seen: for at his entry into Compiègne he had before him six pages mounted on chargers and dressed in orange velvet all embroidered with gold. And he himself had a military cloak (*casaque*) of orange velvet all covered with jewels. His saddle, bridle and the rest of his horse's harness were in like sort. His dress and the furniture of his horse alone were worth sixty thousand crowns. He had twelve tall body-squires (*estafiers*) and six trumpets sounding before him.' [1]

His father-in-arms treated all this display with indulgent contempt. It is related that on one occasion Essex visited Sir Roger Williams's quarter with all his voluntary gentlemen. 'There,' writes one of them, 'our General being very glistening with a great plume of feathers in his hat,

[1] Palma Cayet, *Chronologie Novenaire*.

the Marshal began very merrily to say unto him, "What, you young gallant, are you come hither to brave me with your white feathers? I think I have white feathers too." And with that he called for a hat set with a mighty plume and a horseman's coat of tawny velvet full of silver lace, and with that put on the hat and looked like an old cutting ruffian of Smithfield.' It can hardly be expected that Williams should treat the Lord-General with very deep respect. True the Marshal's military precepts were loyally accepted and the main operations conducted with due respect to the noble art of war; but the old rogue was 'a great devotioner of the fair maids of England, of which if he spake three words, one of them was of that sex,' and it is to be feared that when business was done he was encouraged to entertain the youngsters with talk that was scarcely dignified. Nor beyond certain limits did he seek to check their disposition to treat the campaign as a wild frolic. At a dinner party at Essex's quarters the English officers had drunk three Swiss colonels under the table. The noble French guests carried their liquor better, and it was agreed to sally out all together and take the air. Roystering towards the gate of Rouen to beat up some friendly quarters, they came in sight of the Governor of the besieged city making a reconnaissance. Instead of retiring, Essex shouted to him that he 'would speak with him at a blow with sword or pistol,' whereupon the Governor very properly replied with a volley from his musketeers. Challenges of this kind were constantly passing between the two armies. Essex by solemn trumpet would send word to the Governor that he would make it good on his body, either armed or in doublet, alone or with followers, that the King's cause was more just and honest than the League's, and that he himself was the better man of the two and his mistress fairer. Whereupon the Governor as

solemnly replied that in saying so he lied, and that he would fight him when the General of the League arrived to take over the command of the city. Essex counter-checked by protesting the Governor's lie was very frivolous, and did no way concern him considering it was not given him upon good ground, and he called the Frenchman immediately to maintenance of that he denied. So they went on quarrelling by the book, and no fight came of it in the end. We hear, too, of reckless hunting parties in the enemy's country and complimentary visits to the King's quarters, at which Henry, hospitably desirous that his guests 'might have some sport,' would make reckless endeavours to provoke the garrison to a sortie. Baulked of his duels, the Earl against all propriety would fight in the trenches in the leading ranks, pike in hand like any voluntary gentleman, till his fond mistress put a stop to the practice by a solemn reprimand from her Council.

Yet there is no reason to believe that he neglected his graver duties. His energy and endurance were inexhaustible. He entirely wore out his staff; they vowed he had a body of iron, and had to get his permission to attend him six by six in turns. It is certain too that during his occasional absences from the army, in answer to the Queen's peremptory summonses, the discipline and moral tone of the troops rapidly deteriorated and could only be restored by his return. As winter advanced, however, and the siege dragged wearily on, he began to get tired of it. Authority was sent him to leave, but he was loth to do so, so long as there was a chance of fighting Parma, who was said to be coming to the relief of the city. At last, as the sickness increased among his troops, and with it the Queen's anxiety for his health, he availed himself of the excuse with which the Council provided him, that the remnants of his force were too

small for so exalted a commander, and early in 1592 he took his final farewell of the King, leaving Sir Roger Williams in command.

Whatever his faults, he returned with so high a reputation as a soldier as to justify him in believing his military education was complete. He now, therefore, turned his attention more closely to politics, and by the assistance and encouragement of his humble clients, the Bacons, began to pose as the leader of the opposition to the Cecil party. He carefully nursed his boroughs, ordering them to return some of his favourite officers, such as Sir John Wingfield, Christopher Blount, and Thomas Sherrard. He aspired to replace his late father-in-law Sir Francis Walsingham, by organising with Anthony Bacon's help a private intelligence service abroad to secure for the Queen earlier and better information than Cecil could provide. The following year his industry was rewarded with a seat in the Privy Council, and he began to take himself very seriously. 'His lordship is become a new man,' wrote a contemporary, 'clean forsaking all his former youthful tricks, carrying himself with honourable gravity and singularly liked of, both in Parliament and at Council table, for his speeches and judgment.' That his head was not completely turned by his unprecedented success assures us there must have been in him much sterling stuff. Ralegh was in disgrace, forbidden to exercise his functions as Captain of the Guard, and under arrest for the love of Miss Throgmorton, the Queen's frail maid of honour. So Essex reigned without a rival, the idol of the Queen and of the street, the hero of the gilded youth as well as of the veteran soldiers, and, by a last touch of the fantastic, the hope of the Puritan party. Indeed, with remarkable cleverness or a wise intuition, he seems to have modelled his politics closely on those of his great

father-in-law, and to have flung himself into his new career with all that devotion to his partisans and that strange mixture of sporting levity and precocious sagacity which characterised his military and naval services.

Of his actual work in the Council we know little. Indeed, it is always difficult to decide how much that was attributed to his pen was really the work of the master minds with whom he managed to surround himself. Amongst others is a remarkable paper, drawn up in 1594, when the new invasion scare was at its height, which contains a complete outline for the mobilisation of the national forces.[1] The comprehensive grasp of the strategical and administrative exigencies of the case, no less than the correctness and sagacity of the detailed design for massing troops at the vital points, displays a military mind of no mean order. Could we be sure it was entirely the work of Essex it would go far to justify the reputation he enjoyed; but the faithful Sir Roger Williams was once more at his elbow, and we cannot avoid the suspicion that the old soldier was the real inspiration. Still we may credit Essex with a wise appreciation of the veteran's knowledge, an appreciation which Williams fully reciprocated. The love that Essex bore his rough old father-in-arms is one of the pleasantest traits in his character. The following year the valiant old reprobate brought himself to death's door by a surfeit. His last hours were soothed by his brilliant pupil exhorting him to repentance, and it would seem not without success. For, 'he died well and repentant,' we are told, leaving his all to Essex, 'who indeed,' wrote one who knew, 'saved his soul, for none but he could make him

[1] Printed by Birch, *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, i. 292.

take a feeling of his end.' It is a curious picture, the gay young Puritan leader playing confessor to his incorrigible old tutor, but it is none the less characteristic. Throughout his career Essex's devotion to his followers was as sincere as it was princely. His faithfulness to the most worthless of them was untiring, and his generosity lavish. During the Rouen campaign in the fulness of his heart he made so many knights as to earn himself a reprimand from the Queen, and a similar prodigality in Ireland was made one of the chief charges that brought about his fall.

Such, then, was the almost inconceivable figure that for a time was to fill the place of Drake, as the embodiment of the war spirit in England—a man who, had he been born like Drake into a station where all was to win by slow and persistent effort, might have hardened into one of the greatest figures of his time. As it was, being lifted by no effort of his own to a position far beyond his deserts, he became incorrigibly the spoiled child. His high talents were enfeebled for lack of the discipline of patient study and cultivation, which for him were unnecessary; and the natural nobility of his character was ruined by the want of that sincerity which struggle and adversity alone can give. In him a literary passion for the new chivalry took the place that was filled in the older men by a fierce and convinced religious zeal. Where they received disappointment with a smouldering patience, he met it with petulance and insubordination. Where he treated the Queen's weaknesses with insolent contempt, the nobler spirits had borne with them loyally for the sake of the greatness in her which they could see and devoutly respect. But when all is said, no more fascinating figure shines in the pages of our history; and, for all the mistakes he committed and allowed, his personality lends a colour to the

resurrection of the war that goes far to atone for the loss of Drake's touch.

The other figure that stands out beside Essex is almost as deep an enigma. For the reputation as an admiral which posterity has awarded Ralegh is scarcely less difficult to explain than that which Essex enjoyed in his lifetime. The literature of the last two centuries has given him an unquestioned seat beside the greatest of the Elizabethan sailors. Yet at the time of his first flag command, he was, so far as is known, as entirely the soldier as Monk. In France and in Ireland he had served a long apprenticeship in land warfare, but not a single piece of evidence exists that he had ever commanded a squadron or even a Queen's ship. As a boy on the coast of Devon he no doubt became at home on salt water, and like Monk acquired a longing for maritime adventure that his soldiering could never quench. But it was not till he was past five-and-twenty that he is known to have been afloat, and even then it was only to command a small vessel under his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a soldier but little better acquainted with the sea than himself. It was almost certainly his first taste, for in a list of 'gentlemen and captains of the sea' drawn up about 1577, though his name appears, it is not marked as having served.[1] Little is known of Gilbert's expedition, except that it seems to have had the worst of an encounter with the Spaniards, and it certainly came home discomfited. Fate then led Ralegh back again to soldiering, but he managed still to cling to his pose as a sailor, and by the time, some five years later, that he had pushed his way up to be Captain of the Guard, he had got himself the reputation of a recognised naval commander. In 1585 he appears seventh on a list of seventy-six officers 'fit to command at

[1] *Stowe MSS.*, 570, f. 132.

sea,' containing the names of all the most famous Elizabethan seamen.[1] His title to such a position can but have had the slenderest support. He had tried to sail again with Gilbert in 1583, but the Queen had refused her permission. In Ireland, where he had been serving since his venture in 1578, he cannot have seen any further naval service, unless it were in some small punitive expedition too insignificant for him to mention in his constant allusions to his experiences. In any case his nominal position on the list was not endorsed with a command. He had no part in the expeditions of 1585 or 1587. In the Armada year his services were entirely military, nor did he serve in the Lisbon voyage of 1589. It was not till Drake's disgrace that his chance came. In 1590, his pretensions were so far recognised that he was nominated for Lord Thomas Howard's second in command in the cruise which saw the loss of the 'Revenge,' but eventually was superseded by Sir Richard Grenville. Later in the year on a sudden alarm he was consoled by being sent down into his own West country to get together a fleet of privateers, but the danger passed and it came to nothing. In the following year he was permitted to fit out an expedition on the Drake model for Panama and the West Indies, but at the last moment he was again recalled from the command and superseded by Frobisher.[2] The Queen had just heard of his fall with Elizabeth Throgmorton, and the prolonged disgrace that followed precluded for a time all chance of employment.

There can be no doubt, then, that at the revival of the war, such reputation as he had acquired for being a man fit for naval command, rested mainly on the force of his

[1] *S. P. Dom.*, clxxxvi. 8. *The Spanish War*, 1585–7 (*Navy Record Soc.*) pp. 291–4.

[2] *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, ii. 382, 392–3.

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SIR WALTER RALEGH

From the Original Panel in the National Portrait Gallery. *See Note p. xiii*

personality. The ardour of his far-sighted desire, the strenuous belief in himself and his powers, the daring originality of his mind, and his 'bold and plausible tongue,' had persuaded many to credit him with capacities that he had never displayed. Still it is doubtful whether any man of first-rate ability, except his friend and kinsman, Sir George Carew, ever believed in him. By the bulk of his contemporaries he was detested as no better than a pushing and selfish adventurer. For us that view of him is forgotten and forgiven in his prophetic dream of empire and the witchery of his tuneful pen. We read phrased in perfect cadence the wisdom he uttered when all was over; but if we seek for it in action, when the war was hot, it is to find little but cold miscalculation. No single exploit, no single well-timed resolution, lifts him amongst the great captains. His immortal Virginian dream, failure as it was, is his real monument. If that be put aside, and if, by an effort hardly possible, we can free our judgment from the spell of his pen and personality in order to follow dispassionately his career at sea, it will look as cold and bare to us, as it did to those of his contemporaries who were best able to judge.

CHAPTER II

THE SPANIARDS AT CALAIS

The opening moves of the year 1596 are among the most interesting in the whole war, not only intrinsically for the masterly strategy displayed on both sides, but also as a striking example of the interdependence of naval and military movements apparently unconnected. The setting of the board was of some complexity. Regarding it from the point of view of the English naval position, we see as the cardinal feature the fleet of Drake and Hawkins which had sailed for the West Indies, and of which nothing had yet been heard except rumours of some brilliant success. Whatever the previous intentions of the Spaniards may have been, this was enough to remove the apprehension of any immediate movement against the British Islands. Their naval energy was absorbed in the despatch of a fleet in pursuit of Drake, and in the laborious mobilisation of another to protect the annual outward-bound convoys and to intercept the raiders on their return if they escaped the pursuing fleet. In England Howard and Essex were busy with the mobilisation of a powerful naval force for some mysterious object that was kept a profound secret. The general assumption was that it was designed to cover the retreat of Drake and Hawkins with the plunder they were believed to have secured. The Earl of Cumberland had a squadron ready for sea at Plymouth, with which he proposed to make a dash for the homeward-bound East

India carracks. In the Channel Sir Henry Palmer had the usual small winter guard to prevent warlike stores passing that way from the Hanse towns to Spain.

The military situation turned mainly on the English relations with France. There Henry now reigned supreme. By his reconciliation with Rome he had made peace with the League, and with the whole weight of the Guises at his back, had declared war against Spain in solemn form. Deprived of the use of the Leaguers' ports, Philip made an attempt with his galley fleet to seize Marseilles, but before the movement could be carried out the Duke of Guise had thrown himself into the place and had saved it for the King of France. In Brittany, however, the Spaniards still held their footing. On the withdrawal of the English auxiliary forces Henry had been glad to enter into a truce which extended to the whole of the province, and still subsisted. Similar arrangements had been made in other quarters. Negotiations were on foot to extend the cessation to Normandy, and the only district where the war was still actively carried on was Picardy. Here the King was vigorously pushing the siege of La Fère, the frontier fortress, which Parma had made the base of his brilliant operations in French territory. The situation was one that was creating grave anxiety to the English Government. So exhausted was Henry's treasury, so weary were his people of the war, and so dissatisfied was he himself with Elizabeth's behaviour, that he allowed himself to be persuaded by his Catholic counsellors to listen to the Pope's mediation. To add to his difficulties, the Archduke Albert, who, since he had saved Lisbon from Drake and Norreys in 1589, was regarded as the strongest man in Philip's service, had just arrived to take up the government of the Netherlands. At any moment it was feared the truce might be extended to Picardy, which would

mean a complete cessation of hostilities between France and Spain.

The Archduke had arrived with strong reinforcements and plenty of money, and it was at once known that he was preparing to raise the siege of La Fère either by direct operations, or by a diversion against Calais and the seaports of Picardy. Such a prospect had the gravest meaning for the English naval position. Still the Queen would not give way. In vain the old Huguenot chiefs urged her to send a force into Picardy as the only means of strengthening Henry and making him deaf to the Pope's mediation. Unless she was put in possession of Calais, as a base and a point of retreat for her troops, in the same way as she held Ostend and the other cautionary towns in the Low Countries, she would not commit herself. Neither would Henry stir a finger to strengthen the exposed ports. It may be that the successes of the young Prince Maurice of Nassau, in conjunction with Sir Francis Vere's English brigade, seemed to make the Archduke's proposed operation impossible; but more probably he was playing his old game of trying to compel the Queen to do his work for him. It is possible that he on his part thought that Elizabeth intended, now that he was involved with Spain, to let him fight her battles alone. With duplicity of this kind she is often charged, but in the present case the charge is certainly unjust. With Drake and Hawkins in the West Indies, with Vere in the Low Countries, with a first-class expedition in preparation under the two most exalted commanders in her service, to say nothing of her preoccupation with Irish malcontents in communication with Philip, she was bearing more than her share of the war. The object of the main effort that was ripening under Howard and Essex it was still impossible to disclose, and thus the relations between Elizabeth and Henry remained

at a deadlock. So far from the Queen sending an auxiliary force to his assistance, she decided towards the end of January to recall Vere and the finest of his veteran troops to form the backbone of Essex's expeditionary force. No sooner did this resolution leak out than a rumour spread that Howard and Essex had no mere cruise in hand. Clearly there was something more serious behind, and the Archduke at once recognised the moment for vigorous action.

On February 1, 1596, Vere left Holland to confer with the English commanders. On the 3rd, Unton, our Ambassador in France, was able to send home a definite announcement that the Archduke was going to make a dash at Calais. Bentivoglio tells us that the idea was suggested by his French Camp-master-general, the renegade De Rosne, and that he particularly dwelt on the importance of Calais as the key of the Channel.[1] Whether the Archduke entirely grasped the full significance of the move we do not know. But nothing could have been more nicely timed, not only for saving La Fère, but also for checking the English naval enterprise. With a port at either end of the Channel in his possession, Philip's naval position in regard to England would be entirely changed, and the possibilities of invasion greatly increased. Still the Queen would not be forced. Perhaps the news of the intended movement was discredited as being beyond the Archduke's power. Fresh rumours, too, were coming in of Drake's success. He was reported to have taken Havana, the key and focus of the West Indian system, and so grave was the alarm in Spain that all fear of an invasion for that year was at an end. No change therefore was made in the English plans. The naval mobilisation went on, and

[1] *The Wars of Flanders, englished by Henry Earl of Monmouth*, part iii. book iii., and *Venetian Calendar*, p. 206.

Vere returned to Holland to arrange for the withdrawal of the English contingent. Early in March the capture of Havana was confirmed by Palavicino, one of Cecil's most trusted agents, and Cecil wrote him an interesting letter on the situation, telling him what he was to make known about the English intentions. His agent at the Archduke's Court was to be told that the Queen regarded Drake's success as having parried the apprehended invasion; and that the fleet which was being mobilised was merely intended to lie off the coast of Ireland for the double purpose of covering Drake's return and preventing any support from Spain reaching the Irish malcontents. To explain the presence of Essex and the military force he was to give out that the Earl was employed with the fleet only because he was so fond of sea service; the ultimate design, he was informed, was the expulsion of the Spaniards from Blavet, and the moment that conditions were settled with the French King, the Earl and his troops would suddenly be thrown into Brittany. If no agreement could be come to he would employ his force in Ireland.

That all this was only a clever mask to conceal the real plan of campaign is certain. The desirability of getting a squadron to sea to cover Drake's return was no doubt keenly felt, and Howard was working like a slave in the Thames with his two flag-officers, Lord Thomas Howard and Ralegh, who, although still officially in disgrace, had been appointed rear-admiral; but though months before the mobilisation had been fixed for March little was ready. Howard excused the delay by pointing to the two fine galleons that had just been launched and lamented the obstacles in his path. 'It will be said,' he wrote, 'that if Sir Francis Drake or Sir John Hawkins had been here this would have been better expedited.'[1] But there is no reason

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 86.

to believe that Howard was not in reality doing very well, considering that Hawkins, the chief administrative officer of the Admiralty, was absent. He expected in any case to be ready by the middle of April.

What was really in the wind we begin to gather from a letter which Sir Francis Vere sent to Essex on March 7, reporting the measures he was taking for the transport of his troops to the rendezvous at Plymouth. Essex's readiness to listen to advice was still one of the good points in his character, and had not yet degenerated into mere levity of purpose. Vere was now to take the place of Sir Roger Williams, and as chief of the staff tendered his advice to Essex on the conduct of the campaign. Though he affects not to know precisely its object, he assumes the seizure of a Spanish port is intended, and recommends Cadiz as a better place to occupy than Coruña; but he ominously warns his patron that the whole affair will have no effect upon the war—that it will have no other use, as he says, 'than of one summer's bravery, if it please not her Majesty to proceed royally.' He points out the radical defects of the army. It was seriously short of cavalry, and he recommends, like the scholarly soldier he was, the revival of 'certain short stakes that our old archers used to stick in the ground when they had to do with horsemen,' some of which he thought were still in the Tower. He also earnestly presses the importance of engineers and the spade, as was to be expected from an officer who had seen the extraordinary results Prince Maurice was already achieving by his development of the scientific arm. From the whole it is quite clear that Vere knew well that a permanent lodgment on the Spanish coast was the object of the expedition. Strategically the design evidently met with his full approval, but at the same time he could not conceal his

anxiety as to whether it was feasible with such an army as England could then provide.[1]

There is a secret memorandum in Lord Burghley's hand which confirms Vere's view of his chief's intention. It is endorsed: 'To the Queen's Majesty's only most fair hands, from a simple weak head.' Amongst 'other matters of more secrecy,' he notes, 'to declare to her Majesty what course they intend to take if wind shall favour them, and to what coast and port of Spain or Portugal they intend enterprising.'[2] No plan of campaign, therefore, had been debated in the Council. To ensure complete secrecy the matter was left entirely in the hands of the two generals with absolute discretion. If Drake and Norreys, who so much better deserved the confidence, had been treated as wisely, the war might have worn a very different aspect. Even Essex's freedom of action seems only to have extended to the choice of his point of attack. It is more than doubtful whether the Government ever contemplated the permanent occupation of a Spanish port. It certainly had not been explicitly sanctioned; and on the eve of sailing Essex drew up a long memorandum to prepare the Government for what he intended to spring upon them. He reminds them that the policy of offence or 'of Prevention,' as he calls it, was not proposed by him but by Howard.[3] But as one who saw how much Drake and Norreys had done with inadequate means, he was in a position thoroughly to endorse it. His own responsibility, he claimed, was limited to having persuaded the Queen not to abandon the project at the last moment. 'It will be honour to

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 86. [2] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 189, March 20.

[3] *Apology*, Birch, ii. 57; *cf.* his Letters, *ibid.* pp. 8, 9, 20, 21. In this and in other cases it might be well if modern military writers would go to school with the Elizabethans. Our clumsy 'offensive-defensive' is exactly what they happily called 'preventive.'

her Majesty,' he proceeds, 'if we either bring some wealth or give the King of Spain a blow by sea; but to have made a continual diversion, and to have left, as it were, a thorn sticking in his foot, had been a work worthy of such a Queen and of such a preparation.' A permanent occupation, then, would seem not to have been the essential feature of Howard's scheme. Essex continues to argue upon the tremendous effect that would flow from such an occupation and its feasibility as a military operation. 'I doubt not,' he says, 'but after he (Philip) had once tried what it was to besiege two or three thousand English in a place well fortified and where they had a port open, he would quickly weary of those attempts. . . . To pull her Majesty's men out of it should be a harder task than to conquer any country that flanks upon the firm land to him.' That he was right Vere was destined to prove at Ostend. 'It may be,' he goes on, 'that your lordships will desire to know the place that should be attempted . . . but that, with your lordships' leave, shall be reserved till my next. . . . This is only to beseech you for our dear Sovereign's sake, for the glory and welfare of her and her estate, that you will think of this general proposition, and if your lordships find it reasonable that you will move it to the Queen.'

Clearly, then, the project of a permanent occupation came from Essex, and up to the sailing of the expedition was not a recognised part of the scheme. The Generals' commissions for invading the realms and dominions of the King of Spain were drafted by Cecil on March 16, ready for the Queen to sign at her leisure, and they were sent on to Windebank, Clerk of the Signet, with orders that they were to be kept a profound secret. To Windebank's astonishment the Queen signed them next day, and to his chagrin she at once told Essex she had done so. Still her

mind was far from made up. It was Sunday morning, and the Queen instead of attending to the service devoted her thoughts to the serious step she was taking, with the usual result. In the middle of the sermon she sent for Windebank and told him he was to stay 'those things which she had signed,' and to send for Cecil to talk it over with her. She had already stayed the Earl of Cumberland, and those who had experience of her shrinking from great operations of war began to be anxious. Windebank was pestered with eager inquiries, but would not say a word.[1] To make matters worse, the following week was full of evil tidings. News reached Ralegh from Sir John Gilbert that Drake had been repulsed at Puerto Rico, and that the King of Spain's treasure frigates had come safely home with the millions he had gone to take. A few days later the whole details of the disaster and the death of Hawkins were confirmed from one of Drake's own men, who had been taken prisoner and had escaped. At the same time fresh reports arrived of the activity of Spanish cruisers in the mouth of the Channel, and of a strong squadron of galleys which had reached Blavet with large reinforcements.

But worse was yet to come. No one but Unton seems to have believed the daring stroke that was in the Archduke's mind. Even the most experienced soldiers were deceived by the elaborate false moves which he was making to turn attention from his real objective. As late as March 9 Vere, who was on the spot, reported that the enemy was moving towards Luxembourg, and that he believed their destination was a place he calls Ehdam. A week later Sir Edward Norreys, who was in command at Ostend, reported that the enemy were encamped within thirty miles of him, and yet did not express any suspicion

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 101.

of what was intended. Howard and Cecil obtained information of the military condition of Calais, but beyond this showed no anxiety. Though we had lost it in the last reign by a surprise, yet our long occupation seems to have earned it the reputation of being impregnable. It was thought it could only fall by a regular siege, and that should the Archduke sit down before it there would be ample time to relieve it, since the Rysbank fort, which commanded the mouth of the harbour, ensured free communication with the sea. It was with all the shock, therefore, of a complete surprise that the alarming news came that on March 29 a flying column detached from the Archduke's army under De Rosne had seized the Rysbank fort and Nivelet, the key of the land approach to Calais.

In Holland the dismay was almost as great as in England. Vere had so successfully persuaded the States of the importance of an attack on the Spanish coast, that not only were they reconciled to the withdrawal of the English contingent, but had also consented to send Duyvenvoord, Admiral of Holland, with a fleet and a Dutch land force, to co-operate with Howard and Essex. Duyvenvoord at once hurried off a squadron of twelve ships with stores for the threatened port, and Prince Maurice applied for permission to move to its relief. His fine military instinct fully grasped the change that had come over the situation, and he feared that the Queen would stop the expedition to Spain. And his fears were not without ground. Immediately the news was known in London Essex was despatched to Dover, and such of his troops as were ready were ordered to follow him. Meanwhile Sir Henry Palmer was sent over with the Channel Guard to communicate with the Calais garrison, but to his dismay he found the Dutch relieving squadron

lying outside, and that it was impossible for a fleet to pass the guns which De Rosne had mounted on the Rysbank. Essex, however, would not believe an entrance was impossible at high tide. He had ascertained that the Governor would consent to receive English assistance, and kept sending urgent letters to the Council, to Burghley, and to Howard to send him troops and ships. Poring over charts and plying mariners who frequented the port with questions, he confirmed himself in his sanguine opinion. 'I will make it demonstrable to Sir Henry Palmer and the captains,' he wrote to Burghley, 'or will not suffer them to make the attempt. But I beseech your Lordship plead for me, that I neither be so disgraced as that another shall direct the succours, or that while I am toiling and breaking both my body and mind to do her Majesty service, that our great business be crossed by any.' Like Prince Maurice he feared the Queen would abandon the main enterprise to Spain. He dreaded, too, lest the old political difficulties would hold his mistress's hand. In his eagerness he posted off to Town to see her, but to his delight was met with the news that she had resolved to make the attempt. Vere, who was daily expected with the English contingent from Holland, was to be diverted for the operation, and the Kent forces mobilised for the same end. Essex was given the fullest powers with the sole proviso that he was not to lead the enterprise in person. Greatly relieved in his mind, he at once galloped back to Dover. The Queen's confidence, he vowed, had doubled the edge of his wits and the strength of his industry. So active was he that in two days he expected to have thrown a relief into Calais. So he continued to write in his enthusiastic way, day after day, as fresh delays deferred the attempt, working himself to death, communicating with everyone who could

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assist in the attempt, and never doubting that he must succeed.

There were older and wiser heads, however, who knew better. So soon as Vere, in the midst of his efforts to get his troops embarked, understood the perfect ingenuity with which De Rosne had acted, he knew the place was lost. Not Essex nor even Maurice could save it. It must fall, and could only be recovered by a siege. While Essex was tormenting his theatrical imagination with the thought of how he would figure in the eyes of Europe, Vere's head remained cool and clear. Essex, full of chivalrous envy for his subordinates, was fretting like any schoolboy at the Queen's prohibition. 'Though the honour will be only theirs,' he lamented, 'and no part ours, that shall but stand still in one of the Queen's ships and point them what to do, yet the shame and dishonour will be most ours if they should receive any manner of blow.' But Vere, more sensible of a general's position, wrote him one of those well-reasoned soldier-like letters, which mark him as the greatest of the Elizabethan generals. Though amazed, as he said, at the sudden turn of affairs, yet, with the insight of a born commander, his eyes were not to be diverted from the great primary operation that was in hand in favour of any secondary one, however pressing. After giving Essex shortly and simply his reasons for believing Calais must fall, he proceeded to warn him of the risk he was running in dissipating his force upon it. 'This,' he wrote, 'maketh directly against the use of your troops herein unless it be meant your other design shall not be followed, which for many reasons should in this time be more royally set forward as well in regard to the upholding of her Majesty's reputation as for the main proceeding of this war, which cannot prosper with us if in time we bring it not nearer to them.' An auxiliary force of four or five thousand men to

act with the King of France was all that he considered necessary. So he intended to call at the Downs for orders, but if he found none he should continue his way, regardless of Calais, to the rendezvous at Plymouth, 'from which place,' he concluded, mindful of his young commander's weakness, 'I hope to follow your Honour to the execution of a project that shall make you famous for ever.' [1]

In unhappy contrast to Vere's clear-headed certainty that nothing must stand in the way of the main enterprise, the Court was in a fever of irresolution. Just a week after Essex's arrival at Dover, news came that on April 7, the Spaniards had pushed the siege of Calais with so much energy that they were already in occupation of the town. The citadel alone remained in French hands. The 9th was Good Friday, and in London, as the people came out of church, they were surprised by the Lord Mayor pressing men wholesale in response to a sudden order from the Council, in hopes of saving the citadel and regaining the town.[2] Next morning they were all dismissed. The Queen had changed her mind. The following day she changed it back again ; for Essex, it would seem, in despair had hurried up to Court, and after service on Easter Sunday the men were pressed again. A special envoy had come to the Queen from Henry. The King was hurrying to relieve Calais in person, and a truce of six days had been granted to the citadel. Thus there was yet hope to save it, and at midnight Essex took his last leave of the Queen in triumphant possession of a full authority to cross over to the relief of Calais with six thousand men.[3] All the adventurous spirits at Court flocked down to Dover. But Essex was told to let none of

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 140.
[2] Burghley to Cecil, *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 141.
[3] *Lambeth MSS.*, 250. (See *post*, p. 442.)

them go with him who had not the Queen's leave, and indeed not to go at all unless he heard that the French King had formally accepted the Queen's conditions. At Dover Essex found Howard just arrived with a squadron of six ships and three pinnaces,[1] ready after his weeks of thankless toil to carry over the troops, and then a new difficulty arose which bade fair to postpone the operation still further. For not only did the Lord Admiral find Essex placed in sole command of the relieving force, but also there was awaiting him a letter from Cecil, containing some sharp expressions which he took as an unwarrantable reflection on his loyalty.[2] Howard regarded the two affronts as unpardonable, and sitting down in a storm of righteous anger he dashed off a passionate answer tendering his resignation. 'For I vow it,' he wrote almost incoherent in his indignation, 'by the Lord who made me I will never serve but as a private man whilst I live, and if her Majesty lay me in the Tower it shall be welcome unto me. I think he liveth not that in any age that ever any man was seen in this realm, where any landing of men was, but it did ever belong to the Admiral of England, as in Scotland sundry times, in France, Tréporte, Brest, St. Valerie, yea, and by Admirals of my name.' Yet there was one occasion in his own lifetime when the rule had certainly been broken, and that was when the year

[1] *Lambeth MSS.*, 250.

[2] The contents of Cecil's letter are unknown. In an answer to it two days later Howard wrote: 'For all that it pleased her to write so sharp a postscript to me, I vow afore the Lord I do detest the Bishop's heresy that he preached.' This may refer to a sermon just delivered by Anthony Rudd, bishop of St. David's, for which he was under arrest. His offence seems to have been that he introduced a prayer for strength to be vouchsafed to the Queen now that she was old, and to preserve her through the year 1596 which astrologers proclaimed to be her climacterical year. In short, the Bishop's heresy was that he countenanced astrology and called the Queen an old woman to her face, but how Howard was implicated does not appear.—*Hatfield Papers*, vi. 139, 146.

after the Armada Drake had been given the command of the invasion of Portugal instead of Howard. Deeply as he seems to have felt that slight at the time there was some excuse for it in Drake's great reputation, but here there was none; and at the second supercession the old Admiral's heart was broken. 'But this is my fortune,' he wrote, 'and therefore I humbly beseech her Majesty that by her order some other may take my place; for I hold myself accursed to be here and it cannot but torment me to find her conceit of me. My commission in being joined with the Earl is an idle thing, for I am used but as the drudge . . . . Therefore I pray you,' he bitterly concludes, 'for the other journey let me not be pressed, for I vow to God I will not stir in it. And therefore I mean to return with my own two ships and would be glad that order were sent for some to take the charge I have. I mean to go presently aboard and not lie in Dover to my shame and thus I leave forever farther to deal in martial causes.'[1]

Essex was in serious alarm, and moved by the Admiral's distress his generous nature burst out in indignation as furious as Howard's. He told Cecil he had never seen a man so affected as was the Lord Admiral. 'By Christ,' he wrote, 'I am so sensible of it as I have written to the Queen in passion. I pray you, as you love either of us or the service, get it discharged,' and he begs him not to let the Queen see the Admiral's letter, 'for it is too passionate,' he fears, 'and may break all our actions if she take him at his word.' To add to his distress orders had come that he was not to embark at present, and again he pictured himself the scorn and laughing-stock of Europe. The truce at Calais was at an end. He could hear the Spanish guns thundering on the citadel, and was beside himself with

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 144.

impatience. 'To my sovereign,' he wrote, 'I am and ever will be infinitely obedient, but I protest I apprehend dishonour and danger, as the pangs of death were griping at my heart.' Next day, being the 15th, came a tender letter in the Queen's own hand, giving him the longed-for permission to sail. The same morning three thousand troops marched into Dover, six more of the Queen's galleons anchored in the road, and without a moment's delay he began to embark his men. He had just received an urgent letter from the French King at Abbeville, assuring him the citadel could hold out a few days longer, and begging him, since the harbour of Calais had been rendered impregnable, to meet him near Boulogne and raise the siege by land.[1] In a few hours all were aboard and ready to weigh. But all day the distant thunder of the guns which had so long distracted Essex had ceased. As he was working himself to death with his eager officers an ominous silence reigned across the Channel. It was soon explained. A French gentleman came in with the evil news. They were too late. The citadel had fallen, and Calais was a Spanish port.

In London a panic ensued. A rising even was feared against the Government, whose apathy and incompetence, it seemed, had brought the Spaniards to their very doors. But the Government did not flinch. It says much for how the Queen and her Ministers had progressed in the art of war, and of how deeply Drake's doctrines had impressed themselves in official quarters, that there seems to have been no two opinions as to what should be done. At first sight the success of the Spaniards looked so serious that it might well have seemed an operation of primary importance to expel them at all costs. But it was not so.

[1] The *Lambeth MS.* says: 'St. Thors Road,' possibly St. Touques at Etaples.

Until Spain could secure a working command of the sea Calais might be neglected, and whether by instinct or reason the great design against Spain was seen at once to be the proper and most telling answer to the Spanish success. The French of course were furious. 'They used,' wrote one, 'none but words of the utmost contempt of the English, railing at our Queen and country, and laying on her and Essex the whole blame of their loss.' This was hardly fair. The loss was in the first place due to Henry's having allowed the Archduke, in spite of every warning, to steal a march on him; and in the second to his refusing frankly to allow the Queen possession of Calais while her troops were assisting him. When she demanded this as a condition of help, Henry swore he would rather see Spaniards there than English. Yet the request was not unreasonable. Considering how weak was Henry's military position, the Queen could not but doubt whether she ought to trust to him for the security of a base and point of retreat for her forces; and the very fact of Henry's incapacity to protect the long threatened port very largely justifies the apparent hardness of her conditions. Naturally the French could not be expected to see the affair from the same point of view, and felt themselves betrayed as they saw the Queen holding fast to the great design.

The day after the fall of the citadel Vere reached Boulogne with his troops; Howard was pacified by the Queen, and cordial relations were restored between him and Essex. Next day a pursuivant arrived to summon them both to Court; but already they had sailed, and having joined Vere and the Dutch contingent were proceeding down Channel together, leaving Lord Thomas Howard and Ralegh to follow from the Thames as soon as they could get the storeships and transports to sea. Vere, as we have seen, held the post of Marshal, or Chief

of the Staff, to the expedition, and Essex, with that eagerness for professional advice which is so marked a feature in him, transferred himself to Vere's ship in order to discuss the campaign at his leisure. Meeting a southerly gale they had to take shelter in the Downs. Here the Queen's summons reached them, and Essex landed, and taking Vere with him rode to Court, while Howard returned to Dover to hasten the lagging ships. From Court Vere was despatched by land to Plymouth to organise the levies as they arrived, while Essex remained, no doubt, to see, as he had said, 'that their great business was not crossed by any.' He soon, however, obtained the final orders for the expedition, and on April 25, after an unkind parting with the Queen, he started for Plymouth in high hopes for the recovery of his reputation. Calais and its disgrace were left well behind, but a new distraction arose in his path.

At Andover he was met with a letter from one of Drake's captains, who had just put into Plymouth, and learnt the staggering news of what had followed on the repulse at Puerto Rico. The whole expedition had been a disastrous failure, and Drake was dead. Now, in deciding to permit Essex and Howard to leave the kingdom with so large a force, the Government had been swayed by the consideration that, besides the ships in reserve at Chatham for the protection of the home waters, Drake's fleet must also soon be home. Here, then, was a fresh excuse for stopping the expedition. The letter also contained intelligence, gleaned on the homeward voyage, that a great Spanish fleet was being brought forward at Ferrol and Cadiz. Essex rightly saw in it fresh reason to proceed with all haste. 'Judge,' he wrote, 'whether it be not time to draw our swords.'[1] It was four o'clock in the morning

[1] Devereux, *Lives of the Earls of Essex*, i. 338.

when he wrote. At eight o'clock in the evening he was at Honiton, a hundred miles on, having covered the distance in the same time that the Government couriers usually took. Here a despatch caught him from Lyme Regis, with still further cause for alarm. A bark of that port bound for Brest had run back with news that a Spanish fleet of thirty-eight sail had just put in to Conquet Road. This news too he sent to the Council, urging that Howard should come on at once with any ships that were ready, and leave Ralegh to bring on the rest. Next day he had completed the fifty miles on to Plymouth, and wrote again urging the hastening of the ships, while his bones and brains cried out for rest.

He was proud of the speed he had made—it was a time, as now, when gentlemen delighted to make records—but he had left the Court all too soon. Hardly was he well on his way when emissaries of Henry, full of resentment against Essex, arrived to sap the Queen's purpose. In Drake's disaster and the renewed danger that threatened Brest, they had only too good ground to work on. To their great delight the Queen began to show signs of irresolution, but Essex was not to be frightened. 'They are unquiet-hearted,' he wrote, 'and know not our Queen and State as well as I do . . . for the Queen wrangles with our action for no cause but because it is in hand. If this force were going to France she would then fear as much the issue, as she doth in our intended journey.' It cannot be denied that this estimate of her character was right. Never once, for all her courage, had she decided on a bold course without being haunted immediately by the risks it entailed. Hardly ever had she failed to try to recall her hawk after she had let it fly. Essex rightly regarded it as a mere nervous habit, and did not doubt that if her irresolution became serious, his influence with

her was strong enough to bring her stiffness back at any moment.

Still all kinds of difficulties continued to expose the expedition to the risk of being stayed. For a week foul weather kept Howard hanging between the Downs and Dover. He was actually summoned to Court, but he would not leave his post, and by May 2 he reached Plymouth with the main body of the fleet. Lord Thomas Howard, the Vice-Admiral, joined two days later with other units.[1] But Ralegh was still in the Thames unable to get the rear-guard of victuallers and transports to sea. Contrary winds gave the skippers that were ready an excuse for not dropping down the river, many crews were incomplete, and as fast as he pressed men they deserted, for all the Marshal of the Admiralty could do. He begged for Borough, the Controller of the Navy, to help him force the pressed and unwilling skippers to take every advantage of the tides. Twenty-two sail lay scattered between Gravesend and Lee, besides others higher up. 'I cannot live,' he wrote, 'to row up and down every tide from Gravesend to London.' He had quite enough to do hunting deserters. The Generals getting impatient wrote to know how he was getting on, but he had hardly time even to reply. 'I cannot write to our Generals at this time,' he tells Cecil on May 4, 'for the pursuivant found me in a country village, a mile from Gravesend, hunting after runaway mariners, and dragging in the mire from ale-house to ale-house; and could get no paper but that the pursuivant had this piece. Sir, by the living God, there is no King nor Queen nor General nor any else can

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 135. His letter is endorsed '4 April, 1596,' but clearly it should be May. The Generals were not at Plymouth, as the letter says, on April 4, nor did the news of Spanish ships being at Conquet, to which it refers, arrive till April 27.

take more care than I to begone.' Essex, like the generous gentleman he was, wrote handsome and patient encouragement to the rival, who was compelled to serve under him. 'Your pains and travail,' he wrote, while Ralegh, covered with mud, was beating up the country beer-shops, 'in bringing all things to that forwardness they are in, doth sufficiently assure me of your discontentment to be now stayed by the wind. Therefore I will not entreat you to make haste . . . but I will wish and pray a good wind for you. And when you are come, I will make you see I desire to do you as much honour, and give you as great contentment as I can. For this is the action and the time in which you and I shall be both taught to know and love one another.'

Essex himself was as sorely tried as Ralegh. He was '*accablé d'affaires*,' he said, trying 'to bring order into all this chaos.' He was feeding the force at his own expense so as to save sea store, and relieving the remnants of Drake's expedition as they struggled in exhausted from their long and hazardous retreat. 'I have a little world,' he wrote to Cecil, 'eating upon me in my house, and am fain to relieve most of the captains and gentlemen and many of the soldiers that came from the Indies, and yet I complain not of charge, but of want of direction and certainty in your resolutions above.' For his fretting mistress would not send him so much as a kind word.[1] Anthony Bacon, who was watching his interests at Court, was anxious and doubtful, but Essex still maintained a buoyant confidence. 'For my sake,' he tells his despondent servant, 'you must be confident, for if I be not tied by the hands, I know God hath a great work to work by me. I thank God I see my way both smooth and certain, and I will make all the world see I understand myself.'

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 172, 175.

These fervent words, at first sight but reverent commonplaces in fashion at the time, are in Essex's mouth extremely remarkable, and give us an opening into his inmost thoughts such as it is seldom the fortune of history to obtain. There is a puritanical ring in them very unusual in the young General's correspondence with his intimates at this time, and the truth is they are hardly his own. Years before, early in 1588, at just such another occasion of difficulty, when Drake and he were plotting together their daring scheme against the gathering Armada, the admiral at his wits' end, had written him a letter, of which Essex's words contain an unmistakable echo. 'My good lord,' Drake's letter had run, 'my conscience and soul beareth me in that there is some great part to be played in the Church of God by your honour and myself.' And again: 'As the Lord liveth my conscience and knowledge bear record that God hath much true honour to lend your lordship.' The anxious admiral had ended with urgent directions that that letter was to be burnt, but it still exists, as though Essex treasured the words like a prophecy. Nor is this all. The gravity of his letter to Bacon, so unlike his usual tone, and its strange recalling of Drake's words, become still more eloquent when we note the moment at which it was written. On May 8 Sir Thomas Baskerville, who had given Drake his Viking burial and had succeeded him in the command, had announced his arrival off Scilly with the remnants of the ill-starred expedition. Two days later he would naturally have reached Plymouth, the very day that Essex wrote his remarkable letter. It is impossible, therefore, to avoid the suspicion that he wrote it after having heard for the first time from Baskerville's own lips the details of his old commander's tragic end. If this were so, we clearly see with what a stir of emotion the dead admiral's prophetic words must have

come to Essex's pen; how at such a moment they must have returned to him like a last voice from the sea where Drake lay with his mission unfulfilled; how they must have raised in the young general's imaginative mind an inspiring conviction that it was he who must wear the great admiral's cloak. So he could thank God, as he said, that he saw his way smooth and clear before him, and resolve to show all the world that he understood his destiny.[1]

To others, however, his way appeared by no means so smooth and clear. Ralegh still delayed, and Bacon was hinting in his letters to Essex that the delay was deliberate and intentional. The enormous expense of keeping the force idle at Plymouth was getting past Essex's resources and the officers having nothing better to do were quarrelling desperately about precedence. The Conquet news too, though regarded as of little consequence by Howard and Essex on the reports of their cruisers, was having a serious effect at Court. The Duc de Bouillon and Monsieur de Sancy, the French envoys, were pressing for a new alliance, defensive and offensive. The main argument against their proposals was the drain which Essex's expedition was making on the resources of the country. The French, being still unpersuaded of the drastic results of well-applied naval pressure which were beginning to be thoroughly understood in England, did not believe in the expedition. They regarded it as a wild scheme born of Essex's ambition, and the envoys had express instructions from Henry to get the Queen to countermand it. Though De Sancy after-

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 173; *Birch*, i. 484. Essex certainly saw Baskerville and received from him an account of the expedition. See his letters of recommendation written on the eve of sailing. *Ibid.* 196. 'I pray you favour Sir Thomas Baskerville, you shall find him give a better account of his actions than Traughton did for him. He is a very worthy gentleman and as honest as any man that lives.'

wards denied having acted on these instructions, there is no doubt they were doing all they could—and not without certain English support—to get it stopped, and that the invidious means they employed with the Queen took the form of hints that she could not control her favourite.[1] So far were they successful that on May 16 a treaty was signed, by which amongst other things the Queen agreed to send Henry an auxiliary force of four thousand men, and at the same time she intimated to Howard and Essex that she intended to recall them and commit the expedition to commanders of lesser degree.

At Plymouth the news was received with consternation. At a time when the importance of an expedition was measured by the rank of its commanders, such an order could only mean the ruin of the force, or at best its reduction to the usual ineffective cruise. No sooner was it known, therefore, than the whole of the chief staff-officers at Plymouth sent up a vigorous protest. Lord Thomas Howard, though he was the man who would naturally succeed to the naval command, signed at their head. Vere, who was to succeed Essex as Commander-in-Chief of the land forces, added a soldier-like protest of his own. Essex himself, with unusual self-restraint, said not a word to his exasperating mistress. He contented himself with a dignified despatch to the Council, setting out the moral and material consequences of stopping the expedition, or even of reducing it to a merely naval force. His remarks, in these days, when the coercive power of a navy is inclined to be exaggerated, are worth quoting. They certainly represent the best opinion of his time. 'If it be said,' he urges, 'the Queen may seem to do somewhat and send her fleet, but stay her army, I am persuaded that, though some ignorant soul both of sea action and of the wars may

[1] Reynolds to Essex, May 18, 1596; *Birch*, ii. 4.

by the fireside make such a proposition, yet there cannot be any man found so vain, that will undertake the action. . . . How will he get a post if he have not a land force to command the shore? Next, how will he distress or burn the maritimes of Spain if he go not to them where they are?' And so on, to point out of how little use is a fleet in command of the sea, if there be no land force with it to reap the full advantage of the position.[1] To Cecil, whom some suspected, probably unjustly, of favouring the Queen's new attitude, Essex unburdened his personal feelings. 'I will send nothing now,' he wrote, 'but pray you rid me of this hellish torment I am in while we dwell in this uncertainty, and make me free from this army if I must not go with it. For the recompense of my noble companion you must in all honour solicit: for me take no care, for my recompense shall be without her Majesty's charge or trouble. Only I desire to (be) cast out with Jonas into the sea that the storm may cease.' Another letter in the same tone followed immediately, adding the fresh exasperation that Ralegh had at last reached Portland with the long delayed rear-guard and that the fleet was ready for sea.[2]

The result proved the truth of Essex's boast that he knew his Mistress better than anyone. Such a storm of protest was perhaps all the subtle old Queen required. It was at any rate the best answer to the French envoys, and she bent before it. A day or two later Fulke Greville came down with final orders for the expedition to proceed without further stay. To these welcome instructions were added a letter of farewell from the Queen, written jointly to her favourite and her 'most faithful Charles,'

[1] Essex to the Council, *ibid.* ii. 9; and Thomas Howard, Carew, and others to Cecil, *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 188. Vere to same, *ibid.* 189. The Queen's letters are in *Otho. E.* ix.

[2] Essex to Cecil, May 18 and 19, 1596, *ibid.*

and another to Essex alone, 'fraught with all kinds of promises and loving offers, as the like since he was a favourite he never had.' And with it came a prayer of her own composition, in which with loving anxiety for her generals and her subjects she quaintly points out to the Almighty the reasons which entitle her to claim His favour. 'These being the grounds,' it ends, 'Thou that diddest inspire the mind, we humbly beseech with bended knees prosper the work, and with the best fore winds guide the journey, speed the victory and make the return the advancement of Thy fame and surety to the realm, with the least loss of English blood.'

So the men of war had triumphed, and nothing remained but to get to sea. Ralegh had joined with the rear-guard on May 21.[1] He was not well received. Such was the general dislike and mistrust of him that there were many who still ungenerously suspected him of having intrigued for the recall of Howard and Essex, in order to get the naval command for himself. At table the first day hot words passed between him and Vere, which were taken up so violently by Arthur Throgmorton, Ralegh's brother-in-law, that though lieutenant-colonel of 'Gerard's' he was cashiered. But the matter was subsequently smoothed over, and the hot-headed officer restored to his place. Ralegh seems to have done his best to keep under the fires that were smouldering. 'His carriage to my Lord of Essex,' wrote Bacon's correspondent, Sir Anthony Standen, 'is with the cunningest respect and deepest humility that I ever saw or have trowed.' 'But for all this voyage,' wrote Anthony Ashley, who was Secretary-at-War, 'I see already a fire kindled that must consume us inwardly, this scandal-stone being the subject of the quarrel.' Howard, too, was apparently on the best of

[1] *Birch*, ii. 10; *Lambeth MSS.*, 50.

terms with his young colleague. 'The mutual love of these two honourable generals,' says Ashley, 'has won all hearts.'[1] But we may doubt if on Howard's part the feeling was very deep. 'Sir,' wrote Essex to Cecil, 'if her Majesty do find fault with the cutting out a piece of the sheet wherein our joint letter is written, her unruly Admiral must be punished for it, who cut out my name because he would have none so high as himself.'[2] On the whole it would appear that Essex's personality was the influence which had most to do with keeping the force together, and that in this way he entirely justified his appointment. His difficulties had been great. 'I once thought,' he complained, mindful of his early studies under Sir Roger Williams, 'the contemplation of the art military harder than the execution. But now I see where the number is great compounded of land and sea forces, the most tyros and almost all voluntaries, the second officers equal almost in age quality and standing in the wars, it is hard for any man to approve himself a good commander.' He tried to see to everything himself. 'For I cannot,' he said, 'follow the precedents of our dissolute armies and my helpers are a little amazed with me.' He complained he had been sometimes as much troubled with the officers as with all the men. Yet he surmounted every difficulty. Vere was instructed to draw up general orders in which the precedence and duties of all ranks from the highest staff officers to the humblest trumpeter were laid down in minute detail. The effect was completely successful and Essex of course had all the credit.

The document still exists and is of the highest value as giving us the exact and detailed organisation of an

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 194. 'From aboard the "Due Repulse," Monday, 24 May, 1596.'

[2] *Ibid.* 195. 'From aboard, May 24.'

army as approved by the most advanced soldiers of the day.[1] It is probable indeed that no army more perfectly equipped and disciplined had ever left our shores. The final review filled the last joined officers with enthusiasm. They knew not which to admire most, the physique of the men, the smartness of their manœuvring, the excellence of their armour and weapons, or their soldier-like bearing. Their opinion was fully endorsed by the astonished admiration of Spanish officers at Cadiz. There was of course the usual element of 'ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.' To some of the older men indeed there was a great deal too much pageantry and dress. 'We have three hundred green headed youths,' wrote one, 'covered with feathers, gold and silver lace.' 'To write of the folatries of this army,' said the veteran humorist, Sir Edward Hoby, 'had been too ridiculous.' Yet Sir George Carew, afterwards so famous as the saviour of Munster, a really competent judge, could only prophesy good. 'They are,' said he, 'strong enough at sea to abide the proudest fleet that ever swam, and by land our army both in numbers and gallant men is of strength to march and retreat in safety from a more puissant enemy than we are like to find,' and Standen believed that being conducted by a lion they must work lion's effects. Considering that England at this time was practically without any organisation for the formation of an active army for foreign service, the production of such a force was undoubtedly a fine performance. To Vere and the other Low Country officers the result was mainly due, but Essex was the controlling head and inspiring force, and it is impossible to deny him the chief share of the credit.

[1] 'Directions how far any man's office in the army doth extend and what duties the officers shall do.' *Harleian MSS.*, 168, f. 120. In *Galba D. XII.* is another copy certified by Ashley. The officers are classed as (1) Public officers (*i.e.* staff officers); (2) officers of a regiment; (3) officers of a company.

CHAPTER III

CADIZ HARBOUR[1]

A WEEK after the receipt of the Queen's orders to sail, the expedition was ready for sea, and after one ineffectual effort, got clear away on June 3. The fleet is usually said to have consisted of about one hundred and fifty sail, but this figure must have included small craft that were little more than ship's boats or tenders, and it gives an exaggerated idea of its strength. Captain Robert Crosse on the eve of sailing put the total at one hundred and twenty sail, English and Dutch.[2] The detailed official returns put it at a total of one hundred and ten, of which forty-seven were men-of-war and the rest victuallers and transports. Crosse says the Queen's ships numbered fifteen, another authority says eighteen, the official returns put them at seventeen, of which eleven were galleons, two crompsters, and four first-class pinnaces.[3]

[1] For authorities see Appendix.

[2] Crosse to Cecil, May 30. *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 201.

[3] The 'crompsters' or 'crumsters,' which play a prominent part in the later years of the war as light cruisers, were a comparatively new class in the Royal Navy. They first appear in the naval programme which followed the defeat of the Armada in 1588, and were designed 'as well to attend the galleys, as to defend the river.' They therefore presumably had auxiliary oar propulsion, but their special characteristics cannot be determined. They were probably borrowed from the Dutch *Kromsteven*, but all we know even of them is that they were the favourite war vessels for the shallow and confined waters of the Netherlands, and that the word means 'curved prow.' English seamen spoke of the new class indiscriminately as 'crayers,' 'hoys,' 'drumlers,' the vessels in which the bulk of the English coasting trade was carried on. They were four in number, the 'Advantage,' 'Crane,' 'Quit-

These returns, however, do not include the 'Tramontana,' which Monson says formed part of the fleet. The London men-of-war numbered eleven ships and one pinnace. The Dutch squadron, according to Grotius and Meteren, included besides six victuallers, eighteen large ships of war, carrying crews of from 100 to 130 men. They were therefore from 200 to 300 tons burden, but probably more nearly akin to the London ships than to the splendid galleons of the Queen.

The information of Spanish naval movements pointed strongly to the possibility of a regular fleet action on the voyage out. The English force was therefore organised with a view to the tactical system which had been adopted during the Armada campaign and by Drake and Norreys in 1589. The system, as far as it can be unravelled from the obscure indications that exist, was one of groups in line-a-head, a system involving an entirely different idea, and to be carefully distinguished from the close-hauled line-of-battle of the end of the next

tance,' and 'Answer.' Seeing that they were designed for coast defence a very heavy armament was originally specified for them, viz. eight eighteen-pounder culverins, six nine-pounder demi-culverins, and two five-pounder sakers. Eventually they were armed much more lightly with nine-pounders and smaller pieces. It is probable that as the danger of a galley attack faded away, it was found that with a lighter armament they could still be put to excellent use as cruisers. Their dimensions were from 60 to 65 feet in length with a beam of from 24 to 26 feet. They were thus shorter than true galleons but longer than ordinary ships. Their burden averaged a little over 200 tons and their complement was 100 men. They had an overlop or gun deck of three-inch plank, 'with a spar deck and such garnishing as shall be thought fit.' Each had its boat and 'skiff.' They appear to have been cheaper than ships, for appended to the specification is a note which says, 'There are two crompsters to be built, but it is not yet determined whether they shall be crompsters or ships;' if ships the contractor was to have such further sum as the Lord Treasurer and Navy Officers should decide. They were rigged exactly like the smaller great-ships with fore and main masts and one lateen mizen. See Laughton, *Armada*, ii. 125 *n.*; Oppenheim, *Administration of the Navy*, i. 157; *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, ii. 313; *S. P. Dom. Eliz.* ccxxiv. 45, ff. 82–3; *Add. MSS.* 19,889, f. 74, and *post*, p. 423.

century. The groups or squadrons were four in number, each consisting of about four of the Queen's ships and two or three of the London men-of-war, and each having its own convoy of victuallers and transports. Besides the general staff each squadron had its own admiral and vice-admiral, so that it was capable of independent action.[1] The first squadron was under Howard in his old flagship the 'Ark.' For his captain he had Amyas Preston, fresh from his dashing raid on the Spanish Main in the previous year, and for vice-admiral his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, in the 'Lion.'[2] The second squadron was commanded by Essex in the newly-launched galleon 'Due Repulse,'[3] with Monson, afterwards the famous admiral and author of the 'Naval Tracts,' for his captain. The third squadron was under Lord Thomas Howard, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet, in the 'Merhonour,' with the Earl of Leicester's son, Robert Dudley, who had recently commanded a small privateering expedition to the West Indies, as his squadronal vice-admiral in the 'Nonpareil.' Ralegh, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, had the fourth in the 'Warspite,' the other new galleon,[3] and his vice-admiral

[1] All authorities do not mention the squadronal vice-admirals, but there can be no doubt they existed as in 1588 and like the 'lieutenants of squadrons' in 1589. Stow gives a list of them, and he is confirmed by Vere, who says he himself was vice-admiral of Essex's squadron. (*Commentaries*, p. 17.)

[2] Most of the authorities give Essex as commanding the first squadron, but Stow distinctly says Howard had it 'as was his right.' He is probably correct. Essex and Howard were jointly commanders-in-chief, but by their commission Howard had precedence at sea and Essex by land. Again, though Essex took precedence as an Earl yet Howard by virtue of his office took precedence of everyone at sea. Lord Mountjoy is sometimes given as the commander of the 'Lion' (*e.g.* Laughton, *Spanish Armada*, i. 310 *n.*), but this is a mistake. Stow and Monson agree it was Southwell, and Mountjoy certainly did not serve in the expedition. During its progress he was exercising his office as Captain of Portsmouth, and attending to legal business in the West. See his Letters, *Hatfield Papers*, vi. *passim*.

[3] See *post*, pp. 428–431.

was Drake's favourite old flag officer, Captain Robert Crosse in the 'Swiftsure.' No rear-admirals are mentioned for the English squadrons. The Dutch contingent remained apart as a fifth squadron under Jan van Duyvenvoord, Admiral of Holland, with Jan Gerbrantsen and Cornelius Lensen for his vice and rear-admirals respectively.

The landing force was supposed to consist of a full 'Camp Royal,' or 10,000 men, but it is doubtful whether at any time the generals could have put so many in the field. The bulk of it was a regular military force organised in eight regiments of six or seven companies each, but these even on paper did not amount to more than 6450 men.[1] Crosse says the fleet could land a naval brigade of 1200 English and 90 Dutch mariners, but even this will not bring the total up to 8000 men. Some 2000 of the soldiers were veterans from the Low Countries, and were distributed through the regiments to stiffen them. The rest were recruits raised for the expedition; but the long delay at Plymouth had been used to so good a purpose that they had been taught, says Anthony Ashley, Secretary to the Council of War, 'to march, advance, retire, file, and unfile with such dexterity that, the raw ploughman vieing with the old soldier, all shewed themselves very sufficient able men.' From a Spanish officer we know they were splendidly equipped. All the pikemen had corslets and morions, and the musketeers and arquebusiers morions.[2] The weak point of the force was cavalry, of which arm there was nothing but Essex's own troop of some two hundred horse under the command of Captain Aldridge.

The staff which the Lord Marshal Vere organised,

[1] Bacon's note in *Birch*, ii. 15.

[2] 'Declaration of General Gomez de Medina,' *Doc. Ined.* xxxvi. 329.

perfect as it was in design, left, it is feared, much to be desired in the men who filled the posts. Some allowance no doubt must be made for the point of view of an old professional soldier like Vere, but he tells us with a characteristic grumble: 'They were chosen rather for favour than for long continuance in service.' Essex's train of gilded youth were certainly very much in the front. With Sir Conyers Clifford, who had been given the third staff appointment of Sergeant-Major to the army, Vere was particularly disgusted. It was the office which corresponded most nearly to our modern Adjutant-General, and to fill it adequately an experienced professional soldier was usually considered indispensable. Clifford's service seems to have been confined to his Rouen campaign, and his chief claim to Essex's favour was that he had been one of the men who had rescued the body of his beloved brother William Devereux, when he was killed in an idle skirmish with the French. He was a man, so Vere found, of a 'haughty stomach and not of the greatest government or experience in martial discipline;' and it was mainly to keep him in order, 'lest ignorance or will might mislead him in the execution of his office,' that Vere persuaded Essex to let him draw up the general orders already referred to. The remainder of the Staff or 'Public Officers of the Army,' as Vere calls them, were a Master of the Ordnance (Sir George Carew), 'a Camp-Master' (Sir John Wingfield);[1] a Commissary-General of the Victuals (Marmaduke Darell, who had just succeeded Quarles in that department of the Navy Office); a Carriage-Master, who was to the Train what the Sergeant-Major was to the combatant forces; a Muster-Master; a Provost-Marshal, who was also sanitary officer; and four Corporals-of-the-Field or junior staff-officers in the nature of aides-de-camp,

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 31.

but particularly attached to the Sergeant-Major's department. There was also, as we have seen, the Secretary at War, Anthony Ashley, whose main duty was to watch the Queen's interests, especially in the matter of prize and plunder. The two Generals, as well as the Marshal, the Camp-Master, and the Sergeant-Major, each had a regiment as a matter of course. The other three Colonels were Sir Richard Wingfield, like his brother an experienced and respected soldier; Sir Thomas Gerrard, who had already seen service under Essex in France, and Sir Christopher Blount, a pushing soldier of fortune, who when lieutenant in Leicester's troop of horse had saved Sir Francis Vere's life at Zutphen. Afterwards, having lost a hand at the siege of Berk, he was rewarded with the post of Gentleman-of-the-Horse in Leicester's household. In this position he so far ingratiated himself with the countess, that shortly after Leicester's death she married him and thus he became Essex's second stepfather.[1] Many distinguished volunteers also got leave to serve, although no place could be found for them. Foremost amongst them appear Robert Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, Don Cristobal, titular Prince of Portugal, and Count Ludovic Gunther of Nassau, brother of the Frisian Statholder, while amongst the other 'lady's faces' was that of Shakespere's young patron, the Earl of Southampton.

The destination of the expedition was still a profound secret, and its advance was masked with admirable skill.

[1] *Birch*, i. 56; *Domestic Calendar*, 1593, p. 386; *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 570. In *S. P., Dom.* cclvii. 107, is a list of the army in which a regiment of the Earl of Sussex appears in place of Howard's; but the men who were to compose it are not specified, as they are in all the other regiments. It was probably never formed; for nowhere else is Sussex mentioned as having a regimental command, except casually where the Sloane MS. 1303 speaks of Evans, who first entered Cadiz, as his lieutenant. A possible explanation is that it was intended to give him a regiment, but that Howard claimed the prior right and he had to give way.

The only rendezvous given was the latitude of Finisterre, and a screen of pinnaces and fast-sailing small craft was thrown forward to intercept any vessels which might carry to Spain intelligence of the approaching surprise. As a further precaution the squadrons sailed during the day in extended order so as to cover a wide front, closing in again at nightfall, 'a ceremony done solemnly and with very good order, with sound of trumpets and noise of cheerful voices.' The rendezvous was made on June 9 well out of sight of land, but on a council of war being called it was decided to stand still further to the westward to make certain of eluding observation. Still the objective was not revealed, but sealed orders were issued in case of dispersion. The following day some neutral vessels were spoken and detained, from which the Generals learnt the state of affairs at Cadiz a fortnight before. As yet no attack was expected, and what was better, the bulk of the galleons of the Indian Guard were still in the Guadalquivir at San Lucar, so that most of the shipping in Cadiz consisted of the West Indian convoy. This intelligence, says Monson, removed any doubts that remained, and the fleet held on in high spirits. Two days later Captain Leveson in Howard's 'Truelove,' and Sir Christopher Blount in the 'Lioness,' after a smart action took three Hamburg vessels, presumably carrying contraband of war, and these, the first fruits of the expedition, were received as a fresh omen of success. Next day, however, there was a narrow escape of a serious mishap. The fleet had already passed the height of Lisbon, so that there could no longer be much doubt of its destination, when Captain Richard Weston, who was sailing in the observation screen in a small pinnace of London, fetched up an armed Flemish fly-boat and called on her to heave-to. As she refused, he courageously tackled her, but she proved

too much for him, and having disabled him at the first discharge made straight for Lisbon. But Marmaduke Darell in the 'Francis and John' of London took up the chase, and managed next day to snap her up in the very mouth of the Tagus. Two of the chief prisoners, a Franciscan friar and a Biscayan gentleman, were brought before Essex.[1] They found him lying on a couch of brocade, dressed in white satin and surrounded by the captains of his galleons. Learning that, as the prisoners were from the Canaries they could tell him little which he did not know already, he fell to boasting of what he was going to do. He meant, he said, to burn and destroy all the places he could, ay, and if he was able, to strike the crown from Philip's head, because he had burnt three villages in England and had taken Calais; and in payment for this he meant to take Cadiz and all the adjacent ports. Then, as the spirit of the old Protestant rovers warmed in him, he began to revile the friar. It was the clergy and friars, he vowed, that were at the bottom of the war, because they would not let Philip make peace. The friar protested they were Christians, and therefore would be at peace with all men. But the satin-clad Protestant called him a dog, and vowed he was the better Christian of the two. All Spaniards, he said, worshipped gods of wood and paint, but God could not be in Heaven and on earth as well. Englishmen served and worshipped him in Heaven and Spaniards on earth. Then he roundly reviled the mass, apologised to the Biscayan, who, he said, was a gentleman and a man of his word,

[1] 'Declaration de fray Francisco Esteves.' *Documentos Ineditos*, xxxvi. 285. The friar calls him 'Conde de Leste,' 'General de toda la armada y almirante de Inghilterra.' This must mean Essex and not Howard, for he implies that the council of war was called not on 'Leste's' ship, which clearly he thought was the 'Capitana,' but on another which he calls the 'Almiranta.' As we know this council met on the 'Ark,' the ship which 'Leste' commanded cannot have been Howard's.

and so dismissed them. It was more the behaviour of one of Drake's rude skippers than of a polished gentleman of Elizabeth's Court. But as Essex neared the scene of action the spirit of the old sailor captains seemed to grow him. His elation at the success which the last lucky prize foreboded must be his excuse. 'This happy capture,' says Monson, 'was the most fortunate of all; for had she succeeded in getting in, the alarm would have spread to Cadiz, and all hope of a surprise would have been at an end.'

Their good fortune continued. Sweeping up the coastwise traffic as they went, they intercepted numbers of Lisbon letters, and not a vessel escaped them to betray their approach. On June 15, however, as the inshore squadrons swept round Cape St. Vincent, they seem to have stood too far into Lagos Bay, in search probably of the coast craft that were sure to be waiting there with the north-west wind that prevailed. From the shore the Spanish officials counted eighty sail, and from that remote spot, as fast as the muleteers could climb the rocky roads, the evil tidings spread inland.

The Spanish officer who was responsible for measures to meet the threatening danger was the unhappy Duke of Medina-Sidonia, Howard's old antagonist of 1588. Deep as had been his disgrace after his disastrous leading of the Great Armada, and lamentable as had been his failure, he had been restored to favour and unwilling distinction as Captain-General of the Ocean Sea and of the coast of Andalusia. His feebleness and ill luck still clung to him. For a month past he had been lying at Castilnova near Cape Trafalgar, sick of intermittent fever. On June 19, four days after the English fleet had been sighted from St. Vincent, he had been allowed out for the first time, and was driving in his carriage along the shore to

take the cool evening breeze. The sight of the sea was one that he could enjoy with more content than he had known for many a day, for the bugbear of his life was no more. When after his return broken-spirited from his disastrous defeat in 1588 he had been allowed to hide himself amongst his orange trees, it had been the humour of the gutter-snipes to yell in chorus under his windows, 'Viene el Draque!' 'Drake's coming!' and then run away. Now the comfortable news was still fresh in his mind that Drake had been baffled by his officers, and was dead. As he was thus occupied he saw a muleteer hurrying to him. The man had ridden from Saint Mary Port, ten leagues away in Cadiz Bay, with a note from the President of the Contractacion House[1] at Seville, and it told him of the eighty sail that had been seen four days since heading for St. Lucar or Cadiz. So well had the English managed, that this was the very first intimation that reached the ill-starred Duke that Drake's spirit was still stirring.

He at once drove on to the inn at Conil and began writing orders far and wide—to the vassals of his wide estates, to assemble to his banner; to the villages that lay between him and Cadiz, to be ready for his coming; to others, to hurry to Gibraltar and Tarifa, and even to Ceuta and Tangier, to warn them to be upon their guard; to Seville and Xeres and all the towns of Andalusia, to draw all their forces together; to Don Francisco Tello de Guzman, judge and treasurer of the Contractacion House, who was at Cadiz for the despatch of the *Flota* of New Spain; to Luis Alfonso Florez, its admiral; to Diego de Sotomayor, its vice-admiral; to the Captain-General of the Indian Guard—summoning them all to meet him at daybreak in Port Royal at the bottom of Cadiz Bay; and

[1] The *Casa de contractacion* (literally 'chamber of commerce') was the official body which had exclusive control of the American trade.

finally to the Doctor Pedro Gutierrez, President of the Contractacion, that if his health permitted he would cross the bay immediately he arrived to meet him in Cadiz, and concert measures of defence with the other officers. Not a moment did he rest, though the fever was on him again, and two hours before daybreak on Sunday morning he began the rough journey to Port Royal in a litter.

Nothing could have been more characteristic of Philip's system of government. The Duke's orders were complete and thoroughly thought out, but all too late. While he sat dictating at the Conil inn, his officers at Cadiz, ignoring their sick and incompetent chief, had been hard at work for hours. Already the President Gutierrez was in Cadiz, and had sent for the Corregidor of the city to call a council of the officers and municipal authorities to consider the situation. The warships at their disposal consisted of four galleons of the Guard, two of the old Portuguese squadron, three of the new treasure-frigates, which had been the cause of Drake's disaster at Puerto Rico and had just come home with the treasure he missed, three strongly armed Levant ships, and a fine fleet of twenty galleys of the Andalusian squadron.[1] But so entirely unexpected was the English attack that most of the commanding officers were away on leave. In the absence of the Adelantado of Castille, proprietor and captain-general of the galleys of Spain, the galley squadron was under the command of Don Juan Portocarrero. The General of the Indian Guard was also absent and Sotomayor, Vice-Admiral of the *flota*, was commanding the galleons in his place. Even Sancho Pardo, who from his

[1] See the despatch of Gutierrez to the King in *Documentos Ineditos*, p. 208. Other accounts give the force differently, but no two quite agree, and the President is probably the best authority. The official list which Crosse captured gives twenty galleys.—(*S. P., Dom.*, cclix. 25.)

sick-bed had directed the late successful defence of Puerto Rico, was not present to command his victorious frigates. To complete their ill-luck Gutierrez, as President of the Contractacion, claimed supreme authority over them all so long as they lay in port, and he was an ecclesiastic. Consequently the naval and military officers with one accord refused to recognise his authority, on the ground that a cleric could not command in face of the enemy, and ignoring his opinion they took their own measures of defence.

The disposition approved by them was to draw up the whole of the warships and the strongest vessels of the *flota* in line-abreast across the narrowest part of the bay, with their left resting on the battery of St. Philip, which formed the inner and north-easterly angle of the city defences, and their right apparently stretching towards the strong castle of Santa Catalina on the St. Mary Port side of the bay. The galleys were to be thrown forward as an advanced guard between the Puercas and Diamond reefs, which make a kind of barrier in the mouth of the bay, while the rest of the *flota* formed a rearguard in the Puntal channel, which gave access to the inner harbour. For the actual defence of the town, three hundred and fifty men were all the Corregidor could get together, but messengers were sent out to the neighbouring places for assistance, while at the inn at Conil the Duke was still sitting fervently at his despatches.

Meanwhile, the English fleet was still steadily advancing, and spending much time in considering the plan of attack, with little result except that they must wait for a 'nearer view' before deciding on anything. The calmness of the weather, varied with baffling easterly airs, made progress very slow, but the delay was well utilised in issuing a very elaborate set of orders to be

observed in landing the troops.[1] It was not indeed till the 18th, three days after they had been sighted at Lagos, that they were within striking distance of their objective At break of day they were about twelve leagues from Cadiz when the first glimmer of dawn revealed a strange sail close to the 'Ark.' Howard at once gave chase, and after two hours fetched her up. She proved to be an Irish bark bound for Waterford that had left Cadiz the previous day at noon. From the skipper Howard was thus able to learn the very latest intelligence from the port. According to the Lord Admiral, his information was that there lay in the bay twenty galleys and between fifty and sixty ships. A fight was now certain. 'When this was once bruited in the army,' says Howard's doctor, 'that there were so many ships . . . Lord God! what a sudden rejoicing there was. How every man skipt and leapt for joy, and how nimble was every man to see all things were neat trim and ready for the fight, fearing all the way that they should never be encountered or have any "sport," as they use to term it.'

Under similar circumstances in 1587, Drake, without so much as shortening sail for his fleet to close up, had merely summoned his captains and told them he meant to go straight in and destroy everything he found inside. It was against all the traditions of the service not to hold a formal council before attacking. His old-fashioned Vice-Admiral, William Borough, had even regarded the omission as criminal, and considered that it was only through neglect of a concerted order of attack that a

[1] *Lambeth MS.*

[2] Howard, the most inaccurate of despatch writers, says the Irishman was captured on Saturday the 19th (*Birch*, ii. 52), and so does his doctor. But Hakluyt gives the 18th, and he is confirmed by the *Lambeth MS.* and the minutes of the Council of War (*S. P. Dom.*, cclix. 17). These minutes also give a different version of the information which Howard says he got from the Irishman.

single Spanish ship escaped. But Drake never allowed tradition to stand in his way, and for him, where a surprise was in question, the rapidity of the stroke was the essential that must override all other considerations. Here we have an occasion for testing the truth of his doctrine. For Howard was a man of Borough's temper, and with him mature calculation and order must precede action. Everything was done with the most unimpeachable regularity. A council was called and all the chief officers attended, the two Generals, the Vice-Admirals, the Marshal, the Master of the Ordnance, and the Secretary-at-War. From the Minutes it would appear that they had expected to find the Spanish ships at Puntal till the Irishman told them they were covering both St. Mary Port and Cadiz in the outer part of the bay. From the same source his report would appear to have been that the ships of war numbered in all about thirty, that the bulk of the galleys were at St. Mary Port, opposite Cadiz, and that two large vessels laden with wheat to relieve the famine that prevailed at Lisbon were on the point of sailing. The resolution that was taken on this information was as follows:—Essex, with the royal galleons of his squadron and the whole of the transports, was to attempt the city, while Howard and Lord Thomas, with their own and the Dutch squadron, together with all the ships that did not carry soldiers, were to operate against the Spanish fleet at anchor in the bay and prevent any vessels escaping till Cadiz and its batteries were in Essex's hands. Besides this two small squadrons were detached for special duties. Ralegh with one, consisting of his own ship and his vice-admiral's, with three more smaller royal vessels and a dozen others, was immediately to stand inshore and then make his way along the coast so as to prevent the corn ships slipping by between the

main fleet and the land. On reaching Cadiz bay he was to conform to Howard's movements. The other, under Sir Alexander Clifford, was told off to the galleys. His instructions survive to show how elaborate were the Generals' dispositions and how small a force was considered necessary to tackle twenty galleys. He was given the 'Vanguard' and 'Rainbow,' the galleons respectively of Sir John Wingfield and Sir Francis Vere, who were now of course with Essex and the transports, preparing for the land attack on Cadiz, three small London men-of-war, two oared hoys of the Generals', and some similar light vessels assigned for the service by the Dutch Admiral. With these, so soon as the fleet came athwart Point Rota, the extreme limit of the outer bay, he was to bear along the shore, and, if he found the galleys in St. Mary Port, to anchor as close in as possible and blockade them there. If they were out he was to try to chase them in or at least to prevent them harassing Essex's landing. If no galleys were to be seen he was to anchor to the north or rear of Essex's part of the fleet, so as to cover the transports and weaker vessels from a galley attack from the seaward.[1]

These deliberations must have consumed the greater part of the day. Nothing further, at any rate, was done, except that Ralegh proceeded to the inshore station allotted him. But still more time was to be wasted. On consideration it would appear that the scheme decided on seemed to devote too much attention to the enemy's fleet and not enough to the land attack. That the enemy's ships would attempt to escape in the face of such a force appeared very improbable, and on the morrow a new council was called on the 'Repulse.' Ralegh was away inshore, Vere and Carew were pro-

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 216.

bably busy with the troops, and the council was attended only by the two Generals, Lord Thomas Howard and the Secretary.[1] Before they separated the plan of action was entirely changed. Instead of entering the bay, as was clearly the original intention, the attack on Cadiz was to be from outside and from two different points. Stretching westwards into the open sea from the walls of the town were two rocky tongues of land, the more northerly and shorter one known as Santa Catalina and the other as St. Sebastian. Between them was formed a creek known as the Caleta, ending in a shelving beach close under the walls. So excellent a landing-place did it afford that a powerful bastion, known as the Castle of Santa Catalina, had been built at the adjacent salient angle of the walls to command it. By the new order of attack it was in the Caleta that Essex was to land and at once proceed to the assault of Santa Catalina. Meanwhile Howard was to be ready to throw another body of troops ashore just south of the city, on the long spit of land which connected Cadiz with the mainland. The design was well conceived and thoroughly scientific. While Essex was developing his attack the second brigade, which Howard was to land, would form a covering force, and effectually prevent any reinforcements being thrown into the city by land. Having covered the disembarkation, Howard was to come to anchor under St. Sebastian's point. To Ralegh, with his own and the bulk of the Dutch squadron, was committed Howard's original task of preventing the escape of the enemy's ships. Clifford's orders were unchanged.

When all was ready the fleet made sail so as to reach the mouth of the bay and be ready to strike at dawn.

[1] This council is not mentioned by the author of the *Lambeth MS.*, who was absent with Ralegh's squadron.

But a little before daybreak it began to appear that something was wrong, and too late it was discovered that the masters had underestimated their distance from Cadiz. The possibility of an error so easy to make had not been taken into consideration; there was no great seaman's eye to correct it, and the result was complete confusion. What happened precisely is difficult to tell, for the English officers naturally slur over this part of the enterprise. While it was still dark the Spanish sentries heard signal guns at sea and saw many lights shown, and ran to give the alarm. The result was that at daybreak most of the Spanish ships were in their stations, and the galleys on the alert in their advanced position about the reefs.

At half-past six the President of the Contractacion wrote to the king that one hundred and twelve sail of galleons and ships in four squadrons, 'the fairest fleet that ever was seen,' had come within cannon shot of St. Sebastian's, but that about five o'clock, on seeing the readiness of the ships and galleys, they had tacked seawards, and were then hove-to in one body about a league from shore.[1] Signal for a council had been made and boats were going alongside one of the flagships. They seemed to be at a loss what to do, for the wind was fair for them to enter the bay, and so was the tide. It had been making an hour

[1] In a contemporary Spanish account of the affair dedicated to the Infante Don Fernando, Bishop of Toledo (*S. P. Spain*, xxxi. f. 48) the English are described as arriving between dawn and night. 'We thought at first,' the author says, 'that they were the Indian fleet, but soon found they were not, as well from their greater numbers as from their manner of sailing, because they came one after another in the figure of a half moon'—a formation entirely inconceivable and in any case certainly not characteristically English. The account is literary rather than technical, and full of inaccuracies, and inclines one to believe that the expression 'figure of a half moon' was a favourite one with men of letters who had no clear idea of what they were trying to describe, and that the present author used it as loosely as Camden and Bentivoglio did of the Armada of 1588.—(See *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, ii. 211).

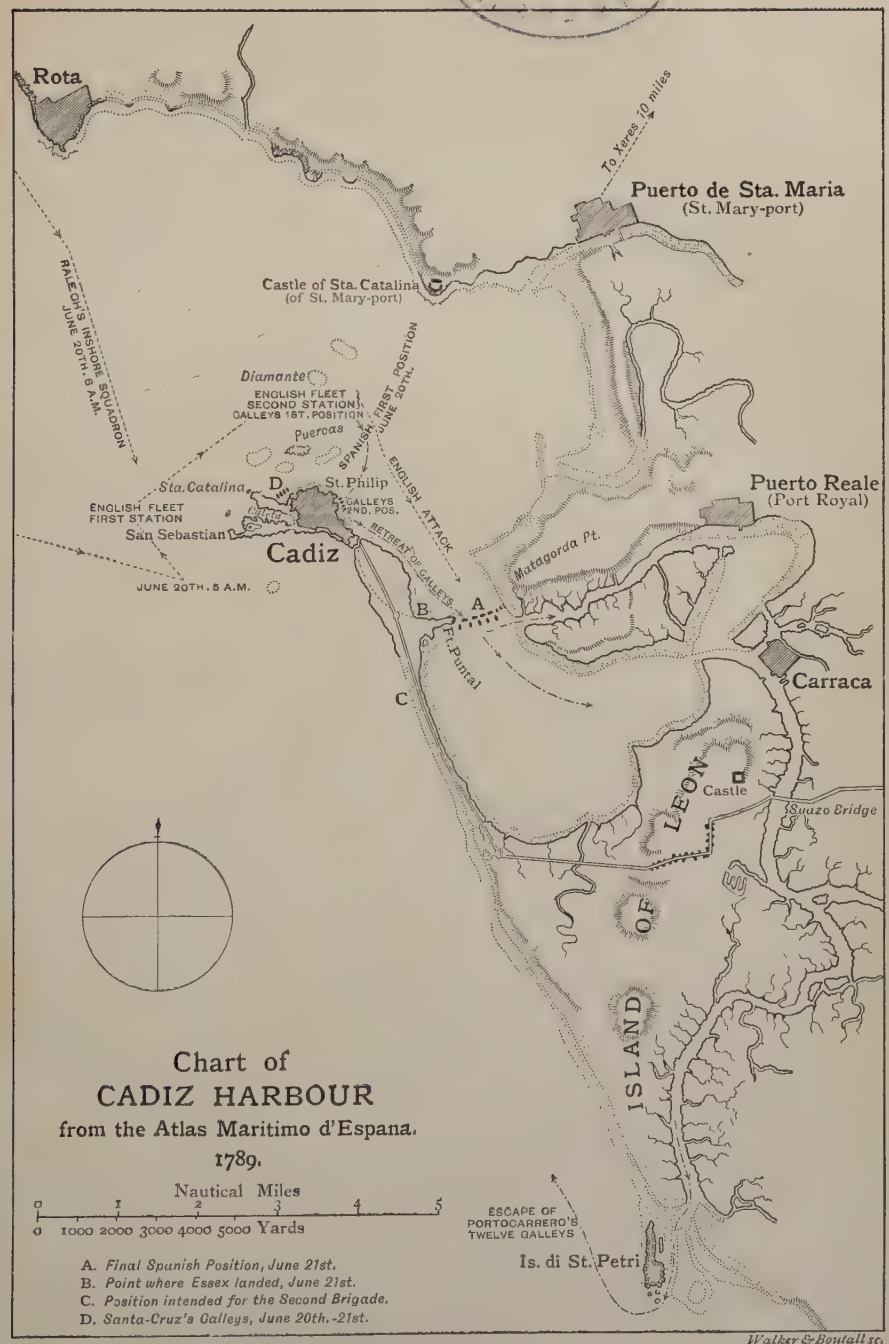

Chart of CADIZ HARBOUR

from the Atlas Maritimo d'Espana.

1789.

Walker & Boutall sc.

and a half since they tacked. When it turned they would have difficulty in entering if the wind did not hold, and there was every sign of a calm as the day wore on. The last thing the President saw before closing the letter was the two flagships anchoring, the rest being still hove-to. The most impartial English authority confirms this view of what happened on the Sunday morning.[1] When the mistake was discovered, he says, the fleet was forced to tack. 'The Lord Admiral with the greatest part of the fleet was ahead and to windward of the Earl of Essex and his squadron, by reason of some chase in the night to leeward and a storm.' Howard, he says, anchored by St. Sebastian, but Essex, 'seeing the galleys row towards the landing-place which we had chosen, bare with them till he made them leave that course and luffed up and came with his squadron to an anchor by my Lord Admiral, which the rest of the fleet seeing, came all unto them. Only my Lord Thomas Howard in the "Merhonour" anchored betwixt them and the shore.' Essex himself says his intention was, not merely to head off the galleys, but, as Drake had done, to go straight in and do his best, and that he only came to anchor when he saw the rest of the fleet would not follow his lead.

The perplexity which the President divined was real enough. Vere says no formal council was held, but that Essex summoned most of the military officers to his ship and Howard the sea officers, and communications passed between them. Essex declared that he was still for doing what was obviously the proper thing under the circumstances—to go in immediately and attack the Spanish fleet.[2] As Howard would not consent to expose his ships to the concentrated fire of the forts and galleons, it was

[1] *Sloane MS.*, 1303.

[2] 'Omissions of the Cales Voyage,' in Hakluyt.

determined to proceed with the plan last agreed on. Essex therefore at once began to get his troops into the boats. Meanwhile, however, the wind had shifted to the south-west, and instead of going down was freshening, with a nasty sea. To the seamen it was clear that a landing outside the bay was no longer possible. Four galleys, too, under the young Marquis of Santa Cruz, son of the first Admiral of the Great Armada, were threatening the landing-place, but still Essex would not be persuaded and held to his mad endeavour.

At this juncture—two hours, that is, after Howard anchored—Ralegh rejoined.[1] He had made fair use of his time. The President's great anxiety was for five rich ships of the *flota* which were at Chipiona, in the mouth of the Guadalquivir, waiting to join the convoy at Cadiz. These Ralegh had sighted about 9 A.M. the previous day, but before he could attack a thick fog had enveloped both squadrons. It lasted all day, and it was not till early next morning that the Spanish vessels had been sighted again. Chase was given, but the water was found too shoal for close work. One, however, was driven ashore under the Castle of Almadraba, near Cape Rota; the rest escaped up the river to St. Lucar, and Ralegh continued his way.[2] When about 6 A.M. he rejoined the fleet the boats laden with troops were already clustering round the 'Repulse,' ready to sink in the rising sea. Ralegh was aghast at Essex's madness, and at once went aboard to him. The Colonels were present, and before them all he formally protested against the operation. But Essex was obdurate. If ill came of it, he said, it was Howard's fault, because he would not consent to go inside till the town was taken. Considering that Drake had demonstrated the possibility of entering in spite of the batteries

[1] The *Lambeth MS.* says it was at 6 A.M. [2] *Ibid.*

with a much inferior force, Howard's position was certainly unwarrantable. Still it was no reason for exposing the troops to certain destruction. Ralegh persisted, and being supported by the Colonels and some sea officers who were present, at last persuaded Essex that he might desist without dishonour, undertaking at the same time to try to induce the Lord Admiral to go in at once.

At half-past ten the President wrote to the king again. The English were still in the same position a league from Santa Catalina. They had been taking soundings and had placed a number of buoys, and it was clear that they meant to land there. They were also, he said, getting their largest vessels into the van, as though they intended to enter the bay with the flood. As a matter of fact, this decision was not yet taken. What the Spaniards had seen was probably some of the captains, Vere amongst them, trying to steal into a place where they would have a good start when the anticipated signal was made. But it was some hours before Ralegh could bring the two Generals to one mind, nor was it till he saw how the wind and sea continued to increase that Howard was at last compelled to give way. Ralegh rowed back to the 'Repulse' triumphant. He could not even wait till he got on board to tell the glad news. As he came within hail he shouted to Essex in Spanish, 'Entramos!' 'We are going in!' The Lord General was no less excited, and when he heard Ralegh's hail he took off his hat and flung it so high into the air that it was carried away into the sea as he gave the order to weigh.

This was about noon. Nothing had been agreed on, so Vere tells us, except that next tide they were to put into the bay, and after defeating the enemy's fleet to land between Puntal and the town 'without setting down any more particular directions for the execution thereof.'

This was more like Drake's way of doing things, and entirely to Essex's mind. But he was doomed to fresh disappointment. Many precious hours had been wasted already, and in spite of the chief officers' scrambling to secure the lead at all hazards, it took a long time to get the soldiers back into the transports and for the whole fleet to get under way. By the time they had the bay open for entering, the afternoon tide, on which they had intended to go in, was already far spent, and Ralegh's heart misgave him. He began to think it was too late. In any case the attack must now be made by night, and under such unfavourable conditions that he was persuaded, with no proper orders issued or stations allotted, it could only lead to disaster. It was just what Borough had thought nine years before, yet Drake had gone in and succeeded. But Ralegh was too much of the soldier to follow his example. Essex, if we may believe him, was still for going in, but with Ralegh supporting the Lord Admiral's caution there could be but one decision. The attack was postponed till the morrow, and about six o'clock the fleet anchored in the mouth of the bay, between Fort St. Philip and Santa Catalina of St. Mary Port.

It will then be seen that Ralegh's famous cry of 'Entramos' is very misleading. On the strength of it he has been generally credited with being the moving spirit of the naval attack on Cadiz harbour, and on this his reputation as an admiral mainly rests. But the facts are beyond dispute if all the various accounts are compared. It is true Ralegh procured Howard's consent to go in after Essex had been refused, but it was only to prevent Essex doing something much more desperate, and when the critical moment came Ralegh drew back and voted with Howard for delay. That the circumstances justified this change of front at the moment for action is

quite possible, but the fact remains that he was for hanging back when Essex wished to go on. Essex was generally credited with rashness, and perhaps with some justice, yet his rashest acts were always those which succeeded best. On this occasion Ralegh may have been in the right. If so, it should be made clear that his reputation is to be credited, not with that famous 'Entramos,' but with having prudently saved the fleet from Essex's headstrong ardour. Whether right or wrong, Ralegh was rather the Borough than the Drake of the Cadiz action.

The new situation was curious. The position on which the majority had decided for the fleet was exactly that which the Spaniards had originally intended to occupy; but they, too, had cautiously changed their design. From the first the President of the Contractacion had been for saving his *flota* by getting it up into the inner bay and holding the Puntal channel with the galleons; but as this would have left both St. Mary Port and Cadiz to their fate the military officers had overruled him. About two o'clock in the afternoon, however, Sotomayor had arrived to take command of the fleet, and the President had again urged his views upon him and Portocarrero, the galley admiral. He pointed out how easily such a fleet as the enemy's could break through the galleon line if it was extended to guard the whole of the outer haven. Moreover, troops were fast arriving at Port Royal to garrison the town, and he was now able to urge that Cadiz could take care of itself. In the end he had his way. So strongly, however, did the southwester continue to blow, that very little progress could be made in retiring the ships from the advanced position they had taken up, and as for the troops that had concentrated at Port Royal, they could not be got across the harbour at all. Thus the Spanish retrograde movement was not complete when the English anchored, and

for about an hour Essex was able to cool his impatience by engaging the rearmost Spanish galleons and some of the galleys at random range as they fell back.

So the night fell, and yet another council was called to settle a third plan of attack; and what was of greater interest to everyone, to decide who was to have the honour of leading it. Essex eagerly claimed the privilege for himself, but to this Howard would not listen. The Queen had specially enjoined him not to let the Earl run any unnecessary risks; the whole council supported the objection, and Essex had reluctantly to give way. Thereupon Ralegh put in his claim and was given the coveted post. The ships assigned to him as a vanguard, he says, were the galleons of Carew, Southwell, Vere, Crosse, Clifford and Dudley, with the twelve London ships of war and certain flyboats carrying troops to board the Spanish galleons when their guns were silenced, so as not to expose the Queen's ships to the risk of being burnt if the Spaniards fired their vessels. Howard gives the order differently. Lord Thomas, he says, was to lead with Ralegh, Southwell and Carew, while Vere and Wingfield were to watch the galleys. Clifford and Crosse were to follow with ten Dutch ships and twenty-one English men-of-war, and the rest of the fleet were to support the attack. Howard's doctor confirms this account, but as usual Howard is not to be entirely trusted. Vere distinctly says he was assigned no special duty. Essex, and all the other authorities, confirm Ralegh's assertion that he was given the lead, and the council probably broke up under that impression. Lord Thomas Howard, however, does not seem to have been present, and no sooner did he hear of the decision than he claimed the lead for himself by right of his rank as Vice-Admiral. Howard could not refuse. It is even possible that another council was called, for one authority

says that the council that finally settled the order was held after sunrise.[1] In any case the last word was in Lord Thomas's favour, and as the 'Merhonour' drew too much water he transferred his flag to Dudley's ship, the 'Nonpareil.'

The night passed calmly enough and undisturbed, except by a threat of the galleys, which had stolen out along the coast, to attack the rearguard of transports and victuallers. But this, as we have seen, had been anticipated, and was easily parried. It was very soon after sunrise that the attack began, and the futility of the long councils of war was apparent. The movement resolved itself at once into a scramble amongst the leading galleon captains to get first at the enemy, followed by desperate attempts to jockey each other out of the fighting line. So wild was the race, so contradictory the accounts of the competition, that it is difficult to know exactly what happened. The general lines of the action, however, are clear enough.

When day broke the Spanish men-of-war were off the Cadiz mole, having been unable as yet to take up the new position assigned to them in the Puntal channel. All the galleys except the four under Santa Cruz's command were lying with their sterns under the city wall, flanking the English advance with their forward batteries. To Vere's soldier's eye this was the immediate danger. He had never been in a sea-fight before, and, eager to distinguish himself, had heaved short during the night so as to lose no time in getting under way. Now he saw his opportunity. His ship, the 'Rainbow,' drew less water than most of the galleons, and weighing immediately he stood in close-hauled towards the shoal water before the town. The immediate effect was to draw on himself the concentrated

[1] *Lambeth MS.*

fire of the batteries and the galleys, and he remained boldly engaging them for some time before anyone else got into action.[1]

Meanwhile Ralegh, determined that if Lord Thomas wanted the first place he must race for it, had succeeded in weighing before any of his consorts and was leading in mid-channel straight for the galleons. About six o'clock the batteries and galleys opened on him as he passed, but he held on, as he tells us, without replying, content to answer every shot with a scornful flourish of his trumpets. Seeing that as he stood on in mid-channel he can never have been less than half a mile from the Spanish guns, his reserve was certainly correct. He was followed by Lord Thomas in the 'Nonpareil,' Southwell in the 'Lion,' and by Carew and Clifford in the 'Mary Rose' and 'Dreadnought.' As they advanced the Spanish galleons, which since sunrise had been falling back on Puntal, continued to retire before them, 'drifting rather than sailing.' With a falling wind the English attack was very slow, and before the leading ships could get into action the enemy had succeeded in taking up a position in the narrows of the Puntal channel. The four 'Apostles' moored themselves head and stern athwart it, entirely blocking the fair way and presenting their broadsides to the attack. In support behind them were the two Portuguese galleons and the Levanters, and in the shallower water on the St. Mary Port side were the three frigates. Under cover of the warships the merchant vessels were escaping into St. Mary Port, and those which had managed to pass Puntal into Port Royal.

On seeing this formidable disposition Ralegh anchored, 'but at that distance from the Spaniards,' says Monson, 'as he could not annoy them.' His consorts followed suit, Lord Thomas Howard and Southwell to starboard

[1] The *Sloane MS.* confirms his own account of this.

and Carew and Clifford to port. Monson, it is plain, considered that in not holding on into closer action Ralegh displayed a reprehensible lack of vigour, to say no worse. Later on, having occasion to come on board Essex's ship, Ralegh was taken to task by the Earl for his prudence. Monson says he excused 'his coming to anchor so far off for want of water to go higher,' an excuse which Monson considered untenable, for where the Spanish galleons could go the 'Warspite' could go. Monson, however, was ever a harsh and acrid critic of other admirals, and particularly where Ralegh was concerned. But it must be remembered that with the possible exception of Gilbert's unsuccessful engagement nearly twenty years before it was Ralegh's first naval action. He had no experience of the effect of gun fire at sea; and it may well be that he thought he was close enough and was persuaded by his master to anchor for fear of taking the ground. But when all is said there can be no doubt that if Ralegh's fame depended on the way he led the attack at Cadiz he would come off badly. His own account affords him no defence. He admits that he considered it impossible to stay where he was, much less to go in closer, unless he boarded, and excuses his anchoring where he did by the absence of the supporting ships which he had been promised. 'Now after we had beat,' he says, 'as two butts one upon another almost three hours (assuring your honour that the volleys of cannon and culverin came as thick as if it had been a skirmish of musketeers), and finding myself in danger to be sunk in the place, I went to the Lord-General in my skiff to desire him that he would enforce the promised flyboats to come up, that I might board; for as I rid, I could not endure so great battery any long time. My Lord-General was then coming up himself, to whom I declared that if the flyboats came not I would board with

the Queen's ship: for it was the same loss to burn or sink, for I must endure the one. The Earl finding that it was not in his power to command fear, told me that whatsoever I did he would second me in person upon his honour.' The only other reference to the point is from the author of a manuscript account in the Sloane Collection. When the enemy's ships got into position, he says, 'The general (i.e. the generality) of our English masters of ships, whose desire being to draw us as near the enemy as they might, were notwithstanding induced to anchor somewhat far off and to tarry for the flood. But, anon after, the Lord-General, coming up to Sir Walter Ralegh and the Lord-Marshal, caused them to weigh anchor, and so they all bare in with the ships, yet lay without danger of the small shot; the two former perhaps upon judgment, the "Due Repulse" upon constraint.' For in her efforts to get up to the front she had come into collision with the 'Dreadnought.' These are clearly the words of a man hostile to Ralegh and friendly to Essex, and they would have little weight were there anything to contradict them. But there really is nothing. Even the author of the Lambeth manuscript, who was an officer in Ralegh's squadron and is generally favourable to him, can say no more than that the Rear-Admiral 'anchored within a reasonable distance of the enemy.' This is but faint praise and very like censure. By Ralegh's own statement it is clear he did not understand what close action meant. For him there was nothing between long bowls and boarding. On the whole, then, we are forced to the conclusion that a position, which Ralegh thought too dangerous to be endured, was regarded by Monson and others as not nearly close enough.[1]

[1] It must be remembered that the moral effect of artillery fire in earlier days was much more severe than it is now. The Friar who was taken in the Irish bark gives a queer picture of its effect on the redoubtable 'Elizabethan sea-dogs.' 'They are miserable people,' he says, 'mere boys and so

It was not long however before he made amends. What had brought Essex up in Ralegh's neighbourhood was this. By the resolution of the last council it had been decided that the Generals were to get under sail, but neither was to engage, unless the fighting line required support. But when Essex, fuming and fretting at being kept back, saw the unequal contest which his courageous Marshal was supporting with the galleys, he could not remain inactive, but sailed at once to his assistance, and drew upon the 'Repulse' the bulk of the fire that Vere had been receiving. For a while the two friends bore the whole brunt of the action; but before long Wingfield and the young Earl of Sussex in the 'Vanguard' got up with the squadron detailed for watching the galleys. Upon this the galleys gave way, and about nine o'clock all that were able retired hastily to Puntal. Two of them, however, were pressed so hard by Wingfield that they had to seek safety in the town harbour, and did not dare to show their noses outside for the remainder of the action. The rest, about an hour later, came into action again, in groups of three, in the intervals between the 'Apostles.' As they rowed along the shore to take up their new position, Vere had followed them as close in as he dared for the shoal

afraid that I saw them tremble; and when the guns of the Spanish galleons went off they got below and even when their own guns were fired.' *Doc. Ined.*, 286. In justice to Ralegh it must be said that his experience on this occasion appears to have altered his opinion as to the effect of gun fire on ships. In his *History of the World* (book v. cap. i. § 10), in the course of a discussion on the difficulty of preventing ships entering ports, he says: 'The fort of St. Philip terrified not us in the year 1596, when we entered the port of Cadiz; neither did the fort of Puntal, when we were entered, beat us from anchoring by it, though it played upon us with four demi-cannons within point-blank from six in the morning till twelve at noon.' This is, of course, an exaggeration. The point-blank range of a demi-cannon was 340 yards, and the fleet was certainly not within that distance of Fort Puntal the whole morning. Still it is certain that by the time he wrote his *History* Ralegh had come to think very little of harbour defences, except when exceptionally well placed.

water, and in so doing had got ahead of the point where the 'Warspite' had anchored. Vere, in high spirits, saw that he had thus secured the lead of Ralegh, and was still holding on when, to his disgust, and without his orders, his master, not liking the look of things, came to anchor. This was during the quarter of an hour in which Ralegh says he was absent on his mission to Essex, and Lord Thomas Howard got his chance. Before Ralegh could get back he weighed, and, thrusting the 'Nonpareil' ahead of Vere, robbed him of the lead he had secured. It was more than Ralegh could endure. The moment he got back to the 'Warspite' he ordered the anchor up, and, drifting right past the 'Nonpareil,' anchored himself athwart the channel so that no one could pass him, and in such a position that, as he gleefully relates, he masked all but the prow guns of Vere from a sight of the enemy.

It was now past ten o'clock. The wind had dropped, the tide was slackening, and Ralegh, congratulating himself on the position he had secured, was merrily at work again. He was still, however, well out of musket shot, and this was too far off to please Essex. The action bid fair to last all day, and, unable to restrain himself longer, he came crashing through the port ships of the fighting line, determined to use the last of the tide to get close in and settle it. The 'Mary Rose' he safely cleared, but in his reckless rush he fouled the 'Dreadnought.' It took him some time to get clear. Still, before the force of the flood was spent he managed to drift a ship's length past Ralegh and anchored to port of him. At the same time Vere, burning with indignation at Ralegh's move, stealthily stole out a hawser to the 'Warspite,' with the intention of using her to warp himself into a better position. But no sooner did he begin to haul than the trick was discovered and Ralegh ordered the line to be cut, so that Vere swung

back into his place again. Thus the fury of the fight was now borne by these three ships, the 'Repulse,' the 'Warspite,' and the 'Rainbow,' the others crowding in whereever they could get a sight of the enemy.

Meanwhile Howard, athwart Cadiz, had been busy with the batteries, but when he saw what Essex had done he too could not rest. To get the 'Ark' up was impossible. So he ordered out his pinnace and came aboard the 'Merhonour,' to which, being now in action, Lord Thomas had returned, and there he remained till the end, laying and firing guns with his own hand.[1]

So the action continued to rage with redoubled fury. 'The shooting of ordnance was great,' says Vere, 'and they held us good talk by reason their ships lay athwart with their broadsides towards us, and most of us right ahead, so that we could use but our chasing pieces.' Indeed, for the English it must have been an unequal contest. Some eight galleons at most were attacking roughly in line-abreast, and all except Ralegh's, which was athwart the channel, were being raked by the broadsides of at least four galleons and three frigates in line-ahead, to say nothing of supporting ships and a whole squadron of galleys firing through the intervals, as well as the Puntal fort. No wonder the action was long, but in the end the superiority of the English gunnery told. In about three hours the Spanish fire must have been mastered, for Ralegh managed to get out a warp close to the flagship, the 'San Felipe,' so as to haul in and board. By this bold manœuvre he amply made up for any shortcomings in the earlier part of the action. Carew, his kinsman and closest comrade, was so enthusiastic as to write to Cecil that he had made friends of his enemies; for that which

[1] Dr. Marbecke (*Sloane MS.* 229). The *Lambeth MS.* also says it was the 'Merhonour,' 'which by that time was in fight.'

he did in the sea service could not be bettered.[1] Essex and Thomas Howard at once followed his lead. Well as the Spaniards had fought, it was more than they could endure. As, about one o'clock, the three English galleons began to forge ahead, they gave up. Cables were slipped, sail was made, and the end had come. Almost immediately all four of the 'Apostles' took the ground and a panic ensued. There could be seen, says Ralegh, 'tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, so thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud.' Boats were quickly ordered out, and Essex let slip the barges full of soldiers which he had been towing ever since the first attempt to land in the Caleta. But it was too late. Before they could get up, the 'San Felipe' and another galleon had been set on fire and were soon past saving. The two others however, the 'St. Andrew' and 'St. Matthew,' were successfully captured before they could be fired.

On the English side, though the ships had been hit many times, not a man had been killed, which would look as though Ralegh's anxiety for his ship was at least premature. He himself had been wounded in the leg by a splinter. The most serious losses were caused by the burning of Southwell's pinnace as it tried to board the 'San Felipe,' by which thirty men were lost, and by an accidental explosion on a Dutch flyboat, which destroyed nearly a hundred hands. The Spaniards suffered severely. 'The spectacle,' wrote Ralegh, 'was very lamentable on their side; for many drowned themselves and many half burnt leapt into the water, very many hanging by the rope ends by the ship's side under the water even to their lips, many swimming

[1] Sir George Carew to Cecil, *Add.* 6177, f. 75. See also Ralegh's letter to Carew, December 27, 1589 (*Edwardes*, ii. 43), where he ends, 'Farewell, noble George, my chosen friend and kinsman from whom nor time nor fortune nor adversity shall ever sever me.'

with grievous wounds strucken under water and put out of their pain. And withal so huge a fire and such tearing of the ordnance in the great "Philip" and the rest, when the fire came to them, as if any man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured.' One of the great Levanters was also burnt, and another laden with ordnance captured. The rest escaped up the inner bay, where for the time they could not be followed.

Of all this ruin the unhappy Duke of Medina-Sidonia was an impotent spectator. Travelling incessantly, he had managed by six o'clock on Sunday evening to get within a league of Port Royal, where he intended to organise the defence of the port; but it was only to be met with the news that the English fleet had been all day off the Caleta. He went on at once to Port Royal, but no one was there to meet him, and all the night he sat again writing despatches in every direction. Early next morning a message from Cadiz reached him, saying that all the reinforcements that had come in were 800 infantry, 100 horse and some 500 lancers, the last of little or no use for the defence of a town.[1] The Duke replied that he was collecting more troops and meant immediately to enter the city in person. To this end he ordered two boats to carry him and his staff across the bay as soon as the tide was high enough. Then mounting his horse he rode down to Matagorda Point, opposite Puntal, to see what the fleets were doing. The Spanish galleons had already anchored and the action had begun. As he watched them six launches dashed out from the English

[1] *Lanzas.* These were not the heavily-armed and barbed 'lances' or men-at-arms of the old school, but the new light cavalry recently introduced into the Spanish service. They were well armed mostly, and carried besides the lance a pistol and a curtilace, by which, says Sir R. Williams, 'I mean a good broadsword.' (*A briefe discourse of War.*) They were the 'demi-lances' of the English, and were the heaviest cavalry employed in the next century.

fleet and made towards him with the intention of cutting off some small vessels that from St. Mary Port were trying to get inside Puntal. Having captured two, they gave the Duke a volley, killing the horse of one of his staff, and then retired with their prizes. Clearly it was now impossible to cross the bay, and with little anxiety that the galleons would be able to hold their position the Duke returned to Port Royal, intending to get into Cadiz by land round the harbour head. But as his carriage was being made ready Don Francisco Tello came hurrying to inform him that the defence of the Puntal channel had collapsed, and he rode back to Matagorda to try to save what people he could. There he saw the hideous ruin—the 'San Felipe' a roaring mass of flames, the mangled galleons' crews crawling through the mud—and he knew the inner bay was lost. In its inmost recess was the Port and Arsenal of Carraca, where a creek runs out to the sea, separating the long low island of Leon, at the end of which Cadiz stands, from the mainland. For about two miles above Carraca the creek was navigable at high tide as far as the point where the Cadiz road crossed it by the Suazo Bridge. Thither he ordered Tello to carry the *flota*. When it was safely in he was to sink two or three of the Levanters to close the mouth of the creek, and behind them to post five or six galleys to stop any attempt of the enemy to enter with a flotilla. These orders given, he started for the Suazo Bridge himself, but only to be met by the staggering news that the approach to the city even by land was now cut off.

THE OPERATIONS AT CADIZ, 1596

From the Original Print in Vere's 'Commentaries'

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CHAPTER IV

THE OCCUPATION OF CADIZ

It was the vigorous action of Essex that had so entirely upset the Duke's calculations. Nothing further, it will be remembered, had been settled about a landing. The impetuous Lord-General settled it for himself. Immediately the Spanish galleons had given way Vere had gone aboard the 'Repulse' with some suggestions for securing them, and Essex seized the opportunity, without consulting anyone, of ordering him at once to get the force originally detailed for landing into the boats. Monson says he did his best to persuade the Earl to follow up the naval victory and capture the *flota* before the Spaniards could destroy it. Essex refused, and for this Monson blames him; but there can be no doubt that the right thing to do was to occupy the Leon Island immediately and so prevent any further reinforcements entering the city. In any case it is clear that Essex considered the capture of the *flota* to be Howard's business, and he says he did all in his power to persuade him to order the seamen to undertake it while the soldiers attacked the town.

The organisation of the landing force must have been done with a rapidity and skill which reflects great credit on Vere, and shows how well he had profited by his experience of boat work in the Low Countries. The whole of the troops were not available, many companies

being in transports that were not accessible or had no boats. Still, in a very short time, while Essex and Vere rowed inshore to look for a landing-place, the sergeant-major had collected from the five handiest regiments a force numbering with the gentlemen volunteers not far short of two thousand men, and had got them into the boats, which were quickly arranged in an orderly flotilla.[1] The detailed orders for a landing, it will be remembered, had been issued off Cape St. Vincent. The boats were to be marshalled on the lines of an infantry regiment. They were to keep a strict order in ranks on a front proportioned to the place of descent. Each file of boats was to have a file leader distinguished by a special flag, to whose movements the rest were strictly to conform. They were to advance to a regular drum march, dipping oars to its rhythmical beat, and whenever it ceased the boats were to halt. In spite of the excitement, these orders were carried out to the letter. 'Every regiment and company of men,' says Vere, 'were sorted together, with their colonels and chief officers in nimble pinnaces, some in the head of the boats and some at stern to keep good order.' The advance was in line of regiments abreast 'on an even front with a competent distance between the boats.' The force was in two brigades, the regiments of Essex and Vere being on the right and those of Blount, Gerrard and Clifford on the left. In

[1] Vere says 'not fully 2,000,' Christopher Blount (*Birch*, ii. 51) says 1,600. Howard, with his usual inaccuracy, says 3,000, and so does his doctor, but he was not present. Captain Lobaton, sergeant-major of the Cadiz garrison, put them at 5,000. (*Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 237.) The Vicar of Cadiz, on the other hand, thinks they were no more than 600, but clearly he was speaking only of the brigade which made the assault. Don Luis de Guzman in his official report to the king says their number 'was so much smaller than was said as to be a wonder.' After full inquiry he was sure they could not have been more than 2,000, and others said much less. (*Ibid.* 240, 244.) A later Spanish report gives 16 companies of about 80 men each, or 1,280 men besides officers and volunteers. (*Ibid.* 308.)

front of the line was the General in his barge with his banner flying. Vere was at his side, and about him were a group of boats filled with 'gentlemen-adventurers and choice men to attend his person.' Strict silence was enjoined, not even a trumpet was blown, for the signal to advance was to be a solemn beat of the General's drum. When all was ready the drum struck up, and so about four o'clock the advance began 'according to the measure and tune of the sound of the said drum, which they were to observe in the dipping of their oars.' [1]

The moral effect of so stately an advance, in contrast with the disheartening panic that reigned in the Spanish fleet, had an immediate effect. The point chosen for the landing was the sandy bay that lies between Puntal and Cadiz. It was commanded by the Puntal fort, but the garrison, without firing a shot, evacuated the work, and retired across the sand-hills to the city. The landing was therefore effected without loss and in perfect order, Essex being the first to set foot ashore. Each regiment having landed in its allotted place in the line, they rapidly formed on the beach and at once moved forward. Half way across the island they topped the rising ground, and the Cadiz road, which ran on the far side close to the open sea, came into view. Numbers of men could be seen hurrying along it towards the city, and this movement it was resolved must be stopped forthwith. Southwards, about a mile to their left, the long island narrowed down to a harquebus shot, and to this point Clifford the sergeant-major was ordered with the left brigade, which formed the larger portion of the force. His instructions were to hold it while Essex with the rest, about eight hundred

[1] Howard says about two o'clock, Lobaton says four. For the drum signals see Vere and the *Lambeth MS.*, and for the ancient English drum march see Fortescue, *Hist. of the British Army*, i. 91, 191.

men, including his gentlemen and body-guard, moved on the city. There was no intention of an immediate assault. All that was proposed was to seize some favourable camping ground from which the city could be attempted when Howard arrived with the rest of the troops, the understanding being that he was to bring them on as soon as the boats which had landed Essex's forces could get back to the ships. But suddenly Essex changed his mind. Owing to the ease with which it was found the city could be isolated he saw perhaps that there was no immediate hurry for the assault. Monson, who had landed with his chief, never ceased to urge upon him the importance of capturing the *flota*, which could be seen making its way in confusion to the Carraca and Port Royal, and Essex became convinced that this was now the more pressing operation of the two. At all events, he sent back Monson and Ashley, the Secretary-at-War, to beg Howard to attempt the *flota* before landing, while he himself continued his reconnaissance in force.

The advance was laborious in the extreme. It was intensely hot, the ground was deep sliding sand and the march exhausting for men in armour after three weeks idleness at sea. But very soon they were rejoiced with the sight of some five hundred of the enemy drawn up under the walls of the town, with ensigns displayed and patrols of lancers and infantry skirmishers thrown out in their front. It was then Vere says he saw in a moment the chance of a *coup de main* and persuaded Essex to let him attempt it. Essex, like the bold leader he was, did not hesitate to accept the responsibility, and once more changed his plan. No sooner was the General's consent obtained than Vere, regardless of the enemy's demonstration on his flank, boldly moved the whole brigade across the burning sand to the shore road, where he saw his force

would be masked by the low hills till they were close under the walls. He then detailed a 'forlorn' of two hundred men under the redoubtable Sir John Wingfield, who had accompanied the force in his staff capacity, although his regiment was not present. A second body of three hundred was to act in support of the first under another famous Low Country soldier, Sir Matthew Morgan, Essex's lieutenant-colonel. Wingfield's orders were to march roundly on the enemy and drive in the advanced parties, but the moment the main body proffered a charge he was to retire in pretended confusion until he reached his supports. He was then to turn, and together he and Morgan were to attack the enemy, and, supported by Essex and Vere, to press the charge home and endeavour to enter the city pell-mell with the retreating Spaniards.

The movement was carried out with precision and success. The Spaniards, suddenly checked in the exultant pursuit of what they believed to be a routed enemy, were taken completely by surprise, and as Wingfield and Morgan charged they fled in disorder to the gates, horse and foot together. In alarm lest Vere's scheme should completely succeed, the first to get back shut the gates against their commander, the sergeant-major of the city, and all that had not got in. Whereupon the cavalry, seeing themselves left to their fate, abandoned their horses and began to climb the walls, which as we shall see were in a condition that made this possible. The English at the double were hard on their heels. But the sergeant-major had sent his ensign over to unbar the gates. Thus at the critical moment they were re-opened, and, as the last men got in, were slammed in the faces of the breathless English.

For awhile there was a check; but though Vere's device had failed, Essex would not own himself beaten.

To enter by the gate was now impossible, so strongly was it held and so destitute were the assailants of proper means to break it in. Vere was therefore sent with half the force to the right towards the bay to see if a weak place could be found, while Essex moved to the left towards the open sea. Here a rapid survey of the position showed that an entry was still possible. The defences of the city were in process of being modernised. Outside the mediæval fortification a deep ditch had been dug and the earth thrown up against the old walls so as to form a massive rampart, consisting of a curtain and two semi-circular bastions, one towards the sea and the other towards the bay. These earthworks were still unfinished. As yet they had been neither steeped nor scarped, and were therefore easily mountable. The upper part of the old walls, however, which it was intended to pull down, still rose above the level of the unfinished rampart, and had been left standing in order to furnish a parapet until the new works were completed. Still they were very ruinous, and a place was soon found where a man standing on the unfinished rampart could reach the top with his hands. It was here the Spaniards themselves had climbed over, and knowing the weak spot they were guarding it with musketeers posted along the wall and in one of the old towers which flanked the place within a pike's length.

It was an ugly piece of work to look at, but it was this or nothing, and Captain Arthur Savage, Essex's captain-lieutenant, was ready to try.[1] Under cover of a

[1] Camden says Evans, the Earl of Sussex's lieutenant, led the assault, but he is very inaccurate all through, and this is perhaps a confusion with what Evans did a little later. Ralegh wrote officially to Cecil that Savage who was sent up with the Generals' despatches on their landing at Plymouth, 'had the point at the entrance of Calize.' The narrative by an eyewitness in *Stowe MSS.*, 164, f. 90, notes that Bagnal was the first man to enter. There was probably little to choose between the three.

volley he, with Captain Samuel Bagnal of 'Vere's,' and Lieutenant Evans and a party of the Low Country veterans, rushed up the slope, beat the Spaniards from the parapet, and after a desperate struggle hauled themselves up to the top of it. Essex in person followed with a number of his high-born volunteers, and was soon beside Savage on the top of the walls. They were still, however, in a very awkward position. Their way along the parapet was barred in one direction by the flanking tower, which was still full of musketeers, and in the other by the gate-towers, while to get down on the inside meant a drop of a pike's length or about eighteen feet, no easy exploit for a man in armour. First the tower had to be silenced, and this was quickly done by the disciplined fire of the veteran musketeers. Evans, standing near Essex, was then ordered or volunteered to try the desperate drop.[1] He accomplished it safely and was followed by Poolley, who carried the General's red ensign. Savage succeeded Poolley, and soon veterans and volunteers were dropping after them like ripe fruit. Essex himself, for all the chivalrous daring that prompted him to be the first in every charge, seems to have boggled at so deep a jump in his heavy armour. Yet after a number had preceded him he was in the act of taking his turn, when a shout was raised that the gate was open. While Essex's party had been fighting their way to the top of the walls, Vere had sent Captain Upcher of his own regiment with a patrol to reconnoitre towards the bay. He had quickly found a sally-port so slenderly guarded that he had forced it with the handful of men at his disposal; but not hearing from him, Vere, under cover of Essex's attack and Upcher's diversion, had made a desperate assault on the main gate

[1] *Sloane MS.*, 1303.

and succeeded in breaking it in ; and thus in half an hour after the first check the town was entered.

It was still far from taken, and some desperate street fighting ensued. 'Every house,' says Howard's doctor, 'was in a manner a kind of fort or castle, altogether flat-roofed on the top after the Turkish manner, so that many men together might walk thereon ; having upon the house-tops great heaps of weighty stones piled up in such good order as they were ready to be thrown down by every woman most easily upon such that passed, and the streets for the most part exceeding narrow as but two men or three at the most together can in any reasonable sort march through them, no street being broader commonly than I suppose Watling Street in London to be.' Thus, in chasing the retiring Spaniards through the tortuous streets, many lives were unnecessarily lost. Essex got as far as the central Plaza with some thirty or forty men, and there had to halt for support. Meanwhile, Vere, holding his main body well in hand, had led them through the main gate, and, collecting stragglers as he went, marched up the chief street till he joined hands with Essex. Together they cleared the Plaza, but here they found the surrounding houses stronger than ever and better defended. Most formidable of all was the town hall, where many of the garrison had taken refuge, but Vere broke open the doors, and, fighting from floor to floor, succeeded in winning it. Other houses too resisted fiercely. So hot was the fighting that powder gave out, and had it not been for the discovery of the municipal magazine they could never have mastered the resistance. It was done at last, but not without many casualties. Worst was the loss of the gallant Sir John Wingfield. Ever since 1589, when he had been involved in the sale of Gertruydenberg to Parma, a stain had rested on his

name. Though it was disregarded in England, his career was embittered. Prince Maurice had put a price on his head, and it was impossible for him to serve again in Holland. This was the first occasion he had been in contact with the Dutch since then, and all the voyage he had been suffering from some trouble or mental depression that had taken from him the wish to live. In telling Cecil of his death Standen said, 'He thereby was rid of a mighty miscontentment which all the way had much affrighted him, and one day he told me he had rather leave his life here than again to carry it into England.' [1] Whether or not the presence of Prince Ludovic Gunther had brought up the charge again, he was clearly bent in the Elizabethan manner on some Quixotic exhibition of fantastic valour. In this mood he had gone into action without his armour and 'offered himself that day to all kinds of dangers.' In the first charge, when he turned in his pretended flight, he had run a Spanish commander through with his pike.[2] At the actual entry he had been dropped with a shot in the thigh. Determined not to be left behind, he had refused to have his wound dressed, and getting on a captured horse had ridden on to the Plaza, where, being the only man mounted, he quickly fell with a ball through the head. By his side was Ashley, who had hurried back from his mission to the Admiral to share the fun. Hard by was Bagnal, whose life Captain Henry Carey and another had just saved 'with great valour.' He was covered with blood, having no less than eight wounds with pike and sword, and the General, seeing him as he passed by, knighted him there and then, 'all bloody, to the encouragement of the rest.' Several other officers and gentlemen of distinction were

[1] *Harl. MSS.*, 6845.

[2] The *Lambeth MS.* says it was Don Nuno de Villa Vicenza.

also wounded, and some severely, but the Plaza was won. The remains of the garrison and most of the wealthier inhabitants had retired into the precincts of the Citadel and Fort St. Philip; and thus two hours after landing Cadiz was won.[1]

It was at this moment, when the sun was just setting, that Howard arrived with the second division. Monson and Ashley had found him already in his barge preparing to lead the second landing, and he would not listen to Essex's request. Monson suggests he resented the movement which his colleague had made without consulting him, and was more anxious about sharing the honour of taking the town than about his duty in securing the fruits of the naval victory. But, like most of Monson's criticisms, it is needlessly ungenerous. The case admits of a different explanation. Howard's duty was by no means clear. Even Essex did not know at the time he sent his last message back to the Admiral that a *coup de main* was possible; he did not even contemplate an assault till next morning. Howard had the strictest injunctions from his mistress to see that her headstrong favourite did not run any unnecessary risks. He was always nervous the moment the traditional lines of operation were overstepped, and it must have seemed his clear duty to go at once to Essex's support with all the force he could muster. Jealousy for his honour may have had some share in his resolve, and if it had it was certainly excusable considering the off-hand way in which Essex had treated him. That he left no one behind to take command of the fleet and do something to follow up the victory was undoubtedly a grave omission. The *flota* for the most part was by this time left by the tide helpless on the shoals about Carraca and

[1] See information obtained from the Dutch Admiral by a Fleming.—*Doc. Ined.*, 308.

offered an easy prey. Who exactly was to blame cannot be determined. Vere says, 'The Spanish fleet thus on ground, the prosecution of that victory was committed to and willingly undertaken with the sea forces by a principal officer of the fleet.' Who this was, even if Vere's vague statement is to be trusted, it is better not to conjecture, for there is no real evidence.[1] But Howard as the responsible officer had to bear the blame. Regardless of the fleet, he allowed every flag-officer to accompany him except Crosse, the only one who remained at his post. Even Ralegh, wounded as he was, had himself carried ashore and rode up to the town on a captured horse. With all the troops that remained and a large body of seamen, some eight hundred men in all, he says, the Admiral followed in hot haste on Essex's track, leaving the fleet to shift for itself. Howard arrived, as we have seen, when the back of the defence was broken, but in time to be of great use in clearing the streets and furnishing guards to make all secure for the night. It was well perhaps that he did, for Clifford's force was far away and unable to give any assistance. Having mistaken his orders, or else being dissatisfied with the subordinate part allotted to him, instead of halting where he was told he had pushed on to the extreme end of the island, three leagues away, and during the night had occupied the Bridge of Suazo, which united it with the mainland.[2] Moreover, the troops that

[1] There is little doubt that Vere referred to Ralegh, but Vere's testimony against Ralegh must never be accepted without support. The only corroboration that seems to exist is firstly, Ralegh's own care to excuse himself from blame, and, secondly, Carte's statement (*Hist. of England*, iii. 680) that the Colonels of the second brigade offered to take possession of the *flota* with their troops, and that Ralegh refused to let them try on the ground that the honour belonged to the sailors. But though Carte is believed to have had access to original documents which have disappeared, he gives no authority for the statement, and it would be unfair to saddle Ralegh with the responsibility on the strength of it.

[2] Vere *Commentaries*, p. 41; *Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 427; *Lambeth MS.*

had won the town were already dispersed in a riotous sack and were completely out of hand. Vere managed to keep a few together, with whom he penetrated as far as the Franciscan Monastery outside the walls on the extreme northerly point of the island. Here some two hundred gentlemen and others had collected in hopes of getting off to Santa Cruz's galleys. But by this time Santa Cruz had retired southward to St. Peter's Island, where the Suazo creek gave access to the inner harbour. The whole party of refugees was therefore forced to surrender, and amongst other officers Vere found no less a person than the President of the Contractacion himself and two knights, whom he retained as his own prisoners, exacting from them subsequently a ransom of ten thousand ducats, or about twenty thousand pounds of our money. The last resistance was not overcome till ten o'clock, and even then, what with the disorder of the sack and parties firing at the castle and St. Philip's bastion, there were constant alarms, and during the night the Generals were out continually in doublet and hose to restore order.

Next morning the citadel and St. Philip's bastion were summoned to surrender at discretion. The proud answer was returned that that was a lesson Spaniards had never learnt, and they would die first. Terms being suggested, they demanded to march out with the honours of war and all the property they could carry. On this being sternly refused they offered a ransom of twelve thousand ducats. The rich flow of clerical eloquence that accompanied this paltry offer was too much for the Generals' temper. They cut short the Canon who was spokesman, threatened an immediate assault, and finally accepted an offer of a hundred and twenty thousand ducats. For this sum the whole of the prisoners, except a hundred and fifty of the chief of them for hostages, were to be released at

once, each retaining a suit or two and the women the jewels they were wearing. A proclamation was immediately made in pursuance of the convention particularly enjoining that no insult should be offered to a woman on pain of death. Further, the Canon obtained from Essex an assurance that out of courtesy to the women the sack of the castle and its precincts should not begin till the evening after they had been removed. To ensure the order being obeyed the Earl appointed his own captain-lieutenant, Arthur Savage, Governor, knighting him at the same time for his gallantry.[1]

The ransom was to apply to nothing but the persons of the prisoners. The town was to remain at the mercy of the captors and the sack to proceed. But now that the first fury was over, it was possible to control it. Everything was to proceed in an orderly manner. Captain Oliver Lambert was appointed Quartermaster-General in succession to Wingfield, and by him a house was assigned to each of the military officers out of which they might make what they could by ransom or otherwise, while certain quarters were similarly allotted to the troops. The effect was excellent. The prisoners were full of praise for the gentleness with which they were treated. Though Sidonia assured the king that the soldiers were all 'very ignorant lewd fellows, the most vile people imaginable,' the popular opinion was that it was a sin to make war on such kindly people. Only one case of a prisoner being ill-used to make him reveal his treasure could be heard of, at least amongst the English, though reports of Dutch cruelty led to a

[1] See the 'Relation of Doctor Francisco de Quesada, Canon of the Santa Iglesia.' *Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 345. The Canon says Essex gave Savage a naked sword as a symbol of full powers, but he probably misunderstood what was really the ceremony of knighthood, for Howard's doctor gives this day, the 22nd, as the date of Savage's creation. The *Lambeth MS.* states explicitly that he was knighted on being appointed Governor.

Spanish order that everyone captured was to be put to death. The Spaniards say two men were actually hanged by the Generals for offering violence to a woman.

During all this time not a finger had been stirred to prevent the escape of the *flota*. Before morning it had got up into Port Royal road, and at daybreak it was lying high and dry and still at the mercy of the English. Ralegh, who, unable to bear the pain of his wound and the tumult in the city, had returned to his ship overnight, sent to the Generals so soon as it was light for permission to attempt the capture of the helpless ships. So preoccupied however were they with their efforts to get some order into the tumult of the town that before they had time to reply an offer from the merchants reached them for the ransom of the whole *flota*. It is said they offered two million ducats. The Generals were inclined to treat, and Ralegh therefore had to hold his hand. The negotiations were not official. In earlier days, during the reprisal period of the struggle, it had been the practice of the Spanish merchants to endeavour by means of secret agents to make terms with the English privateers behind the back of their Ambassador, in spite of Philip's prohibition. So now they sought to make the best of things and save their fleet by a composition. The affair, however, could not be kept from the royal officers. To them the proposal was a disgrace. They could not endure that it should be said they had lost their fleet and been compelled to ransom it. By a kind of noble stupidity, which did as much as anything to cramp the growth of the Spanish Empire, where a soldier's honour was concerned merchants had to go to the wall. Consequently, no sooner did the negotiations reach the ears of Don Francisco Tello, whom Sidonia had ordered to save the fleet, than he and Don Luis Alfonso Flores, General of the *flota*, resolved to burn the whole.

So heroic a measure compels a certain admiration. The cargoes alone, without the ships or their armament, Sidonia estimated at four million ducats. The hostages told the English they were worth twice as much. The whole is said to have been valued by the merchants at twelve million. Yet without flinching the terrible order was put into execution. For three days and three nights the holocaust raged, and in this way were consumed the two Lisbon galleons, the three Levanters which had just arrived richly laden from Italy, the three new treasure frigates, thirty-four ships of the *flota* with their costly lading for the luxurious colonial markets, and many smaller vessels. The loss was incalculable, not only for the intrinsic value of what was consumed but for the complete dislocation of the American trade that it involved and the ruin it meant to the impoverished merchants. Such a sacrifice is hardly to be paralleled in history. When Sidonia, lying sick at Chiclana, heard that 'neither ships nor *flota* nor galleons nor Cadiz were left,' it seemed to crush the last feeble remnant of his energy. He could only bow his head in devout resignation. 'It is plainly,' he wrote to Portocarrero, 'a chastisement from our Lord and His will alone. Blessed be His Name, though very great has been the loss.'

The galleys alone escaped. After a half-hearted attempt to get the galleons off when they first grounded, Portocarrero had retired his squadron into the Suazo creek. At the bridge he found Clifford's force, which had lodged there for the night, sacking and burning the neighbouring houses preparatory to a retreat. The fire of his guns and those of some small frigates which had also gained the creek precipitated Clifford's movement. As he hastily retired, the soldiers from the galleys, so at least the Spaniards claimed, were able to cut down some two hundred men, mostly stragglers, too drunk to follow their

colours or defend themselves, and to take two or three prisoners.[1] Thus Portocarrero was able to secure his own retreat, and regardless of military necessities, so soon as he heard that Cadiz had fallen, he broke down the centre span of the bridge so as to admit the passage of his galleys, and thus managed 'by means of a certain engine' to drag them through the shallow channel to St. Peter's bar, where the creek enters the sea. Here he was met by Santa Cruz's squadron, and together they retired northwards to Cape Rota, well out of harm's way. He afterwards pretended his object was to harass the English fleet all he could. But this was nothing. Patrols of six vessels were organised to cruise off the mouth of the bay every day, turn and turn about, and this proved quite enough to keep the galleys quiet. As for Clifford, he continued his retreat, burning all the best houses in the island as he went, and leaving the bridge and the castle that defended it deserted. As he must have been short of food, and as the Spaniards themselves had cut their approach to the island, his move was quite justifiable.

Meanwhile, as the great fleet burned itself out, the sack went on vigorously and with order. A Spanish General, Gomez de Medina, whose ransom Essex paid out of his own pocket for old acquaintance sake, was astonished at what he saw. 'The infantry is highly disciplined,' he deposed, 'and kept well under control with very fine officers, without there being amongst them all the slightest quarrel and disagreement in the world, which to this deponent was marvellous and seemed to him a very strange thing.' The tribute to Essex's power of command is very high, as well as to the behaviour of his officers.

[1] See Portocarrero's own account in *Doc. Ined.* and the *Lambeth MS.* He cannot however be believed implicitly. He was afterwards brought before a court martial and had in his own defence to make the most of the little he did.

For causes of discord there were in plenty, which came out in the inquiry that followed the expedition, and give a most interesting picture of the military manners of the time, when demoralised by plunder. Everyone was jealous of his neighbour's good fortune, everyone thought himself unfairly used, and accusations of irregular dealing with the Queen's share of the booty were as hot and frequent as the lame defences that guilty consciences had to make the best of.

While the sack proceeded the voluble Canon who had been the spokesman in the original negotiations for the capitulation worked himself to death getting the almost starving townspeople and other prisoners out of the city. He is loud in his praises of the arrangements which the Generals made to protect him and his charges from violence. But for them, he believed, the Dutch would have cut all their throats. One incident particularly impressed him, and is interesting in view of the strange relations that existed between the English Court and the Porte in Drake's time. It had long been the abiding terror of Philip that sooner or later the Queen would form an alliance against him with the Sultan, as Francis I. had done against his father, to the scandal of all Christendom. Now it happened on Friday, June 25, the third day of the sack, that three Moorish galleots had appeared off the city and sent in a messenger to the Generals to offer their assistance.[1] The Canon happened to be present at the time, and 'then,' says he, 'God inspired me with a certain spirit and eloquence wherewith I persuaded the Generals that they would lessen their glory if they sought

[1] It is quite possible this visit was no surprise to the English Generals. Don Cristobal had recently been detained by the Sherifa of Morocco for some time when he went there to negotiate assistance for the recovery of Portugal, and the English Government had had a lengthy correspondence with the Sherifa for his release.

succour of others, and much more so if they sought it of the common enemies of our true religions.' It was an occasion after Essex's own heart, and he replied, continues the Canon, 'that in the conquest of the Holy Land his ancestors had fought most valiantly against the infidels, and on the word of a gentleman he promised me he would do no less than they. And both Generals swore to me they would not use their help, and if they came they would bid them depart, and if they did not depart they would fight them. And all the nobles present greeted that answer with loud applause.' These lofty sentiments, however, the Generals did not regard as compelling them to refuse a relief of victuals which the Moors offered, and when the galleots retired two vessels were sent with them to fetch the promised stores.

By this time the future intentions of the English were causing the gravest anxiety to Sidonia, and the returned prisoners were eagerly questioned. The greatest fear was for Seville; and Portocarrero was ordered into the mouth of the Guadalquivir with his galleys to protect the rich city from a boat attack. The English seem on the basis of Cumberland's cruising squadron to have industriously spread a rumour that they were expecting him with large reinforcements. All sorts of stories of their intentions indeed reached the ears of the Spanish authorities, but there was no indication of any definite movement. Hitherto, except for the patrolling squadrons, the fleet had not stirred, but on this day ten vessels moved round to St. Sebastian and landed the horses and quantities of siege tools at the Caleta. The fact was that the English Generals as yet had settled nothing definitely. On the 25th, it is true, at a council held at Essex's quarters, it had been decided that the place was tenable, and that officers should be sent to the Queen for instructions and to arrange for supplies

from Morocco according to the original design of the campaign.[1] No further step however had been taken. Other projects were also in the wind; but whatever should finally be decided on, whether to hold the place or evacuate it or to advance against Xeres or some other place in the interior, it was necessary to secure the pass between the island and the mainland at Suazo. A considerable body of horse and foot had collected there since Clifford's retreat. The centre span of the bridge, it would seem, had been repaired by the enemy and the castle reoccupied. Some Spanish authorities even speak of attacks on its garrison being repulsed with loss.[2] It was probably therefore with the immediate view of operations at this point that the horses and siege tools were landed, and partly perhaps for the erection and arming of a work which about this time was constructed before the main gate of the city.

The victory was still being enjoyed. On Saturday, the 26th, while the productive search for treasure was continued and the last of the Spanish evacuation was taking place, the gallant Sir John Wingfield was buried in military state in the Cathedral, the fleet saluting as he was laid at rest and proclaiming to all the world that the stain of Gertruydenberg had been washed away. On Sunday, after a State dinner in the Friary of St. Francis, Essex and Howard celebrated the victory by making their knights with the usual prodigality. There were over sixty of them in all, and a good deal of raillery became current at their expense, which has come down to us in the doggerel verse–

> A gentleman of Wales and a knight of Cales,
> And a laird of the North Countree,
> A Yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
> Could buy them out all three.

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[1] *Lambeth MS.*

[2] The Proveedor Gaspar de Anastro to the King.—*Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 277, June 26 to July 6.

'After dinner,' Stow dryly remarks, 'they made a great many knights, even all almost that did deserve it or affect it or not neglect or refuse it (as some did).' Mr. John Stanhope, an officer of the 'Ark,' who as a seaman had no house assigned him, expresses himself more tartly. 'The Generals,' he wrote, 'made I know not how many knights, whereof some few did well deserve it, and others for that they were of good quality. But the rest deserved as I did, and that was to march into the market-place with an armour on my back and a pike on my neck in an extreme hot day.' His sarcastic criticism was certainly justified to a large extent. An examination of the list throws a curious light upon the way in which Elizabethan honours were conferred. To begin with, it would appear that ex-officio distinctions were as common then as now. We find in the list, for instance, all the staff and flag-officers and lieutenant-colonels who did not already hold knightly rank. There are Ashley the Secretary-at-war, Buck the provost marshal and Oliver Lambert the new quartermaster-general; then we have Robert Dudley and the veteran Crosse, vice-admirals to Thomas Howard and Ralegh; and then Horace Vere, Charles Blount, Meyricke, Throgmorton, and Conway, all lieutenant-colonels. Each General too knighted his own captain-lieutenant, and by a graceful courtesy Howard knighted Essex's flag-captain and Essex knighted Howard's. All these men, it must be said, probably deserved the honour as much by their conduct as their rank; most of them certainly did. Amongst others who, as Stanhope says, 'did well deserve it,' we may place about half a dozen regimental captains holding no staff rank from Essex's list and from Howard's a few ship captains, such as Weston who first tackled the big ship that tried to escape into Lisbon. These consume about half the names. Of

the rank and services of most of the rest no record has come to light. Many of them were gentlemen-adventurers who could scarcely escape the honour. Here we trace at any rate more complimentary courtesy, for Essex knighted Howard's kinsmen and Howard Essex's. In all Essex made thirty-six knights and Howard twenty-eight, but Essex's list is swelled by Count Ludovic of Nassau and Don Cristobal of Portugal, as well as several other Dutch officers and gentlemen.[1]

The ceremony over, they all proceeded to the Abbey, where, amidst the havoc wrought by Vere's guard with the detested symbols of the Roman Church, they reverently heard divine service. There was no dearth of clergy. Essex, as became the hope of the Puritan party, had four preachers attending him, Howard had two, and Lord Thomas, Ralegh and the Earl of Sussex each one. The honour of preaching the sermon fell to Mr. Hopkins, one of Essex's following, 'a man,' says the Admiral's doctor, 'of good learning and sweet utterance;' and we may well believe that with the ruin that surrounded him to point his moral he did not fail to improve the impressive occasion.

The rest of the day was spent far less peacefully. After service a council was held at Carew's quarters, where the burning question had to be settled of how to turn their victory to the best advantage. Essex clung desperately to Drake's old idea of a permanent occupation. Lisbon had been the port preferred by the great seaman,

[1] 'Knights of Cales,' *S. P. Dom.*, cclix. 83, endorsed and noted by Burghley, with the letter 'E' against Essex's knights and 'A' against Howard's. The list is not quite complete. Sir Robert Dudley, for instance, does not appear in it, as he was not knighted till August 8. Other lists occur in Hakluyt and Birch, also in *Stowe MSS.*, 164, f. 90, and *Harl. MSS.*, 167, f. 109, but both these are extracted from Howard's despatch to the Lord Chamberlain which is in *Birch MSS.*, xii. f. 61, and appears in the *Memoirs of Elizabeth.* (See also *post*, p. 439.)

but Lisbon, says Essex, had been expressly forbidden in his instructions.[1] Cadiz, as the first port in Spain and the emporium of the Indian trade, he rightly judged to be the next best point to hold in order to hamper the mobilisation of the Spanish navy, and to stop the flow of Philip's colonial resources. He offered with four thousand men to stay behind and occupy the place provided a small squadron was given him, so that he might get supplies from Morocco, whither two vessels, as we have seen, had already gone. To this Howard and the other naval members of the Council of War offered the strongest opposition. Vere, who from the first had felt that a permanent occupation should be the main object of the expedition, warmly supported his chief. He even begged, if Essex could not be spared, to be allowed to remain himself, and to do at Cadiz what he afterwards did so brilliantly at Ostend. But Essex would not hear of being supplanted, and pressed his point so warmly that it was found impossible to give him an absolute refusal. It was therefore agreed that the town should be retained for the present and Ashley sent home to learn the Queen's further pleasure, always provided that it was found that enough victuals remained in the fleet to supply the proposed garrison. This the Master of the Ordnance regarded as making the occupation certain, and he dated his despatches triumphantly from 'Her Majesty's city of Cales, not in fancy, but won and yet held by her soldiers' swords.' But the naval men knew the ways of skippers. As though in no doubt of the result, Howard, who was unwell and had to take physic, returned to his ship, in order, as he says, to draw the seamen aboard who had swarmed ashore to share in the sack. With the sailors thus gorged with plunder and eager to get it home, there

[1] 'Omissions,' etc., in Hakluyt.

was little doubt what the report on the stores would be. 'The victuals,' says Essex, 'were for the most hidden and embezzled, and every ship began at that instant to fear their wants, and to talk of going home.' His suspicion may have been unfounded, but certainly a very large quantity of unconsumed provisions was discharged when the fleet got home nearly six weeks later. At any rate, with the report of the victualling officers against him, Essex could do nothing, and on the following day, being Tuesday, the last of June, it was decided to evacuate the town as soon as possible.[1]

The bitterness of the Earl's disappointment thus to see the possession of a Spanish port slip for the third time from his grasp is apparent in all he wrote. Nevertheless, he went about loyally to see the operation properly effected. As yet no serious assault on the Suazo Bridge had been made, though probably the position was being watched. Tello and Sotomayor were there in command of the troops that were holding it, but they did not venture so much as an attempt to save the island tunny fisheries from being destroyed, nor did they organise a proper garrison for the castle. That was the Duke of Arcos's business, and as he was absent nothing was done.

[1] Carew to Cecil, *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 229. The *Lambeth MS.* gives quite a different account of how the resolution to evacuate was come to. At the Sunday council at Carew's, it says, it was agreed the place was fit to hold, having stores for 5,000 men for four months; the Generals with the weakest ships in the fleet to return to England, while Lord Thomas and Ralegh with forty of the best proceeded to the Azores to cruise for the Indian convoys. The Colonels were then called in for their approval, and all agreed. Thereupon Essex dissented, unless he were lett in command himself, on the ground that nothing less than his presence in the city would ensure the Queen's sending the supplies necessary to continue the occupation. Upon this everyone changed his opinion, and it was decided to evacuate. This account, however, cannot be entirely trusted. It seems clear the author was not a member of the council, and the slight bias he shows in Ralegh's favour would incline him to believe anything that threw the onus of the evacuation on Essex.

On Sunday, while the English Generals were making their knights, the position was greatly modified. Sidonia, with his genius for futile arrangements, sent down orders for the troops at Suazo, the only place where they were doing any good, to join him at his headquarters at Xeres, leaving a 'forlorn' of twenty-five regular soldiers with Chaire, the Alcaide of the castle, to hold it till Arcos did something. Chaire bluntly refused so desperate a command, but on another officer, Captain Cabrera, volunteering, and a hundred and twenty recruits opportunely arriving from Arcos, the two agreed to hold it together. It was just after this insane order had been executed that Essex determined to make a reconnaissance of the position in order to ascertain whether it was occupied by such a force as might seriously interfere with the re-embarkation. To this end, on the evening of the last day of June, after the final decision had been taken, leaving Carew in command at Cadiz, he and Vere, without sound of drum, marched out quietly with twenty-nine companies, a cornet of horse, and most of the gentlemen-adventurers, towards the bridge. A mile short of it a halt was called, and a party of three hundred men sent forward 'in order to try by an ambuscade to cut off such as should sally forth of the castle.' The attempt was unsuccessful, and the following morning Essex proceeded to try to draw the garrison by burning all the neighbouring houses. Still they would not stir, and placing himself at the head of his handful of lances he rode up within gunshot of the walls. This had no better effect, and, convinced that there could be no important force in the vicinity, he retired the same day to Cadiz. The Spaniards, who of course gave a very different account of the affair and represented the reconnaissance as an attack in form, which they repulsed with loss, apparently expected that Essex

had only retired to get up some guns. At all events, in fear of this the garrison, in spite of Cabrera's protests, determined to evacuate the place. Their loss must have been severe; for only half of the original twenty-five regulars were left, and nothing would induce Chaire and his recruits to await Essex's return.

But that was far from his intention. The preliminary steps for the re-embarkation had already been taken by the Admirals. While Essex was completing his reconnaissance the fighting ships of the fleet moved out, and though the weather was calm and unfavourable drove the galleys from their station at Rota and compelled them to seek safety over the bar of the Guadalquivir. The following two days were spent in dismantling the fortifications of the city and in distributing the hostages through the fleet, as the time for paying their ransom had expired.

On Sunday, July 4th, the re-embarkation began, but before it could be effected an ugly though necessary piece of work still remained. The ransom agreed on by the prisoners was still unpaid, in spite of the feverish activity of the President of the Contractacion, the Corregidor, and their fellow-hostages. They offered bills, but these the Generals refused. Still less could they hold out any hopes of ransoming Cadiz itself. It was decided therefore to carry them away and destroy the city. Everything of value that could not be removed was condemned; not even the mules and jennets were spared; and before the troops left the place numbers of them, to the deep regret of the officers, who had conceived a great admiration for them, were knocked on the head. So with fire and slaughter the evacuation began and was carried out like a pageant: 'the regiments,' says Vere, 'embattled and marching at large in a triple front in right good order, which was so much the more strange and commendable, the men for

the most part being new, and once ranged, having little further help of directions from the high officers, who were all unmounted and for the great heat not able to perform on foot the ordinary service in such cases belonging to their charges.'

The troops were already massed at the Mole, getting into the boats, when the indefatigable Canon, who had left with the last of the inhabitants, came back to try to save the city and make final arrangements about the ransom. He had to pass through the midst of the soldiers, a thing, he says, that gave him such horror that his hair stood on end. Lord Thomas Howard conducted him to Essex, but to all the Canon's arguments and flattery the General was obdurate. Much as it pained him, the city, for reasons of State, must perish. The Canon in despair begged the churches might be saved, and for this Essex passed his word, and told the Canon to await him on board the 'Repulse.' How far the Spaniards' anxiety for the preservation of their sacred buildings was real is doubtful; at any rate, the Generals' pious generosity was sadly abused, for some months afterwards it was discovered that the graves in the churches had been made the hiding-places of the bulk of the private treasure of the citizens.

Meanwhile, the danger from Suazo Bridge was not forgotten. The Dutch Admiral, whose squadron lay furthest in, had been ordered at dawn the previous day to dispatch a flotilla with a military force to check any operations in that direction. The previous night the Spanish levies, seeing no signs of the enemy, had been induced to reoccupy the castle, but no sooner was it light than seven vessels were seen landing troops close by and boats coming up the creek. The garrison mutinied on the spot and once more retired across the bridge. Till the following morning the Dutch held both the castle and the bridge, nor did they retire

till the re-embarkation had begun. Then, having fired the bridge and the castle and left all secure in the rear, they rejoined the fleet.[1] By four o'clock the embarkation was complete and Essex was aboard. At this moment two galleys were seen approaching the fleet. They were at once fired on, and hastily retired. It was then discovered they were bringing off fifty English galley-slaves whose release Howard had demanded in a polished Latin letter to his old adversary Sidonia. Essex, says the Canon, plucked his beard (for he had grown one during the campaign) with vexation at the mistake, and begged they would carry to the galleys his apologies and an offer to hang the captain of the ship that had fired. The galley captains, not to be outdone in politeness, begged him not to distress himself. A man or two had been killed, to be sure, but they were only privates and really of no consequence; and after all it was their own fault, for not carrying a proper flag of truce.[2]

With these soldier-like courtesies the drama ended. The same evening the transports weighed, and after hovering off the bay three days, waiting for a wind and watching the glow of the still burning city, the fleet disappeared, carrying with them the two captured galleons.

[1] The operations at Suazo, though hardly noticed by any of the best known English authorities, are fully set out in the *Lambeth MS.* Further details from the Spanish point of view are to be found in the depositions of some Irish deserters and of Captain Cabrera, and in two reports amongst the Sidonia archives. See *Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 340–2, 418, 421–431. Stow just mentions Essex's reconnaissance of June 30 (*Annals*, p. 775).

[2] The *Lambeth MS.* places this incident on the following day, July 5.

CHAPTER V

THE RETURN FROM CADIZ

THE havoc wrought in the last days of the occupation was enormous. Of about a thousand houses which Cadiz contained, nearly three hundred were destroyed, including all the best, and with them were consumed most of the principal public buildings, including the Cathedral, the Church of the Jesuits, the Convent of Santa Maria, the Hospital of Mercy, and the Candelaria, to all of which it would seem the fire had spread after the English left. For Essex and his officers were certainly under the impression that they had spared all religious houses and places of worship. Even this was not the worst. 'It is not so much,' wrote Don Luis Fajardo to the King, 'that in six hours we have lost so famous a city and port, with a fleet of war and a *flota* and the standard of Xeres and 600 horses, as the prestige that is destroyed, in that the enemy have seen that even in Andalusia, the most fertile and populous province in Spain, we could not in a fortnight gather forces enough about Cadiz to turn them out of the city, nor to strike so much as a blow, while they enjoyed its spoil and that of all the island and its territory, with as much security and pleasure as though they had been in the river of London. So that now here we stand watching the temples and homes of that miserable city in flames; and though we are so near that the smoke is driving in our eyes, we know, with what feelings your Majesty may imagine, that we cannot stir a finger to save it.'[1] The wretched Duke of Sidonia, whom

[1] *Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 380.

Walker & Boutall sc.

CHART TO ILLUSTRATE THE OPERATIONS ON THE COASTS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, FROM 1596 TO 1602

Fajardo had been unable to spur into action, could only seek his habitual consolation, and sent to the King elaborate reports of the deplorable condition of the city. He had added the last touch to his contemptible reputation and was again the butt of his disgusted countrymen. Cervantes wrote a mocking sonnet in his honour, in which he sang how 'the earth rumbled and the sky grew dark with presage of utter destruction, and how at last with perfect deliberation and no trace of fear, when the Earl had marched out, in triumph the great Duke of Medina marched in.'[1] Yet the patient King could still find heart to write him a sympathetic despatch acknowledging his services and the measures he was taking in view of the future operations of the enemy.

It was with these that both sides were now anxiously preoccupied. At present nothing could be determined. The English were slowly working their way along the coast towards Algarve, the southern province of Portugal, and at every point where the weather detained them swarms of soldiers were seen gathering to oppose a landing. This situation continued for some time. Day after day persistent westerly breezes and calms kept the English fleet embayed in the Gulf of Cadiz and prevented any further prosecution of the Generals' designs. What these were is doubtful. Probably nothing had yet been definitely settled. From Cadiz Standen had written that he was anxious to be home, but that he feared the Generals' designs were growing like a snowball. His only hope was in Howard. Essex and Vere were

[1] Tronó la tierra, obscurecióse el cielo,
Amenezando una total ruina;
Y al cabo en Cadiz, con mesura harta,
Ido ya el Conde, sin ningun recelo,
Triunfando entró el gran Duque de Medina.

certainly still bent on turning the expedition into something better than a 'summer bravery,' but the large amount of plunder that had been secured had demoralised the force, and as the days went by without their being able to double St. Vincent the men grew more and more impatient to get home with their spoils. On July 9, being still embayed, with no prospect of a change in the weather, the council met and decided to employ their time by landing at Ayamonte, and from thence to cross the Guadiana at Castro Marin and proceed through Tavira along the coast road to Faro. The raid was well planned, but it would seem that the seamen when consulted pointed out the danger the troops would run of losing the support of the fleet by its being embayed within Cape St. Mary. Lord Thomas Howard, moreover, who never made difficulties when bold action was in the wind, had temporarily lost touch of the fleet, with some forty vessels. It was therefore decided to proceed direct to Faro. The rest of the council's resolutions were adhered to. Ashley was to be sent home with despatches, and with him Essex's partisan, Sir Gelly Meyricke.[1] The Earl of Sussex too had taken the measles. It was settled therefore that Crosse should carry him home in the 'Swiftsure,' and at the same time take charge of the despatches and a convoy of vessels containing the sick and wounded, the horses which would not be required again, and the bulk of the plunder.' His place as Vice-Admiral of Ralegh's squadron was given to Sir George Carew in the 'Mary Rose.'

These dispositions did little to mend matters. From

[1] This name was a source of great difficulty to the Elizabethans. He himself signed 'Gely Meyricke.' His friends wrote almost anything else—Gilly, Gelly, Gilby, Gilley, Merik, Merrick, Mericke, Mearicke, Meyrick. He was Essex's steward, and was executed for complicity in his patron's treason.

the movements of the English fleet it was clear to the Spaniards that they did not intend anything against Gibraltar or the Spanish African possessions, as had been feared. The immediate anxiety then was lest they should repeat Drake's distracting move of 1587, and seize Cape St. Vincent, as a temporary base for the blockade of the Spanish coast. On July 8, therefore, Portocarrero, who was at St. Lucar with his galleys, was ordered to embark the marines of the Indian Guard and endeavour to throw a garrison into Sagres Castle, the main defence of the Cape, which Drake had taken in 1587. While thus engaged on Sunday, July 11, he sighted Crosse's homeward-bound squadron. It was a dead calm, and two vessels had reached far ahead of the rest. One was a small man-of-war belonging to Sir Ferdinand Gorges, Governor of Plymouth, the other a large fly-boat containing a number of sick and wounded men, Carew's and Lord Thomas Howard's horses, and some good plunder. At these he dashed. Gorges's vessel cleverly escaped, but the fly-boat was boarded. Being completely overpowered by numbers, the crew, true to the English tradition, fired their magazine. Thirty of the company and forty Spaniards perished in the explosion, but the vessel was taken nevertheless.[1] This, says Portocarrero, was all he could do, because of the care and good order with which the enemy sailed. With the first breath of wind four English ships bore down on his galleys, cut him off from Faro, and compelled him to retire to Villanueva.

The following day the weather changed, with a strong breeze from the northward. Lord Thomas Howard rejoined with the missing ships, and next morning the whole fleet came to anchor off Terrubillas, at the mouth of the westerly creek of the haven of Faro, two leagues from

[1] *Lambeth MS.* [2] *Ibid.*

Cape St. Mary. Here a channel runs up to Faro, the chief town of Algarve and the centre of the famous tunny fisheries, which gave the province its chief importance. During the night the Generals had despatched their two Captains, Preston and Monson, with Colonel William Morgan, to look for a landing-place and water. In the morning they reported little or no water, and the town abandoned and stripped. Yet the Generals persisted, and in the afternoon landed at the entrance of the Faro channel, where, having destroyed the tunny fisheries, the troops encamped for the night. Howard, determined this time not to be outdone by his younger colleague, had landed with Essex, in order to share the honour of the exploit, in spite of the tropical heat that prevailed. But it proved too much for his threescore years, and 'the Lord Admiral,' we are told, 'being distempered with the heat of the day and very faint, nor able to endure a long march, by persuasion of the Earl and others, much against his will, was persuaded to return to his ship.' With him went Sir Edward Wingfield, who, in spite of a half-healed wound in the leg received at Cadiz, had determined to make the march.

Throughout the expedition Howard's perception of his duty had been to some extent affected by a sensitive anxiety to assert his position as joint commander by land as well as by sea. At this time his place was certainly with the fleet, as events proved, and he ought never to have left it. Early in the morning the army was formed in 'eighteen battalions' for the march on Faro. Blount's regiment had been told off for the advanced guard; but when Essex rode to the head of the column to give the word to march he found there the whole of his gentlemen volunteers drawn up on foot and pike in hand. Whereupon, with one of those happy inspirations that made all men, as it

was said, glad to follow the worst of his fortunes, he sprang from the saddle, armed as he was, and giving the word to advance, led his horse at their head through the burning sand the whole way to Faro. But no sooner were the land forces well out of the way than Portocarrero re-appeared with his squadron of galleys under a flag of truce, and came to anchor close to the English fleet. His ostensible object was to exchange the prisoners he had taken in the fly-boat,[1] but Howard would not trust him, and what he did is thus dryly related by Stow. 'The Lord Admiral,' he says, 'sent a ship presently to them to command them in his name to depart from thence and go further off; which commandment they obeyed as readily as if the Admiral of Spain had sent it. And I rather note this because I think it was the first commandment that they ever obeyed, being given them by an enemy upon their own coasts.' There may be some truth in the story, for Portocarrero, with Flores and Sotomayor, the commanders of the *flota* and the royal galleons, with twenty-seven other officers, were shortly afterwards brought before a court-martial and disgraced.[2]

Faro, as the flag-captains had reported, was found by Essex deserted and stripped of almost everything worth having. For two days it was occupied, while a force was detached under Captain Brett to scour the neighbourhood for beef to re-provision the fleet. Penetrating as far as Loulé without opposition, they found it deserted like Faro, and having set it on fire returned with a hundred head of cattle for their pains. Next day, July 16, Faro too was given to the flames, and the troops marched back to the coast unopposed. 'In all this march,' wrote the admiring Carew, 'the Lord General went afoot, having no more ease than other captains, though,' as he says, 'the distance

[1] *Lambeth MS.* [2] Duro, *Armada Española*, iii. 128.

was at least three great Spanish leagues, the day extreme hot and the ground deep sand, which was painful unto us,' so painful indeed that the force returned with a large sick list.

The operation, though apparently intended as a pendant to Drake's seizure of Cape St. Vincent, was as useless as the other was masterly. A certain amount of plunder was acquired, but little of value, except the Bishop's library, which Essex reserved for himself and which was afterwards presented to the University of Oxford for its newly formed library, and is still in the Bodleian. But all this was worse than nothing. Instead of being employed in watering, the boats had been kept all day waiting for the force to arrive, but, owing probably to the encumbrance of the loot and the sick, Essex did not reach the point of re-embarkation till it was too late to begin the operation that day. Next morning the boats were sent in again, but nothing except plunder came back in them. Howard could not withhold a protest to Essex. 'My Lord,' he complained, 'all men are tired with continual rowing . . . but there hath been great abuses; for when the boats have been sent up for the ordnance or to bring weak men, they have been sent back with luggage, every man seeking for his own profit. I have not had the leisure with any of my boats to water.' That there had been abuses is no doubt true, but that Howard had not succeeded in watering the fleet during the three days Essex was absent seems inexcusable. In the ailing old Admiral it may be set down to weakness and incapacity. Though the record of his service is full of such failures to do his duty, he was transparently loyal, but of his officers it would be bold to assert so much. The lack of water, as Monson plainly asserts, was from the beginning little more than a pretence for hurrying home, and the probability is that most of the

ships' officers did not intend to let the ardent young General put the fleet in trim for further operations. In any case the fleet was not re-watered, and no satisfactory reason was ever given for the omission. When Buck, the provost-marshal, shortly afterwards was sent home with despatches, he requested to be informed as to how he was to explain the miscarriage, about which the Generals were studiously silent in their despatch, and Essex told him he might say the wells were too few and the boats too tired. No further attempt was made to repair the omission. The rest of the day was occupied in re-embarking the force. From a prisoner information had been obtained that the local forces had been concentrated at Lagos. Essex was for proceeding thither at once to attack them, but the wind had come fair for doubling St. Vincent and he was overruled. A council was held in the evening when the troops were on board, but the relations of the officers were growing more and more strained and it only ended in an adjournment. It was resumed the following day, as with a brisk leading wind the fleet sped for St. Vincent. The debate was long and hot, but again no conclusion was come to, except to double the Cape and rendezvous off the rock of Lisbon in order to come to a final decision.[1]

No sooner, however, had they weathered the Cape than it began to blow so hard from the northward that they had to stand out to sea, and were carried nearly two

[1] The main authorities for the operations at Faro are the *Lambeth MS.*; the Generals' official despatch, with Buck's note about the watering in *Otho. E.*, ix. 319; Carew to Cecil (*Hatfield Papers*, vi. 268); Howard to Essex (*ibid.* 308). This last paper is not dated, but from internal evidence must have been written on July 16, 1596. The private account which Essex wrote to the Queen is missing. The account of the Spanish Admiral Arancibia is in *Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 409. Another cited by Duro is in Paris (*Bib. Nat.*, g 51, f. 205), and another in the Madrid Academy of History (*Coleccion de Jesuitas*, 88, f. 241).

hundred and fifty miles towards the Azores before they could make their rendezvous in the latitude of Lisbon. Here on July 23 the council was again called. Clearly the right thing to have done was to hold on for the Azores. 'We are advised by all men,' wrote the Generals at this point, 'to go for the Islands. For there we shall relieve our men, we shall lie for the carracks and the West India fleets, and never want a wind to carry us to England when our army shall not be in case to stay out any longer. Besides, we are advertised there are in those Islands a fleet of twenty-five men-of-war of the King of Spain's, of which, if we meet them, we shall by God's grace give as good an account as of the fleet of armados, galleons, Levantiscas and others, which were found at Cadiz.'[1]

The decision of the council, upon which this despatch was written, was that if the wind continued fair they were to make for St. Michael's to intercept the Indian and American fleets, but if it came westerly they were to bear up for England. At the same time seven transports and some hoys were detached to take home the superfluous soldiers who would not be required in the purely naval operation that was contemplated. But as ill-luck would have it the wind almost immediately shifted into the west and west-south-west, and the detached squadron being recalled, the fleet stood northwards, 'wonderfully scattered.'

[1] Despatch of Essex and Howard, *Otho E.*, ix. 319. The concluding paragraph with the date is illegible from fire. It was probably written about the 23rd. On the 18th, Carew had written off Algarve, 'under sail with a good wind, which, in a short time, if it hold will carry us for the doubling of the Southerly Cape' (*Hatfield Papers*, vi. 168). The Spaniards reported that the fleet doubled the Cape on the 20–30th (*Doc. Ined.*, xxxvi. 106). On the 24th the Generals were 'about the Burlings' (*Hatfield Papers*, vi. 315). The *Lambeth MS.* says they doubled the Cape on the 20th, about 2 P.M. From that night till the 23rd they had the weather stormy at north. In the afternoon it cleared and the council was held.

Next day the weather increased to a gale, but the ships got together again and held on fair for home. It was beyond what the more energetic spirits could quietly endure, to see the great work being thrown up but half accomplished. In spite of all opposition, they still clung to the shreds of the campaign. As the weather moderated they got another council called, at which in desperation they urged that at least a small squadron might be equipped from the fleet before the idea of the Azores was given up altogether. The suggestion was met with strong opposition, headed by Ralegh. Both Monson and Vere give the impression of a prolonged and heated debate before the enterprise was abandoned. Neither of them says anything of adverse winds; both agree it was a question of stores. 'Coming into the height of the Rock,' Monson writes, 'the Generals took council once again. Then the Earl of Essex and the Lord Thomas Howard offered with great earnestness to stay out the time our victuals lasted, and desired to have but twelve ships furnished out of the rest to stay with them. But this would not be granted, though the squadron of the Hollanders offered voluntarily to stay. Sir Walter Ralegh alleged the scarcity of victuals and the infection of his men. My Lord-General Essex offered, in the greatness of his mind and the desire he had to stay, to supply his want of men and victuals and to exchange ships. But all proposals were in vain, for the riches of Cadiz kept them that had got much from attempting more, as if it had been pure want and not honour would have enforced them to greater enterprises.' Reading between the lines, it seems obvious that the old enmity between Essex and Ralegh had broken out again. Making all allowance for Monson's bias, it is clear that Ralegh was the leader of the opposition against Essex's desire to sail for the Azores. Throughout the campaign the easy-going

old Admiral had shown himself as much dominated by Ralegh as in 1588 he had been dominated by Drake. Still there is no reason to attribute to Ralegh, as Monson evidently did, a jealous desire to prevent his rival from further distinguishing himself. But in refusing this explanation we are compelled to condemn him again of a lack of staunchness at sea and too little faith in what ships could endure. In 1587, under much less favourable circumstances, Drake had held on with entire success. Had Ralegh been heart and soul for doing all that was possible, had he been ready with the quiet daring of the true sea admirals to strain endurance to the end, there can be no doubt that the expedition would not have come to the lame conclusion that was now rendered unavoidable. For the opposition had their way. A cruise to the Azores was pronounced impracticable, and all that Essex could obtain was a decision to look into Coruña on the way home.

Meanwhile, in England nothing certain had been heard of the expedition since it sailed. From time to time exaggerated rumours and merchants' reports had come by way of France, but from the Generals there had been no official communication. As the weather had fallen Ashley and Meyricke, who had been sent off with the first news of the success at Cadiz, were hardly ahead of the main body of the fleet, and it was not till quite the end of July that they reached Plymouth. What followed in the scramble to be first at Court throws a diverting light on the reliance that can be placed on the despatches of the time. Those who have contrasted Howard's account of the Armada campaign with that prepared by Drake will be already aware with what human frailty the Elizabethan captains endeavoured to secure each for himself the credit of those achievements which loom to our eyes in almost mythical

proportions. So it was now. Besides Ashley and Meyricke, who came officially from the two Generals to report verbally, but with no regular despatches, Howard sent a long report on his own account to his father-in-law, Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, and Essex entrusted another to Cuffe, one of his secretaries. On the whole, the commanders were fairly just to one another. Howard declared: 'I can assure you, there is not a braver man in the world than the Earl is; and I protest in my simple poor judgment a grave soldier; for what he doth is in great order and great discipline performed.' Naturally, however, he gives the greatest prominence to what happened at sea. Of Essex's behaviour in the naval action he says little, and as usual keeps his kinsmen well to the fore. 'The chiefest for the sea service,' he says, 'besides the Earl were the Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Ralegh and my son Southwell,' and he is careful to avoid any reference to Essex's proposal to occupy Cadiz permanently. Ralegh was generous too. 'The Earl,' he told Cecil, 'hath behaved himself I protest to you by the living God both valiantly and advisedly in the highest degree, without pride, without cruelty, and hath gotten great honour and much love of all.' This letter was carried by Ashley; but Ralegh also sent a full description of the affair by another hand to an unknown correspondent, which was probably intended, like Essex's, for immediate publication. In this account, which is the one that subsequent writers have most freely used, Ralegh naturally appears as the hero of the exploit. What Cuffe brought home was a 'Relation' prepared for Essex and corrected by his own hand. 'His lordship's purpose,' Cuffe wrote to Reynolds, the Earl's agent in London, 'is that it should be soonest set in print, both to stop all vagrant rumours and to inform those that be well affected of the truth of the whole.' It was to be published anony-

mously, with no hint, unless a false one, of its authorship, as 'A true relation of the action . . . sent to a gentleman in Court from one that served there in good place.' It was also to be translated into French for circulation abroad.

With these more or less partial accounts the messengers raced to London. The first to arrive with the news was a servant of Lord Thomas Howard's. This man gave a disparaging account of the whole affair. Reynolds was of opinion that he had been sent on purpose 'to extenuate the action, and yet attributing much to the sea service, and in that to Sir Walter Ralegh above all others, which was no wonder, since this forerunner was a creature of Throckmorton's,' meaning Ralegh's partisan brother-in-law. He was followed by Ashley, who was privy to Essex's purpose, for the General had knighted him and believed him devoted to his cause. Cuffe and he even agreed to travel in company, but Ashley managed to give his companion the slip and sent him back word that he could easily overtake him at Salisbury. So hard did poor Cuffe ride to be even with Ashley that by the time he reached Crewkerne he could go no further, and had to hand over his papers to Crosse, who was also on his way to Court. When the packet reached Reynolds's hands the 'Relation' was found to be missing. Reynolds was inclined to attribute the loss to some dishonesty on Crosse's part, but it seems only to have been Cuffe's own carelessness, for the paper afterwards came to hand. Thus Ashley secured the first place with the official news, and had the glory of giving the full account to the Council, and after dinner to the Queen herself. Reynolds, believing him to be true to Essex, consulted him as soon as possible about printing the General's 'Relation,' which was still kept secret. Ashley told him there was no time to lose, as the Council themselves were

about to publish an official account. Cecil indeed was already busy editing Howard's letter to Hunsdon for the press. Hunsdon was dead, and the Lord Admiral's letter to him, having come into Cecil's hands, was to be the basis of the official account. To ensure his possession of the field Cecil sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the press censor, an order not to pass any account of the expedition except that which the Secretary of State was preparing. Reynolds thus found it impossible to carry out his master's orders. Cuffe also received an express order from the Queen, upon pain of death, not to publish any account of the affair without her privity. Bacon did his best to get the prohibition removed, but the Archbishop, though he approved Essex's 'Relation,' could not evade the Council's order. Still, to make amends he ordered a general thanksgiving for Essex's exploit, which the Queen afterwards restricted to London. Essex's party were sure Ashley had betrayed them, and rejoiced when the panegyric sermons were preached that 'honour and valour will flourish maugre malice and envy itself.' Ralegh's account shared the same fate as his rival's. It seems also to have been unable to pass the Archbishop, for it was not printed till a century later.[1]

Although the official despatches showed that the substantial outcome of the exploit in prizes and plunder was very much less than the first highly-coloured rumours had promised, their first effect on the Queen was one of high exhilaration. A glowing letter of congratulation to the Generals gave utterance to her feelings. She told them they had made her dreadful, famous, and renowned. Never was heard in so few days of so great a work

[1] See Birch, ii. 80–3, 88–9, 93, 95–7; *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 292. Howard's letter to Hunsdon is in *Birch MSS.*, xii. f. 61. Cecil's amended version of it is in *S. P. Dom.*, cclix. 114. Ralegh's account is in *Edwardes*, ii. p. 139.

achieved. 'Let the army know,' she concluded, 'I care not so much for being Queen, as that I am sovereign of such subjects.' [1] To read such words helps us to understand the passionate devotion she inspired in men of action. But the sunny atmosphere soon began to cloud. On the heels of the first messengers, Buck came home from the rendezvous off Lisbon, with news of the further unproductive operations on the Algarve coast and the dismissal of the soldiers, tempered only by the assurance that the Generals were bound for the Azores to intercept the Indian convoys. Ashley was examined as to the sack of Cadiz, and his answers were regarded as extremely unsatisfactory. Everyone seemed to have been busy feathering his own nest, and the Secretary-at-War appeared to have done nothing to secure for the Queen her fair share of the harvest. Peculation and embezzlement of prize had been running riot, Ashley himself was grievously suspected of malversation in his office, and it is to be feared not unjustly. He was placed under surveillance, and Richard Drake, the Queen's faithful equerry, was ordered secretly to watch his house to see what was brought there. Into this highly charged atmosphere there suddenly burst the news that the fleet was back at the Berlingas, off Vigo, short of stores. A real Tudor storm was the result. Though the Queen did not yet know for certain the whole truth, she was most righteously indignant. There exists the draft of an angry dispatch in which she sharply reprimands the Generals, and, woman-like, forgetting her previous approbation, reminds them how she had always said so many soldiers would only hamper their action. She ends by scolding them roundly for not having managed to refresh themselves from all the stores they had taken, so that at least a part of the force might have kept the sea. Urgent

[1] *Otho. E.*, ix. 335.

orders were sent down to Darrell at Plymouth to get ready a victualling squadron to be sent to the Berlingas immediately, or if the Generals came home first to be ready for a fresh start for the Azores forthwith.[1]

But all was over. The very day the order to Darrell was penned the gallant Sir Arthur Savage arrived with despatches from the Berlingas dated July 24, informing the Queen that the design against the convoys had been abandoned, and that after visiting the northern ports of Spain the fleet was coming home. Worse still, he brought news that Ralegh, Lord Thomas Howard and others had actually reached Plymouth as soon as he.[2] It had been at last a mere stampede. They had even outstripped the despatches which the Generals sent home by Sir Edward Conway from Coruña, announcing the end of the campaign. With their stems once turned homeward, Essex could get nothing more out of his captains. 'To the Groyne,' he says, 'with cart ropes I drew them; for both I vowed and protested against their refusal and parted company with them when they offered to hold another course.' But neither in Coruña nor Ferrol had they found a single ship to destroy, and in Betanzos Bay the last council had been held. In vain Essex pleaded for visiting the ports to the eastward: 'Mine associate,' he says, meaning Howard, 'did altogether refuse to go along the coast, complaining of wants and objecting to our being embayed, and I know not what. In which opinion Sir Walter Ralegh strengthened him, and they were both desirous to take upon them the honour of breaking that design. And of landing at the Groyne or attempting the town they would not hear by any means. And presently

[1] See *Otho. E.*, ix. 333 and 341.

[2] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 282; *Edwardes*, ii. 137; *Privy Council Register*, xii. 361.

every man cried to set sail homewards.' How Ralegh sought to justify himself we cannot tell. The letter he sent up to Cecil as soon as he landed is too much injured by fire to enlighten us. We can only trace such expressions as 'want of means,' 'waste of men,' 'dangerous infection;' nothing more indeed than what every faint-hearted commander made an excuse for retreat or than what every determined admiral had again and again triumphed over. All his warmest admirer could say was that by reason of great sickness on his ship he obtained leave to make the best haste he could to Plymouth.[1]

Of the fierce struggle there had been at the last council not a trace was allowed to appear in the honeyed despatch which Conway brought. 'Most dear and most excellent sovereign,' the Generals jointly wrote, 'since our last despatch by Sir Arthur Savage we have been at the Groyne and have sent in to see what is in Ferrol; and finding no shipping there we have called a council, in which we have propounded the going along the coast for to visit the other ports betwixt this and France; but being by our best seamen thought too great a hazard to venture your Majesty's fleet within the Bay of Guipuzcoa we are going directly for England, sorry that we are at an end of doing your Majesty service in this voyage, but glad to think we shall so soon come to see your fair and sweet eyes.'

With this typical Elizabethan despatch, covering with dainty love phrases an untold bitterness of spirit, the story of the romantic campaign fitly closes. In vain the Queen raged at the old Lord Admiral for rejecting Essex's design for the Azores and ordered him to organise a cruising squadron to repair his fault; it was past his power. In vain Essex sped to and fro from fleet to Court, mad to

[1] *Lambeth MS.*

fling the unused energy of his splendid force against the Spaniards in Calais; the opposition at Court was too great. The fleet was brought round to Chatham and paid off, the levies were disbanded, and the Low Country regiments sent back with Vere to their garrisons across the Channel.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW ARMADA

Of all the Queen's efforts against Spain none went further than that of 1596 to justify the old reproach that all she did was rather to waken than weaken her enemy. After all, as Vere's cool head had foreseen, the great expedition to Cadiz had proved little better than a summer's bravery. It is true that Elizabeth's voice had been given a more commanding ring in the ears of Europe, and that the prestige of Spain, as Fajardo said, had received a mortal blow. But for all that the convoys came home in safety to salve the wound, and the course of the war was hardly affected. The cause of the failure was an old sin of Elizabethan policy. It could never be cured of the fallacy that the power and energy of several commanders can be combined into a homogeneous whole, no matter how different the character of their genius for war. Over and over again it had been made clear that to exhibit the full force which the great English captains were developing, each must be given a free hand to act. When the art of naval warfare was still in a fluid condition, when it was gradually solidifying into rules as each master mind added the stroke his intuitive grasp of it taught him, it was essential that each should have scope for his genius to work. Spirits so masterful were not to be harnessed in teams. On every occasion when it had been tried, they

had but neutralised each other's initiative, and no one had yet learned the lesson which their failures taught. It was little that Essex had in comparison with the great founders of the new art. Yet he was their reverent and convinced disciple. And had even he been in sole command, with Vere to temper and tactfully guide his inexperience, and but one capable and loyal seaman like Lord Thomas Howard to direct the fleet, it is difficult to see how far the expedition might not have reached.

As it was, a magnificent opportunity had been missed. So much harassed were the Spaniards with the war, so much exhausted the treasury, so exasperated the nobility with the King's inert submission to his two despised favourites, that the capture of Cadiz and the destruction of the fleet had thrust the country upon the brink of revolution. It seemed but to require the loss of the Indian convoys to bring about the dissolution of Philip's empire. 'In the Court,' wrote one of Essex's spies, 'great rumours, mutinies, privy meetings of the grandees, deliberations either to take the Prince from his father and proclaim him king, or the King from his favourites. The merchants clamoured for compensation for their burnt fleet. The people openly reviled the Government. So deep was the wound, so acute the crisis, that it stung the dying King into a savage half-crazy return of his old energy. In a few weeks he had resumed his concentrating grip of affairs and was working feverishly for revenge. Under instructions from Rome, the Papal Nuncio sounded him on the question of a general peace. The King replied hotly that he meant first to be revenged, and, seizing a candelabra, vowed he would pawn even that, so he might have his will on the English Queen. 'These are words,' the Venetian Ambassador remarks, 'which in the mouth of a King who has never shown any passion in good or

evil fortune, prove that his mind is fully set upon taking up that war again.'[1]

To the despairing Spanish nobility Essex seemed to have come like the finger of God to stir the decrepid nation into new life. 'Such as were most desperate,' wrote Essex's spy, 'and driven to dangerous dilemmas for their affairs in that Court, thanked God on their knees and plainly avowed that an angel from Heaven brought you thither to rouse up their dull spirits in those parts. And the King himself, that languished before and slept and died living, was so nettled with the news of your success that presently he awaked out of his dream and despatched more in three days at that time than he had done in three years before.'[2]

Essex's personality had undoubtedly made an extraordinary impression in Spain. His brilliant courage and princely airs, his gentleness and gallant words, exactly hit their imagination. Even the unimpressionable King declared that no such chivalry had ever been known amongst heretics. The Infanta wondered, 'if being an enemy the Earl treated them so well, what would he do if he were their friend.' The people's conception of England received a profound modification. They remembered the old friendship, and a cry for peace began to rise. But for the sombre fanatic who, with one foot in the grave, yet held them in the hollow of his hand, there was no thought of peace.

In England, as the extent and real authors of the failure began to be understood, Ralegh fell back deeper into disgrace and Essex rose higher than ever in popular imagination and the Queen's favour. Shortly after it was known that the carracks and the American convoys had got safely home through the adoption of Ralegh's advice,

[1] *Venetian Calendar*, July 23, 1596. [2] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 379.

two of Essex's friends were added to the Privy Council. Burghley became obsequious, and as Bacon said, somewhat ungenerously, 'the old fox was made to crouch and whine.'[1] Essex was now indeed at the zenith of his career, and it must be said he accepted his position with a dignity and modesty that was hardly to be expected. The stress and responsibility of the late expedition seem to have sobered and strengthened his character. It was remarked he had turned over a new leaf and taken to a 'Christian zealous course.' He became conspicuous by his regularity at prayers and preaching, and still more by shewing, as his admirer, Anthony Bacon, put it, 'true noble kindness towards his virtuous spouse, entirely without any diversion.' In token of his soldiership he retained the beard he had grown. He told Antonio Perez he had returned to England with the loss of his complexion and other advantages of person, and with a mind wholly devoted to business. He was now, he said, no longer an admirer or captive of the beauties of the Court, and was even a stranger to his former passions and indulgences.[2] Francis Bacon noticed his growing disgust for Court intrigue. He could not even bring himself to pay to the Queen the devotion for which she hungered. It was at this time that Bacon wrote him his famous letter on the arts of a successful favourite. When he made the Queen pretty speeches, the worldly counsellor urged, he must really try, like Leicester and Hatton, to look as if he meant them. He begged him to apply for appointments for his friends, to pretend he wanted to leave the Court on private affairs, and then to abandon his petitions as though it were just to please the Queen. The dangerous popularity which the Earl was acquiring with the masses, regardless of the Queen's inevitable jealousy, and the warlike pose it

[1] *Birch*, ii. 121, 141, 147, 153. [2] *Ibid.* 141.

tempted him to take, greatly disturbed his Machiavellian adviser.

For Essex had set his finger on the weak spot in the Elizabethan system of national defence, and was bent on military reform. The two great military offices of the Crown were then the Earl Marshalship and the Mastership of the Ordnance. So lamentable was the neglect into which the army had fallen that both of them were vacant. There was thus no commander-in-chief, nor even a secretary for war. As a first step, Essex was resolved to obtain one of the appointments himself. It would be unfair to say that political ambition was his only motive. The veteran Peregrine Bertie, famous as 'the brave Lord Willoughby' and the pattern of English soldiership, had urged him to pursue this course as the only hope of his seeing a thorough reorganisation of the antiquated and inefficient military system that had grown to be a national disease. 'For mine own part,' the veteran wrote, 'I know no man like to redeem this danger if himself take not the office and pains for Her Majesty and the State's service.'[1] There can be no doubt that the whole body of advanced and educated military opinion was at Essex's back.

But it was little the self-seeking Bacon cared for this. First and last, he wanted to see his patron a royal favourite. So he urged the Earl to give up posing as a soldier, for the Queen loved peace. A military success could only lead to a popularity that the Queen would never brook. Instead of seeking the post of Earl Marshal or Master of the Ordnance, which would stamp him yet more deeply as an aspiring soldier, he should rather aim at one of the great civil offices of the State, in which he could still direct the war without demeaning

[1] *Birch*, ii. 166.

himself or risking his favour and reputation by taking part in it. Once installed at the Queen's side he could keep her affection by a score of tricks which Bacon detailed with shameless fertility, and which Essex's frank and impatient generosity could never be brought to employ. But all Francis Bacon's eloquence was thrown away. The inevitable results of the uncompleted campaign, no less than the Earl's own passion for adventure, spoke with a more powerful persuasion.

It was Philip, in the last fever of his sinister activity, that decided Essex's immediate future and pushed him nearer to the tragic end. Early in August the English diplomatic agents abroad began sending home information that the King of Spain meant mischief. During September these reports grew in clearness and importance. Side by side with the exasperating news of how narrowly the carracks and convoys had escaped and how easily the whole programme of the campaign could have been completed had Essex been allowed to do what he wanted, came tidings of a great fleet preparing in the Spanish ports. Its destination was unknown ; but towards the end of September intelligence that a number of Spanish officers had landed in Ireland pointed to an intention to support a new rebellion, for which Tyrone, in spite of his pretended submission, was known to be ripe. Reinforcements were hurriedly raised for the Irish army, but by the middle of October so serious and detailed were the reports of the Spanish mobilisation that something much more serious than a descent on Ireland was feared. Everything pointed to a design by Philip to attempt an invasion of England in mid-winter, when the country would be quite unprepared. The situation was alarming. Nothing was ready. The navy after the late effort was in no condition for sea, and owing to the stress of the war corn and other provisions

were rising to famine prices. So deep was the distress that in various parts of the country the people were in a very unsettled condition. The danger was acute and pressing, and Essex threw himself into the work of national defence with an ardour that drew from Bacon the caution already mentioned. It was evident that the campaign must be defensive. Sir Thomas Baskerville, who in recognition of his brilliant retreat from the West Indies with Drake's last fleet, had received the command of two thousand men for the French service, was stopped at Dover on his way to Picardy; and comprehensive preventive measures, founded on those of 1588, were taken. The cumbrous national forces were prepared for immediate mobilisation. Bagnal, the hero of Cadiz, was sent with a regiment to the Isle of Wight; several despatch boats were commissioned for intelligence; and warrants were issued for over two thousand seamen for the fleet.

The information obtained from various sources was very accurate. It was certain the new Armada would consist of over a hundred sail. About twenty were the King's galleons and men-of-war and the rest transports, of which a large proportion were foreign vessels seized with all their crews for the service. Of these, some eighty sail were being prepared at Lisbon and twenty at San Lucar. Ferrol was to be the rendezvous, where it was hoped that a further squadron of newly built galleons and other vessels would possibly be ready to join from the Guipuzcoan and Biscayan ports. The various squadrons were under the most famous admirals in Spain, with the exception of Drake's old prisoner, Don Pedro de Valdes. He was described at this time as being 'the most rude, ungrateful and inhuman Biscayner ever known, and a capital enemy of the British nation without exception.' There had been trouble about his ransom,

and in spite of his handsome treatment by Drake he was keenly desirous of a command that would give him his revenge. But he would accept nothing less than that of Vice-Admiral, which had been given to Don Diego Brochero, and so got none at all. The incompetent Duke of Medina-Sidonia had been entirely ignored, and in supreme command was the Adelantado of Castille, the highest military officer of the Spanish crown, who in the ensuing campaigns becomes the prominent figure on the Spanish side. The office at this time was held by Don Martin de Padilla, Conde de Gadea, a veteran who had served as a group-commander at Lepanto and who had been General of the Galleys of Spain during Drake's descents upon the coast. Like Santa Cruz in 1587, he was too old a hand not to know it was too late in the year for such a campaign, but he had to face one of those feverish outbursts of impatient obstinacy by which the King already had brought so much misfortune on his head. In spite of every kind of deficiency in men, stores, and ships, the King was resolved the fleet should sail in October, and in view of the condition of affairs in England and Ireland, and the Spanish lodgments in Brittany and Calais, the situation was very grave.

Essex was the life and soul of the preparations for resistance, and many of the minutes he obtained from experts on the subject of national defence are of high interest. One of the most able and modern in its spirit was drawn up by Lord Willoughby himself. Shortly before this time the most exposed parts of the coasts had been parcelled out into defence districts under the command of specially appointed colonels, with a view to organising select bodies of local troops and local defensive works, so that any attempt to land might be resisted at once and on the spot. The idea found so much favour

that there seemed a danger of its being expanded into attempting a general fortification of the coast. Against any such heresy Lord Willoughby emphatically protested with all the weight of his high reputation as a soldier. To attempt any such gigantic scheme he knew would only fritter away the military strength of the country in detached local efforts. Instead of isolated efforts to prevent a landing he was for massing the national forces at strategical points which would paralyse the action of an enemy, no matter where he landed. The efforts, then, of the engineers, he urged, instead of being dissipated on innumerable landing places, should be concentrated on positions that would serve as bases for local armies and be able to stand such a siege as no expeditionary force could possibly have sufficient endurance to maintain. His idea was frankly to let the Spaniards land, and prepare for them a trap they would never forget.[1]

Another authority has a curious suggestion of the theory of a 'fleet in being.' Though it might be impossible to gather a fleet large enough to defeat the enemy in the Channel, yet he was for getting everything afloat that was possible. 'To set as many ships as may be,' he notes, 'to impeach the enemy's landing, if not in time to encounter him. If most of his ships are Easterlings, Low Country ships, and such as serve by constraint, he will not trust them to fight at sea; and if he land, if our forces are seen at sea, these ships will try to save themselves.'[2] The idea chimed well with Willoughby's. It was to ensure that if the enemy landed they should never leave again except as prisoners.

But even this modest proposal was by no means easy to carry out. The difficulties in mobilising a fresh fleet, however small, must have been very great. Most of the

[1] *Birch*, ii. 165.

[2] *Domestic Calendar*, 1596, p. 305.

ships of the 'middle and lesser sort,' which alone were considered fit for a winter service, had been serving in the late campaign, and were therefore in no condition for a fresh commission until they had been overhauled. Still, the effort had to be made, and on November 5 a privy seal was issued for putting in commission ten ships for three months. This fleet included the 'Triumph,' 'Elizabeth Jonas,' 'Bear,' 'Merhonour,' 'Victory' and 'Ark,' all vessels of the greater sort, with other large ones of the 'middle sort.' [1] Seeing how wholly unfitted such a fleet was to keep the seas in winter, it seems to have been the intention to hold it with half crews purely on the defensive, in a state of semi-mobilisation, as had been done with the main fleet in the beginning of 1588. A week later, at any rate, elaborate directions were issued for protecting the navy at Chatham.

These 'Orders for the safe guarding of the Medway' are as follows: 'A ketch is to ride without Sheerness, and on sight of any enemy's vessel to give notice to the "Aid," which rides within Sheerness. The "Aid" is then to prepare to meet the enemy and to fire three guns, whereupon a pinnace riding at Oakhamness is to speed up the river to Chatham, giving alarm all the way up, to Chatham, Upnor Castle, the beacon of Chatham and Barrow Hill, and the four sconces and borders of the river on each side. On this the "Bear," riding against St. Mary's Creek mouth, is to shoot three pieces of ordnance to continue the alarm, which the "Mary Rose," riding against Rochester Bridge, is to take up and shoot three pieces of ordnance; on which all the country within hearing is to repair to Chatham Church and Upnor Castle on directions of the deputy-lieutenant of the

[1] *S. P. Dom.*, cclxiii. 45. Ships of the greater sort were over 600 tons; of the middle sort 400 to 600 tons.

Shires . . . Two captains with one thousand and thirty men are to repair to Upnor Castle and there to be distributed on the five ships next the chain to complete their crews, and four others are to repair to Chatham church with five hundred and forty men more.' To complete the picture of the relapse into the vicious ways that Drake and his fellows had stamped for all time as un-English, the 'great black galley' was ordered to be brought forward for service in the river, and three large oared hoys of one hundred tons were to be taken up and armed as galleys for the same purpose.[1]

These measures had been suddenly adopted on the decisions of what we should now call a Committee of National Defence. There being, as we have seen, no regular war department in England at the time, the scheme of defence was being drawn up, as in 1588, by a Council of War hastily summoned by the Queen. Week after week the information of the Spanish preparations had been growing more assured and more formidable, until in the first days of November came an alarming report that the various squadrons had actually sailed for the point of concentration at Ferrol. Then at last the Queen had been roused from her security. 'Sir,' Essex wrote to Cecil on November 3, 'the Queen yesternight signified her pleasure to me that she would have a meeting of such persons as were experienced in martial causes, that by them some advice may be given her, as was in the year '88. She hath named my lord Willoughby, my lord Borough, my lord North, my lord Norreys, Mr. Controller' (that is Essex's uncle, Sir William Knollys, the new Controller of the Household), 'Sir Francis Vere and Sir Conyers Clifford. These are named. I will move her

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, Nov. 10, 1596, and cf. *ibid.* p. 310; *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 482, Nov. 19.

also that Sir W. Ralegh and Sir G. Carew may be named, whom I pray you to warn as men already appointed, for I will procure them to be so. The place I moved might be at my lord your father's, who shall be our president. The time is three o'clock this afternoon. I pray you signify this much to my lord, and hold me for your very affectionate friend, Essex. I am hoarse and almost dead of a cold, so as I have the privilege to be a hearer.'[1] The magnanimity of Essex in thus, against his own interest, pushing forward his political opponents Burghley and Ralegh, says much for the real generosity of his character and much for the way in which Englishmen could forget their feuds in a time of national danger.

A report of the proceedings was afterwards published, which throws much interesting light on the military thought of the time and the characteristics of the men to whom the defence of the nation was committed.[2] Eleven questions were prepared by Essex to get opinions as to whether the Adelantado would come immediately or in the spring; whether he meant an incursion or an invasion; what would be his objective; what measures should be taken to prevent a lodgment; what to meet it if made; and finally as to details of points of concentration, stores, and organisation. Essex in spite of his cold gave his opinion first, a long one, elaborately argued, in which he said in any case preparation must be made at once, that an invasion was almost certainly intended, but that though Plymouth should be looked to, the enemy's objective was probably some point between the Isle of Wight and the mouth of the Thames. If they meant to establish an advanced base he considered it would

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 469.

[2] 'Articles propounded by the Earl of Essex upon the alarm given by the Spaniards in 1596.' Brit. Mus. S. 135 c.

be at Brest and not at Plymouth; for if they landed at Plymouth, they could easily be blockaded by land and sea and prevented from making any use of it, before they must be compelled to surrender. Burghley, with the inevitable aphorism 'surety before charge,' followed, agreeing generally with Essex, except that he alone suggested Falmouth as the point of danger, and this was in fact the Adelantado's real objective. Lord Willoughby's main anxiety was for Ireland, Scotland, and the Dutch ports. The county forces he considered should be sufficient to prevent mischief from an incursion upon the English coast, provided they were reinforced by a numerous mounted infantry, the last hobby of the Low Country school; but before all he placed the 'sea defence.' For even if the fleet could not defeat the enemy at sea, it could certainly delay his action long enough to give time for the effective disposition of the land forces. Lord Borough, with all the confidence of a soldier of limited mental grasp, declared that in view of the magnitude of the Spanish preparations an invasion was certainly intended and not a mere incursion. Judging the situation as though maritime warfare in no way differed from a land campaign, he fixed the Thames as certainly the objective, and scouted contemptuously the idea of an advanced base in the West. 'To use any port,' he said, 'and fortify it to make a magazine, is absurd when he passeth forwards.' Contrary to Borough, Lord North considered the Adelantado's force too small for an invasion, and believed that the Isle of Wight and Southampton were to be made to answer for Cadiz.

Sir William Knollys of course expressed his general agreement with his nephew Essex, but he had views of his own as well. What special experience he had to entitle him to a place on the Council we know

not, and yet in that assembly of soldiers and politicians he gave the wisest opinion of all. In answer to the third question, how to meet invasion, he said, 'Our shipping and sea service is our best and safest defence as being the only fortification and rampart of England.' He too with a fine grasp of naval conditions saw the danger of an advanced base, 'because,' as he said, 'methinks the Spanish King will not engage his fleet too far in the Sleeve until he have possessed some good harbour in the West.' Plymouth he thought was the objective as being our own chief naval port, the nearest to Spain and the most convenient for Brest.

Ralegh, who followed, gave an entirely independent opinion, as was only to be expected from his original mind. He believed the movement to Ferrol meant nothing but that the resources of Lisbon were exhausted, and he was convinced the Adelantado could not be ready for an invasion till late the next summer. He was sure too that no attempt to secure a preliminary *pied à terre* was intended; for 'I hold it for a principle,' said he, 'that there is no enemy so ill-advised as to offer to hold any place or piece of ground upon this coast, when her Majesty with the help of the Low Countries may command the sea. The reasons are manifold manifest and therefore superfluous to insert.' To anyone but Philip they certainly were, but Ralegh's clear head could not fathom the depths of the Spanish King's fatuity in the higher strategy. His reasons were right but his conclusions were wrong. He was sure that when Philip struck, it must be with a long prepared force directly at the Thames. The river might be fortified. For the rest of the coast fortification was useless, and every effort must be spent on preparing a large fleet for immediate mobilisation when the hour came. Sir George Carew, who was

soon to prove himself one of the first strategists of the time, could not bring himself to endorse his friend's views, and in spite of his admiration of Ralegh gave his whole support to Essex. Norreys, Vere, and Clifford apparently did not attend.

On these opinions it was decided by the majority that the enemy would probably come immediately, while the English fleet was unready, and therefore that the main defence must be military. Plymouth, the Wight, and Southampton were to be strongly garrisoned; as many armies as possible were to be 'described,' with all speed; and a flotilla of hoys was to be collected at Gravesend to transport troops freely across the Thames, as the enemy's movements might require. The naval precautions already noticed were the natural corollary of this scheme of defence, which circumstances had forced upon the Government. Ralegh and Lord Borough did not concur in the report. Being both convinced that no immediate invasion was possible or incursion intended and that when the blow did come it would be struck at the Thames, they drew up a separate scheme of their own. The feature of Ralegh's character, which has dazzled posterity into giving him a much higher place as an admiral than he ever deserved, was his far-sightedness. His enunciation of the doctrine of the command of the sea was clear, sound, and modern. Drake, with all his deep conviction and painful effort to persuade his superiors, had never stated it with half such lucidity or completeness. The difference between the two men is that Drake acted on it and Ralegh did not. Drake, inarticulate, drastic, and convinced, only knew he could have no ease till he was at the throat of the enemy's main fleet. Ralegh, the scholar and logician, was content to know that theoretically the Queen and the States had the preponderance at

sea, and that by the rules of the art Spain could not invade them. Of all Englishmen who have achieved a great reputation as a man of action he had most deeply the taint of the man of letters, and to this he owes much of the reputation that men of letters have made him. What Ralegh's counter-scheme was we cannot tell for certain. In any case it was not a project for destroying the Adelantado's fleet at its base. Seeing that he was convinced of the theoretical safety of the country, it was most likely some diversion that he had in his mind, and from what afterwards occurred there is high probability that he hoped to be allowed to repeat Drake's raid on the West Indies. Whatever his project was it was rejected. In writing to Lord Willoughby on November 9, Anthony Bacon with his usual acidity says he doubts not his Lordship had heard of Borough's and Ralegh's 'counter points,' but assures him these 'descants pleased more their own conceits than the Sovereign's ear.'[1]

Thus, then, with the fleet at its moorings and the military forces half prepared, the nation waited for the blow to fall. Still no certainty could be reached as to whether the Adelantado meant to sail that year or as to where he meant to strike. So persistently adverse did the weather continue that the despatch boats could not get out of the Channel. Letter after letter came up from the West to say they were still weather bound at Plymouth, when towards the end of November the report that the San Lucar and Lisbon squadrons had concentrated at Ferrol was confirmed. The movement had commenced fully a month before and nothing had been heard of them since. The danger was acute; any day the new Armada might appear, and no one could guess where. For a week the tension was extreme;

[1] *Birch*, ii. 197.

but only for a week. Before November was out Bagnal had been ordered back from the Isle of Wight with his regiment, the reinforcements for Ireland were countermanded, and with a deep sigh of relief the country sank back into security.

What had happened was probably inevitable and no doubt in a measure counted on by those who were responsible for the national defence. Ready or not the King, as we have seen, was resolved the fleet should sail in October. In vain, like Santa Cruz, the Adelantado had continued to protest. At last in desperation he had taken the opinions of all his captains and pilots on oath, and sent in their declaration that if the fleet sailed at that season it would only be to court disaster. Philip merely repeated his orders more sharply and the Adelantado had to obey.[1] In the last week of October he got to sea with the hundred sail of the San Lucar and Lisbon squadrons. It was a fleet formidable enough in appearance, but the ships were ill found, the crews mostly raw lads, and the officers disheartened with the crazy obstinacy of the King who had driven them to sea at such a time and with such a force.

To all but the most sanguine and most ignorant the whole project seemed hopeless. And they were right. As far as Vianna Road they sailed in safety. There they had to anchor and wait for a wind. It was their furthest point. Almost immediately they were struck by a gale. It was an ally on which English strategy could always count with security. Spanish seamanship was powerless in conditions at which English ships and mariners could laugh. When the gale had passed the ill-found throng of vessels had ceased to exist as an effective fleet. Between

[1] *Venetian Calendar*, Nov. 3 and 12, 1596, where a list of this Armada will be found.

Corcubion and Finisterre seven galleons and twenty-five armed ships were wrecks, besides an untold number of caravels and smaller craft. Some two thousand men were lost, and the rest of the ships that succeeded in weathering the Cape were scattered into the ports of the Cantabrian Gulf, broken past use.[1] 'Truly,' sighed Herrera as he wrote the tale, 'an admiral like a doctor must have fortune on his side.' Disaster after disaster had failed to teach the stubborn King that success upon the sea does not rest upon fortune, nor till his dying day could he see that it was his system that made a final victory impossible against the adversaries that were bleeding him and his empire to death.

[1] Duro, *Armada Española*, iii. 130. *S. P. Dom.*, cclx. 75, cclxi. 38. *Birch*, ii. 207, 215. *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 495, 513, 516.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST ATTEMPT TO INVADE SPAIN

For the time England was safe. The shock of the disaster reverberated into every corner of Philip's dominions, loosening everywhere the frayed bonds of his system, and threatening to complete what Essex's campaign had left undone. Bankruptcy stared the King of Spain in the face, more clearly than ever it had done since Drake's first two triumphant campaigns. But still he would not be turned, and without a pause continued to force on his scheme for revenge as though nothing had crossed it. Such dogged obstinacy it is impossible not to admire, though the misery it involved upon his anæmic empire must have been appalling. As an immediate step for his own relief, Philip had to dishonour the whole of the bills of his Governor in the Netherlands to the amount of a million and a half. The result was a panic on every Exchange in Europe, from Amsterdam to Florence. In his fevered thirst for revenge before the life rotted out of him he could taste no shame. Unblushing he tried to repudiate his loans at forty-five per cent. The merchants begged for fifty-five and he refused to pay anything. In that resolve he remained resolute, wrote Sir Thomas Chaloner, our ambassador at Florence, 'being satisfied in conscience by his confessors that to persecute heretics, he might lawfully yield to necessity.' Half the merchants in Italy were ruined, not a bank was safe from day to day,

and yet as though he had not caused ruin enough, Philip procured a bull from the Pope forbidding Catholics to trade where the Mass was not allowed. It was more than even the downtrodden Italians could bear. 'Nothing,' wrote Chaloner, 'withheld the Princes of Italy from attacking the King of Spain, but the expectation of a lower ebb in his fortune.' By the repudiation, they said, he had sacked all Italy without a stroke, and the last interdiction was a greater blow than the loss of their money. The grim Florentine humour found pathetic consolation in the thought that on 'Change henceforth they would reckon time from the year when they and the King of Spain went bankrupt together.[1]

As for Elizabeth she was no less resolved than Philip. At the opening of the year 1597 William Borough got out an estimate for the mobilisation of the whole navy for four months, and side by side with this there is a project drawn up by Cecil for a naval expedition under Howard and Essex on the lines of that of the previous year, to be attended with a military force of five thousand of Vere's and Edward Norrey's men from the Low Countries. The main idea seems to have been to repeat the strategy which marked the opening of the year of the Great Armada, that is to say, to retain at Chatham a reserve fleet of the largest vessels in the navy, while the more mobile units were formed into a flying squadron for offensive operations on the enemy's coast. The chief difference in the present case was that the flying squadron was to be much stronger than that originally entrusted to Drake in 1588. The lines of naval strategy, which he had traced, had bitten too deeply not to be universally recognised. Burghley, long ago converted to the principle of offensive operations, noted, as President of the Council of National

[1] *Birch*, ii. 222, 236, 269–70. *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 109.

Defence, 'I think nothing so needful as to attempt some enterprise against the Spanish army in Ferrol.'

There were, however, difficulties in the way. Howard on the plea of ill-health begged to be excused from active service, and the question of filling his place was one of considerable delicacy. Essex and Cumberland each put forward rival schemes on a smaller scale. Cumberland offered with two of the Queen's ships, twenty Hollanders, and a few of his own, to attempt to burn the fleet as it was being re-organised at Ferrol, and if he failed, to undertake that no Spanish troops reached Ireland. Essex with ten or twelve of the Queen's ships, as many Londoners, and twenty Dutch was ready if he could have five thousand of the trained troops then serving abroad to attack Ferrol in form.[1] On January 27 a conference was held to consider these proposals. Both were rejected, and in their place a warrant was issued on February 3 for twelve of the Queen's middle and lesser ships to be brought forward for a four months' commission. It was further decided again to seek the co-operation of the States. With Vere's active assistance the Dutch had just won at Turnhout their first victory in the open over the Spaniards, and the Queen in writing to congratulate her Colonel-General urged him to use the happy occasion for pressing the States to assist her with a naval squadron. The commander contemplated for the whole would appear to have been Lord Thomas Howard, but though a privy seal was issued for the money required the project seems to have been held in abeyance. The intelligence from Ferrol continued to point to the backward state of the Spanish preparations, and there were internal reasons for not pressing matters forward unnecessarily.

For Elizabeth like Philip had now to feel the pinch of

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, Jan. 11 and 20, 1597.

war, and things moved more stiffly than at any time since hostilities began. In December the usual application had been made to the City of London for a squadron to co-operate with the royal fleet. Of all the ports in England none had shown such alertness, such readiness to sacrifice its interests as the capital. Its answer now was ominous. Usually the royal request had been granted and even exceeded before it was made, but now on Christmas Day the Queen had to face something like a refusal. Ten ships had been demanded, but the city magnates protested it was out of their power to provide so many. The war had already cost them one hundred thousand marks in naval armaments, and for the last three years provisions had been so scarce and foreign trade so restricted, that, as they said, the general state of their whole city was much impoverished. 'Many persons,' they protested, 'before known to be of good wealth are greatly decayed and utterly disabled from all public service, being hardly able by their uttermost endeavours to maintain the charges of their private families in very mean sort: divers of them being enforced to relinquish their trades and to dissolve their households.' And to make matters worse, so far from enjoying any return for their venture in the late expedition to Cadiz, not a penny of their capital had come back to them. Further, with an ominous whisper of the coming storm they darkly hinted that people were beginning to ask by what authority these continual contributions were levied. So they begged they might be called upon for no more than their just proportion compared with other ports.[1] Similar resistance was encountered elsewhere, and especially in the East Anglian coast towns. The strain of the war on them was so great that the Council had ordered that half the cost of the

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 534.

contingent they were required to furnish should be levied on the inland districts. To this order the Deputy-Lieutenants offered a passive resistance which ended in their being summoned to explain their conduct before the Council. Similar difficulties in collecting the ship money occurred in Devonshire, and the Council had to send down orders for all delinquents to appear before them.[1]

To aggravate the situation, from all parts of the country there was the same story of distress. In the north it was particularly severe. Whole tracts of country were going out of cultivation, villages were deserted, and the starving people crowding into the little port towns. The sea was calling away so many of the Border gentry that the Warden of the Marches had to protest. The moss troopers were getting out of hand, and both levies and leaders were wanting on whom he could call to restore security.[2] It is easy to see that but for the intense national feeling which Elizabeth had inspired the ship-money struggle might have been precipitated by nearly half a century. It was the first of many bitter contests for the dominion of the sea, and we who enjoy the fruit are apt to forget at what cost the end was achieved. But deep as was the distress and surly the opposition to the methods which the Government was forced to employ, the spirit of the nation held true. Instinctively they seemed to know that there was no drawing back, as though they felt the sea was their life blood, and were led doggedly forward by a half-seen vision of the abundant growth it was to nourish.

There is, however, another consideration which goes far to explain the buoyancy of the English public spirit.

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, March 20, 1597. *Somerset Papers*, *Hist. MSS. Com.*, xv., vii. 14, 32, 51.

[2] See the Dean of Durham's reports in *Domestic Calendar*, 1597, p. 348, and Cecil to Essex, *ibid.* p. 479.

Though to themselves they seemed to be weighed down by the pressure of the war, foreigners saw them in a very different light, and were we to trust entirely to their own view of their condition we should probably form an exaggerated view of the depression, at least as compared with their less happy neighbours. To correct the impression we have a graphic report of a young Venetian nobleman who visited the country in the summer of 1596. After describing the admirable system of internal precautions that had been adopted against hostile agents, he proceeds, with a passing depreciation of the national militia, to paint England as he saw it. 'As for the country itself,' he says, 'it is the most lovely to be seen in the world, so opulent, fat, and rich in all things, that you may say with truth poverty is banished. In my own observation I have not met with a single beggar. The civil wars in France and the Low Countries have so much increased its wealth in every way, that it may be said that London is a little world in itself; and in proof of this two French *sous* are enough for a meal here and that an excellent one, whereas in France—sixty—a whole crown—is barely enough, as you know. Of the Queen's riches there is no need to speak, for with such wealthy subjects she, of course, is no less.' With both Queen and subjects he was enchanted. He brought letters of introduction from Henry IV. and was presented by Essex, who had just returned from Cadiz. He describes Elizabeth as about sixty-four years of age, short, ruddy, and very strongly built, looking as though she had many years to live. 'No sooner had I kissed hands,' he writes, 'than she said to me in Italian, which she speaks extremely well, "My brother the King of France writes to me, that I am to show you the beauties of this kingdom, and the first thing you have seen is the ugliest—myself."' The polished young Venetian

did not let her fish in vain. Having feasted his eyes he said, and regaled his soul with the sight of her person, he had no desire to see more, because he knew that the rest could not compare with her majesty. His voyage home clenched his impressions of her subjects. The armed ship on which he embarked sighted at midnight seven ships supposed to be Dunkirk privateers. 'We all armed,' he says, 'for our captain resolved to attack, but when we fetched them up we found they were friends. It was a marvel to see the courage of the English in going to attack at such a disadvantage. These people fight to the death, and it is their habit before they sail to swear to one another that they will fire the ship rather than yield themselves prisoners, so stubborn is this race in battle.' Seeing the situation thus through the wondering eyes of the young Venetian, it is easier to reconcile the grumbling of the people with the vigour that the country continued to display at sea.

Two further considerations may have had something to do with postponing the attack on the Ferrol fleet. One was that the Government was again turning its attention to the recovery of Calais and the other was the ill humour of Essex. During his absence on the late campaign Sir Robert Cecil in spite of all his opposition had been made Secretary of State, and since his return, being already embittered by the sordid and irritating questions that arose over the disappearance of the Cadiz plunder, he was brought by the rejection of his plan of campaign into the worst of his moods. His cold was no better, and his spirits were at their lowest ebb. To add to his burning grievance about Cecil's promotion he could not get his own appointment to the Ordnance, and the new Secretary of State seemed to be carrying everything his own and Ralegh's way. He grew home-sick and gave out that he

wanted to retire into Wales 'where his estate lay, to view it and see his friends.' But he still kept his bed, 'Sir Robert Cecil being in greatest credit with the Queen and passing the most part of the day in private and secret correspondence with her majesty.' Anthony Bacon wrote 'that his Lordship's indisposition had increased the last week with just cause of undeserved discontents of mind.' But things soon mended. Though ostensibly he kept his chamber till February 21st, his attendants said they could not weep for it, for they knew he was no longer sick. 'There was not a day passed,' one of them said, 'but that the Queen sent often to see him, and himself every day went privately to her. And after fourteen days' retirement he came out of his chamber upon good terms with the Queen who had resolved to break him of his will and pull down his great heart, but found it a thing impossible.' She said he had it from his mother, the Queen's own kinswoman, the beautiful Lettice Knollys. But the waters were still troubled. He could not get on with the Secretary and was soon back in his chamber talking of Wales again, and Ralegh eager for action was in and out trying to make peace between him and Cecil.[1] But all was of no avail. He had obtained the Queen's leave to go down into Wales and it was only the death of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports that delayed him. He wanted the post for his friend Sir Robert Sydney. It was given to Lord Cobham, and Essex could bear no more. On Thursday, March 10th, his followers and horses were ready to start for Wales. At ten o'clock the Earl came out, and went down the Strand to speak a last word to Lord Burghley. But he had got no farther than Somerset House when a gentleman from the Court met him with a summons to the palace. When it had come to the point the Queen could

[1] *Birch*, ii. 281–3, citing the *Sidney Letters*, vol. ii.

not let him go, and again she gave way to his mother's spirit. He returned at once with the messenger and for a little while he was closetted with the Queen. What passed is not told, but presently he came forth Master of the Ordnance and ordered his horses back to the stables.[1]

Upon this new demonstration of his ascendency over the doting Queen, which since the office of Earl Marshal was vacant constituted him virtually commander-in-chief, Cecil and Ralegh changed their tactics. The result was that on April 18th Essex went in Cecil's coach to dine with him and meet Ralegh. Before the three separated they had sworn friendship on the terms that Cecil was to have the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Ralegh, what was more agreeable to his business-like mind, the contract to victual six thousand men that were to be mobilised for three months.

While the Queen was thus occupied in trying to pull down her favourite's great spirit and Ralegh and Cecil were busy endeavouring to turn the occasion to their own advantage, the war preparations had naturally languished. Every fresh report from Spain told of the Adelantado struggling hopelessly with famine, sickness, and desertions. Strategically Ferrol was an excellent base, but from an administrative point of view its remoteness from the centre of government and main sources of supply led to every kind of delay and difficulty. Provisions were consumed almost as fast as they could be supplied. Volunteers were hardly to be had, and pressed men ran away vowing they would rather risk hanging in Spain than go to certain death in England. The Adelantado growing desperate used the extremest severity, and the desertions only increased. Everything pointed to there being no immediate danger from Ferrol, and the attention of the English Government

[1] *Birch*, ii. 296.

turned again to the recovery of Calais. Here the danger seemed greater. On March 1st through sheer neglect and carelessness the Spaniards had been allowed to surprise Amiens, and Henry's position was severely altered for the worse. Essex saw an opportunity for pressing the Calais project and retrieving the disgrace of its loss, which still tormented him. The subject was reopened to the King by Sir Anthony Mildmay, our ambassador at the French Court. He asked who would command the expedition. Mildmay said the Earl in person. Henry replied scornfully that he knew well enough the Queen would never allow his cousin of Essex away from her petticoats. The words were reported to Elizabeth and she wrote the King with her own hand four lines in answer. What those four lines were, we do not know, but when Mildmay handed the note to the King he changed colour and raised his hand to strike him. Then checking himself he abruptly told him to leave the room.[1]

It was ill bandying words with Elizabeth. No more for a time was heard of assistance for the recovery of Calais; the English war movements swung back to the old naval lines; and best of all the Queen resolved to show the world that Essex was not tied to her petticoat strings.

It was now clear he was to be employed again, and day by day the three new-sworn friends sat in continual council over the offensive operations upon which they were bent. For a short time, however, the progress of the new expeditionary force was interrupted by the scare of an invasion by the Cardinal Archduke who was threatening Boulogne. Essex having at last obtained the office he desired, was absorbed in the reform of his department with especial reference to the naval ordnance stores and his long deferred

[1] *Birch*, ii. 305.

project for a reorganisation of the national forces. Beyond the yeomen of the guard and a few permanent garrisons England was still without the semblance of a standing army such as all the other Powers had already established. For military force she had to depend on an antiquated county militia which hitherto had been entirely directed by the lord-lieutenants and their deputy-lieutenants—who might, or might not, be men of military experience. The insecurity of the system, as we have seen, had already been recognised in the counties most exposed to the enemy by the appointment of colonels to take charge of definite strips of coast with special troops assigned. The present reorganisation which Essex was attempting, was in the nature of an extension of this scheme to practically the whole of the country south of the Border system.

The end in view was to provide an army of six thousand trained men which could be mobilised at any moment. For this purpose the country was divided into what we should now call regimental districts. Where a county was rich and populous enough to furnish a regiment it formed a district by itself. London also formed a separate district with a regiment of four hundred and fifty men, that being the usual strength of them all. The rest of the counties were grouped. For each of these districts a new officer called a 'Superintendent of the Forces' was appointed with three or four captains to assist him and to command the companies of which each battalion or regiment was to consist. All officers were chosen as far as possible from their connection by family or residence with the counties in which they were to work, so that in the new system, with a wisdom worthy of close imitation, the territorial idea was strictly adhered to in commissioned as well as non-commissioned ranks. The Superintendents, who were

the battalion commanders, were all chosen from men who had seen service in field rank. Many had actually commanded regiments before the enemy, and most of them had served under Essex in the Cadiz campaign. The greater part of them were already serving locally, either as colonels commanding the militia regiments under the deputy-lieutenants, or as colonels commanding local defence districts, or otherwise on the county staff of the lord-lieutenant as general of the local forces.[1] The new organisation was thus by no means perfect, as tending in case of sudden need to dislocate the county organisation by removing its best officers; but it nevertheless reveals a remarkable advance in military thought, showing how it was being more keenly felt that a navy however powerful and well organised is yet, without a mobile military force in immediate readiness to act with it, like a body without hands. The protests of the soldiers against the 'Idolatry of Neptune' were clearly bearing fruit, and Essex must be credited with being one of the first men who tried to give England an army in the modern sense.

The new machinery was hardly installed before it had to be put in motion. So serious grew the prospect of the Archduke's invasion or at least of the necessity of saving Boulogne from the fate of Calais that in the last days of April orders were given for the partial mobilisation of the Eastern County forces. All Superintendents were ordered to repair to their stations and levy-letters were issued for the whole of the southern part of the kingdom. The idea of an expedition to Spain was not abandoned, but as Anthony Bacon wrote to his correspondent in Venice 'A resolution of action was taken in the disjunctive either for the recovery of Calais or another sea voyage South-

[1] *S. P. Dom.*, cclxii. 124, 140, 146. See *Somerset Papers*, *Hist. MSS. Com.* xv., vii. 27 *et passim*, for the county military organisation at this time.

ward and whichever of them took effect the Earl was like to be chief commander.'

But this was far from settled. At the beginning of April the actual condition of the English naval preparations was as follows. Two distinct fleets were in process of mobilisation. The first was to consist of the six largest ships in the navy, together with the 'Hope,' the 'Golden Lion' and the Spanish prize 'St. Andrew.' To this was to be attached an oared squadron consisting of the galley 'Mercury,' three pinnaces, two barges, and ten armed hoys, besides six double flyboats of over 200 tons as fire-ships.[1] This fleet it would appear was to be held in reserve and on the defensive, and on May 16th it was ready for sea. Meanwhile the warrant for Lord Thomas Howard's active fleet of twelve of the middle and lesser sorts of ships had been re-issued. He was to sail at once for the coast of Spain and estimates were prepared for a fleet of fourteen ships and pinnaces to follow in support. Ralegh was named for his vice-admiral. So far Essex does not appear officially as destined for any share in the campaign. But before Lord Thomas sailed he had succeeded like Drake in 1588 in convincing the Queen that the main energy of the campaign should be thrown into the active fleet. In its present shape he argued it was too large for a reconnaissance and too small for offensive operations. The result was that before the end of the month the final resolution was taken. Lord Thomas's squadron was ordered to be reinforced by six ships from the Chatham fleet, the Dutch contingent was to combine with it, a large military force was to be added and Essex to be sole commander-in chief.

[1] *S. P. Dom. Additional*, March 31, 1597. The warrant for the fleet and 4820 men to man it, was issued on April 13.—*Domestic Calendar*, p. 387.

His delight was signalised with his usual generosity. At the end of May he repaired to Chatham, but before he left the Court he had paved the way for a complete reconciliation between the Queen and Ralegh, who was to be his rear-admiral. Ralegh was still officially in disgrace for the sake of the frail Elizabeth Throgmorton. To the jealous Queen his marriage could be little atonement, nor had his conduct in the late campaign been such as to purge his sin in her eyes. Even yet he had not been permitted to resume his duties as Captain of the Guard, but the influence of the triumvirate was now irresistible. It was arranged that while Essex was away Cecil should carry the penitent to the Queen and at last she melted. The sinner received full absolution and was restored to the enjoyment of his office.

So briskly did things now go that by the middle of the month the reinforced fleet was ready to sail. It consisted of seventeen of the royal ships, including the two Spanish galleons which had been taken at Cadiz and had since been 'refashioned' in harmony with English ideas, twenty-two Dutch men-of-war, and twenty-four transports and store ships, besides several pinnaces that had been already sent forward for intelligence. The new military organisation provided immediately a force of 6000 men under the new superintendents. Of these, 2800 were shipped in the Thames, 1000 more in the Downs, and at Sandwich Vere joined with 1200 of his veteran musketeers.

Unhappily the renowned Colonel-General, with his laurels green from Turnhout, was in a very bad humour. He was smarting under a deep sense of injustice because Sir Robert Sydney had held back his despatches after the late victory, and sending in his own, had taken the lion's share of the credit. Moreover he had never ceased to urge on Essex, with all the weight of his professional experience,

that Calais and not Ferrol was now the proper operation to undertake. He doubted whether the project against Ferrol was feasible with the force at Essex's command, and in any case was certain that the consequences of the recapture of Calais would give strategical and political results far exceeding any success on the Spanish coast.[1] He arrived to find not only that his advice had been rejected, but that he was not to be, as he had expected, Essex's second-in-command. True he was still to be Marshal as in the late campaign, but the young Lord Mountjoy had at last been released from his long and patient study of the art military at his royal mistress's apron strings, and had been interposed as Lieutenant-General over his head. In vain at their interview at Sandwich Essex tried to soothe the great soldier's feelings by assuring him that Mountjoy had been forced upon him by the Queen, that the Marshal in English armies was always really second-in-command, and that he should be treated as such, and that Mountjoy had merely a title without an office. Vere was not to be appeased. He told the Earl bluntly that he knew well enough he was too powerful with her Majesty to have any man forced on him that was not of his own choosing, and that though he knew his duty as a soldier of the Queen too well not to loyally submit himself to the Lieutenant-General and go through with it, yet he could only regard himself as disgraced and dishonoured by Essex, and begged for the future he would never again require him to serve under his command. Essex in his kindliness for the injured general seemed, as Vere himself says, 'to take these speeches of mine as proceeding rather of a passionate discontentment than of a resolution framed in cold blood, and that it in time would be digested; and so without

[1] See his despatches in *Hatfield Papers*, vii.

any sharpness on his part, the matter rested.' Vere was implacable where his professional dignity was touched. That he had cause to complain is not to be denied. Though destined to shine as one of the most brilliant commanders of the closing years of the war, Mountjoy's service hitherto had been seen mostly in the tiltyard and in such truant visits to the Low Countries and Brittany as he had been able to steal from the Queen's affection. He had never yet had a command in the field, for though he had had a regiment in Brittany, Elizabeth would not suffer him to command it in person. Still he was already known, and indeed a good deal laughed at, for a devout student of the art of war, and as governor of Portsmouth had remodelled the fortifications on the most modern principles. Notwithstanding Vere's intractability, Essex did not cease his efforts to bring harmony into his staff. From Sandwich the fleet proceeded to Weymouth to take in 600 more soldiers, and here Essex called Vere and Ralegh before him. 'For that he thought,' says Vere, 'there remained some grudge of the last year's falling out, he would needs have us shake hands, which we did both the willinglier because there had nothing passed betwixt us that might blemish reputation.' [1]

With Essex the Queen had never been in a more radiant humour. At every point where he touched, he received tokens and letters of tender and anxious affection, and wearied as he was with his duties, he replied to them in terms passionate enough to please even his machiavellian instructor Francis Bacon. They are 'dear letters' and 'sweet letters' he says again and again, and begs for immediate news of her dear self. He is out of charity with his dull wit and weak words for that they cannot utter what his heart conceives. 'If I could express,'

[1] *Commentaries*, pp. 45–8.

he vows, 'my soul's humble infinite and perfect thankfulness for so high favours as your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and above all the angel which you sent to guard me, for your Majesty's sweet letters indited by the spirit of spirits—if for this I say I could express fit thankfulness, I would strain my wits to perform it.' He can only hope to speak by his deeds in her service and so, he ends, 'shall you bless and make happy your Majesty's humble vassal, whose soul is poured out with most earnest, faithful, and more than most affectionate wishes.' The Queen's good humour is the more remarkable, because the General was compelled to make demands upon her such as seldom failed to upset her temper. So baffling were the winds, that after several ineffectual attempts to work to the westward, the fleet was still at Dover on the last day of June. In a week more they made Weymouth to pick up further men and get rid of useless hands. Here a council was held, at which it was decided that owing to the long delay a demand for a month's more victual must be made. Fulke Greville was chosen for the delicate mission and the fleet proceeded on its way.[1] Still bad luck clung to it. No sooner had it left port than it encountered a violent gale, but by July 8th succeeded in reaching Plymouth without serious mishap.

Here it was organised as usual in four squadrons. The first was commanded by Essex in the 'Merhonour' with Sir Robert Mansell for his captain and Lord Southampton in the 'Garland' for his vice-admiral. It consisted of six royal galleons, the 'Mercury' or Black galley, five private armed vessels, and ten transports. The second was Lord Thomas Howard's in the 'Repulse,' with Sir Richard Leveson for his vice-admiral in the 'Hope,' and consisted of five royal galleons and a pinnace,

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 291.

five private ships, and eight transports. The third was Ralegh's in the 'Warspite,' with Sir Arthur Gorges, his friend and kinsman and the historian of the expedition, for his captain,[1] and Sir George Carew in the 'St. Matthew' for his vice-admiral. The squadron consisted of five royal galleons, two private ships, and ten transports and store ships. Further, each squadron had a light division of five or six 'small men' attached to it. These seem for the most part to have been barges and other 'rowing pieces' designed to form an oared squadron with the Black galley. The fourth squadron was formed by the Dutch contingent under Jan Duyvenvoord, with Jan Gerbrantsen for vice-admiral and Cornelius Lensen for rear-admiral. These same three officers had commanded the Dutch Squadron in the last campaign and were devoted to Essex. In testimony of his appreciation of their unswerving support he had presented them with chains of honour, to their deep gratification. Their squadron consisted of nine men-of-war and fifteen transports and store ships. In all, the fleet numbered ninety-eight sail, besides the observation vessels already thrown forward.[2]

The army it carried was organised into ten small regiments each containing five companies, a hundred strong. In most cases four of the companies were

[1] Gorges's 'small pamphlet,' as he calls it, was not written till after the Queen's death. A MS. copy of it is in *S. P. Dom. Add.*, xxxvi. 94, calendared, for what reason does not appear, under 1604 and anonymously. It is much mutilated and incomplete, the whole of the leaves which related to Ralegh's landing at Fayal and the remainder of the expedition being lost. It was apparently never printed until Purchas included it in an abridged form in his *Pilgrims*, iv. 1643. The introductory part seems to have been written from memory and is not entirely trustworthy, but the account of the voyage is clearly taken from an accurately kept journal.

[2] *S. P. Dom.*, cclxiv. 3. Gorges says it consisted of 'about 120 sail whereof three score were good men of war and gallant ships; the rest victuallers or ships of transportation.'

formed from the new territorial regiments and one from the Low Country veterans. Essex as the idol of the capital clenched his popularity by forming his regiment of the four London companies. Each transport carried, with two exceptions, either one or one and a half company. According to the English rule the war ships carried none, but by a curious exception we find the 'St. Matthew' and 'St. Andrew' each carrying two companies, probably on account of the excellent accommodation they provided rather than with an idea, according to the Spanish practice, of increasing their fighting strength. The principal staff officers who formed the select council of war besides those already mentioned were Sir George Carew, 'master of the ordnance,' commanding the field artillery, of which the force had a complement of six guns; Sir Christopher Blount, 'first-colonel,' commanding the infantry; Sir Ferdinando Gorges, sergeant-major; and Sir Oliver Lambert, quarter-master-general.

The force, both for equipment and training, was probably even better than that of the previous year. It was officered by the cream of the English soldiers who were not already engaged abroad or in Ireland, and was thoroughly capable of carrying out the operations that were expected from it. Essex's instructions as 'our lieutenant-general and admiral of our navy and army now prepared and sent to sea' exist in full dated June 15th. After reciting the threatened operations against England, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Brest, they order him to proceed to the northern ports of Spain and especially Ferrol, where the King's fleet was repairing the losses of the late storm, and there he was to assail it by sea and land and attempt to destroy it with fire or any other means. 'For the doing whereof,' the instructions

proceed, showing how the true principles of the war were taking hold, 'you being our minister under God to suppress these tyrannies and unjust preparations, will discreetly in God's name and with the least danger and loss of our people expedite this special service for the ruin of the enemy, especially by the destruction of his ships; which being well executed, there is no cause for us to doubt of any peril to come for a long time for him, though his mind be never so malicious or his desire so ambitious.' If he found the Adelantado's fleet had put to sea, he was to operate against it at his discretion according as he found that it or any part of it was bound for Ireland or England, or for the relief of the Cardinal Archduke's army in the Low Countries, or for the taking of Brest. The main fleet destroyed or defeated, he might proceed to the Azores to intercept the carracks and West Indian convoys, provided he could do so in time to get home before winter set in. Then comes the most interesting part of his orders. This was a special authority to reduce the Island of Terceira and leave a force to occupy it permanently, but unhappily it was upon the express condition that it was not to be held if it were found that an annual fleet would be required to supply the garrison. Such a condition, which rendered the authority practically nugatory, is highly characteristic of Elizabeth as a war minister. Fortunately it was also as characteristic of her admirals to assent to such conditions without any intention of abiding by them.[1] Thus, then, we have authorised at last the original scheme for finally crushing Spain upon which Drake and Walsingham had set their hearts long before in the days when Philip had not yet established

[1] As an instance of Gorges's inaccuracy it may be noted that he says the sole object of the expedition was the occupation of the Azores. Ferrol, he says, was an after thought. It is of course possible that Essex from the first intended to ignore the Queen's instructions about the Adelantado's fleet.

himself as a naval power upon the ocean. It is worthy of note that, by a special clause in the instructions, Essex was ordered in certain cases to add the last and one of the best of Drake's old school to his inner council. 'As we have had,' it runs, 'good experience of the faith and judgment of our servant, George Fenner, we require you, for any consultation concerning any matter to be attempted at sea, to call him to your council and hear his mind.'

The clause rings a note strangely in discord with the rest of the paper, as though the Queen were looking back with regret to the days of her old sailor admirals, distrusting the seamanship of the new men. It is to be feared she had cause enough. In the old days the admirals could speak of nothing but the splendid condition of her ships and the excellence of their crews. But now the tone was changed. The ships were found leaky and full of defects. Essex's own flagship developed defects so serious by the time she reached Plymouth as to cause his friends no little anxiety. As for the crews, half of them proved useless. The real seamen preferred more than ever the privateer service under men of their own stamp, and the way they had been treated in the matter of the Cadiz plunder had not made the Queen's service any more popular. Numbers of the pressed men had to be discharged. The officers bitterly complained they were not mariners at all, 'but men unserviceable taken up by the press-masters in mariners' clothes, that know not one rope in the ship, yet all the ships are so ill-manned that if here (Portland) and at Plymouth we be not better supplied, we shall scarce know how to sail the Queen's ships.' Again, from Plymouth the Admiral wrote, 'We are at our wits end to find the fleet so weakly and wretchedly manned. We advertised you from Weymouth

of the monstrous abuses of the press-masters, that furnished us with men of all occupations, some of whom did not know a rope and were never at sea, and let all the good men go at 20*s.* a-piece.' For this the old Lord Admiral was responsible. He took the wholesale dismissals as a personal injury, while Essex and his officers could scarcely conceal their indignation at his mismanagement.[1]

In the light of these recriminations there is something ominous in the emphatic command to consult a seaman of the old school like Fenner. In the revolt against the 'Idolatry of Neptune,' which had taken place since soldiers like Essex and Ralegh became the guiding spirits of the war, there are distinct signs of a relapse into ways too much akin to those of Spain. Though the army was better than it had ever been before, the fleet was certainly not up to the English standard of efficiency, and the inevitable result ensued. On the afternoon of Sunday, July 10th, the force got to sea, but hardly was it clear of the Sound, when there were indications of the weather breaking up. Next day it came on to blow, rising to a gale, and that night Ralegh parted company. Having been so little afloat he seems to have been as nervous about bad weather as he had shown himself about big guns. His excuse was that he had to stand by the two Spanish prizes which were at once in difficulties, and this was no doubt his duty as Rear-Admiral. The consequence was that at daybreak he found himself alone with them and the 'Bonaventure' of his own squadron. But the weather had moderated and the wind was fair, and he held on his course for Finisterre. Essex had already made Ushant, and as the weather cleared was in high spirits. 'Now we have gotten thus far,' he wrote to Cecil as the fleet

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, pp. 451–2.

stood close hauled to the southward, 'I hope in God we shall have one slant or other to set us on where we would be. This foul weather past hath saved me a day's victuals, for of a dozen that were wont to take with me, I have had but very few; but Tom Jermyn's and Alex. Ratcliffe's stomachs never fail them.'[1] But for all his sea legs Essex was no weather prophet. The wind had been steadily backing all day, and by night it was blowing a full gale from the south-west. Day after day it continued and increased till it developed into a tempest in which the bulk of the fleet lost all cohesion and was scattered into forlorn groups. Till the end of the week Ralegh fought it out, and then being told, as he says, that he was the weathermost ship of the fleet, he gave up and returned to Plymouth expecting to find Essex already there. But he found that he had been the first of the Queen's officers to give in, and to excuse himself wrote off to Cecil with his graphic pen a heartrending picture of the terrors of the storm. For Essex he expressed the deepest concern. 'My greatest fear is,' he wrote, 'he will be himself in some extremity before he yield to put back, although it can be but two days sailing lost . . . That which most grieves me and which I protest before the majesty of God I do constantly believe, is that either my Lord-General himself will wrestle with the seas to his peril, or (constrained to come back) will be found utterly heart-broken.' He himself seems to have lost all stomach for the adventure. 'What shall come of us I cannot judge,' he ends, 'when we shall come together or how we

[1] *Devereux*, l. 429. The letter is highly interesting as showing clearly what an Elizabethan fleet could do on a bowline. 'The wind,' he says, 'is now W. by S., so as we stand close by the wind and the water is smooth, we make our way good S. at the least,' *i.e.* they were going within seven points of the wind.

shall repair the wrack of this storm, the time of the year being so advanced . . . God send it a blessed end.'

In telling contrast is the note that Essex sounded. Till Friday he and Thomas Howard had kept company and then they were parted. Still Essex in his crazy flagship struggled on with a leak he could hardly keep under, and his masts badly sprung. The trusty Duyvenvoord clung to him when every ship of his own squadron had parted company. At last his officers persuaded him to give up, and on Tuesday, the day after Ralegh reached Plymouth, he put into Falmouth with his ship sinking under him and in such a condition that he had to shift his flag. Yet he gave no sign of being daunted. 'Sir,' he wrote to Cecil, 'in haste, in passion and yet in hope of change of fortune, I send this bearer to acquaint her Majesty with the state of her poor servant . . . When you have heard him, then believe me that yet all shall go well; the difference is that the child-birth of our success is with show of danger and more than ordinary panic. Excuse me, I pray you, to yourself and to all the world, for I can satisfy nobody nor myself till I be again in other men's opinions in as hopeful a course as I am in mine own now, when things are at their worst. I am your affectionate friend, Essex.'

From Ralegh the heroism Essex had shown drew an outburst of extravagant admiration. 'He put into Falmouth,' he wrote again to Cecil, 'and in great extremity and imminent peril of sinking in the sea, which I knew would betide him ere he would yield to either sea or winds . . . I beseech you to work from her Majesty some comfort to my Lord-General, who I know is dismayed by these mischances even to death, although there could not be more done by any man upon the earth, God having turned the heavens with that fury against us, a matter beyond the

power or valour or will of man to resist.' The Queen was at a ball at Mr. Walsingham's in Kent when the news arrived, and her first thought was of relief that her favourite was saved. 'I protest before God,' wrote the Lord Admiral to Essex, 'I did never see creature receive more comfort than her Majesty did, when she saw by Sir W. Ralegh's letter that your person was safe. With joy the water came plentiful out of her eyes.' Cecil did not however let her see the whole of Ralegh's exuberant letter. He feared it was pitched too high for her taste and as he said *omne nimium vertitur in vitium*; but he assured the anxious General 'the Queen is so disposed now to have us all love you, that she and I do every night talk like angels of you.'

The moment he landed at Falmouth Essex rode in his passion to Plymouth, 'a most toilsome journey,' and from the hour of his coming there was no thought but of putting the fleet on its legs again. 'Look for no more words from me,' he told Cecil, 'until I am again on horseback,' and by return he was told the 'Lion' was to be sent down to mount him again in place of the disabled 'Merhonour.' Meanwhile he was Ralegh's guest on the 'Warspite,' and in perfect amity they set to work together to refit for a fresh start.

The most curious part of the case was that nothing had been heard of Lord Thomas Howard and the bulk of his squadron. But soon a letter arrived from him, that must have put them all to shame. For the man who, toughened with years of rough work in the Atlantic, had weathered in unballasted ships the memorable storm which had made a holocaust of the Spanish fleet round the wreck of the captured 'Revenge,' the gale had had small terrors. He had ridden it out in triumph and laconically announced his intention of proceeding to Coruña where he expected

to meet the rest of the fleet. After a five days' struggle with baffling winds he made the Cisargas Islands near Coruña and there for five days more he cruised defiantly off and on before the port, 'giving them a fair sight of us,' as he said, 'that if their hearts served them, they might come out to us.' It was beyond doubt a fine feat of seamanship and resolution, and gives Ralegh's premature retreat and his extravagant account of the gale a look that is little to his credit.[1] His ship at any rate suffered but little. For the others there was more excuse. They did not pretend to be seamen; their crews were bad and their ships worse. The Admiralty in their case must share the blame, and indeed it is impossible to believe that if Hawkins had still been fathering the Queen's ships, the 'Merhonour' and some of the others would have been reduced to the condition they were.[2]

For Essex the position was acutely humiliating, and his only thought was to reorganise the force that was with him, and with as many ships as possible to rejoin Lord Thomas at the earliest moment. Three pinnaces were despatched towards Spain with orders to the Vice-Admiral to avoid an action till Essex rejoined him, and meanwhile to keep out of sight off Finisterre or else to fall back off the mouth of the Channel.[3] Ralegh and

[1] Ralegh's friend and kinsman, Sir Arthur Gorges, in his narrative is judiciously silent on Lord Thomas Howard's feat. He merely says: 'Some three or four of the foremost of our ships (whereof the Earl of Southampton on the 'Garland' was said to be one) did recover sight of the North Cape [Finisterre] but yet forced again to return to Plymouth.'

[2] The 'Merhonour' had to be dry-docked and a large sum of money spent on her before she was fit for sea again. See *Adm. Warrant Book*, 280, Eliz., f. 17.

[3] See Essex to the Council, *Dom. Cal.*, p. 477. The paper is dated conjecturally July 29th, but internal evidence shows clearly it was written in answer to Cecil's of the 23rd (*ibid.* p. 470), and that it is the 'General letter' referred to in Ralegh's private letter to Cecil of the 26th (*ibid.* p. 472).

Cecil appear to have done their best to second Essex's energy, and Essex at least had no suspicion as to their loyalty. Still the real relations of the three reconciled enemies at this time are very difficult to fathom. Sir William Knollys, Essex's uncle, could not quite believe in Cecil's friendly attitude. 'If we lived not in a cunning world,' he wrote to his nephew, 'I should assure myself that Mr. Secretary were wholly yours. I pray God it have a good foundation and then he is very worthy to be embraced. I will hope for the best, yet will I observe him as narrowly as I can. But your lordship knows best the humour both of the time and the person.'[1] His behaviour certainly required watching. We have seen already how he made an excuse for not showing the Queen Ralegh's panegyric of Essex, and to Essex he wrote of Ralegh in a bantering strain that was almost contemptuous. He spoke of him as 'good Mr. Ralegh, who wonders at his own diligence because diligence and he are not familiars.' Ralegh seems to have suggested to Essex that Cecil was not as diligent as he might be in answering despatches. Cecil protested he could not bear to be accused of dulness, 'especially by your rear-admiral, who, making haste once in a year to write a letter by post, has dated his last despatch from Weymouth, which I know was written from Plymouth.' A few days later he wrote again in fulsome admiration of Essex's character. 'A man may see what persecution doth and what storms; the next that catches you at sea will not be appeased with praying till Jonah be thrown into the sea, which will be the Captain of the "Warspite." I am a little saucy, but I love to prattle with you while I may.'[2] Did the artful Secretary really believe that Ralegh was playing false, or was he deftly sowing seeds of dissension between his two

[1] *Birch*, ii. 351. [2] *Domestic Calendar*, pp. 473 and 479.

rivals? It is impossible to tell; and yet while it is incredible that he wished Essex's expedition to fail, it is impossible to believe that he was running quite straight.

However this may be, so well did the admirals work together, that by July 26th,[1] within a week, that is, after their return, they were able to report themselves ready for sea, with a reduced but compact force of some twenty-five sail, thoroughly manned and victualled. The force included seven of the Queen's galleons, three Dutch men-of-war, ten private English ships, and four or five transports. The line they meant to take appears at this time to have been quite clear. 'With this nimble fleet,' they wrote, 'dispestered from our worst sailors, undefensible ships and superfluous number of men,' they intended to join Lord Thomas Howard and proceed to Coruña. If they found the Adelantado at sea, and there were reports that he had sailed, they meant to fight him, and if he was still skulking in port, they would endeavour to draw him out by harrying the adjacent coasts. 'We will at least,' they said, with a sound perception of the significance of their strategy, 'as long as the season of the year lasts, be a bulwark for all her Majesty's dominions against them, and if we can either give them a blow or know them not to be in a state to put to sea, we will get into such a height and place as we may hope to meet with the carracks and West Indian ships.' It was, in fact, a counterpart of Drake's campaign of 1587.

So far all was well, but again the wind proved perversely contrary, and day after day they lay at Plymouth in a fever of impatience, while men fell sick and hearts grew faint. Every day numbers of ailing men had to be dismissed and gentlemen adventurers as their hearts failed them slunk away to their homes. So things continued till

[1] See note 3, p. 177.

July 31st, when the whole design was upset by Lord Thomas Howard and his storm-beaten vessels sailing into the Sound. Four days before he had received orders, which he had interpreted as a recall, and on the wind that was baffling Essex he had run home to rejoin his chief in Plymouth.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ISLANDS VOYAGE

THE unexpected appearance of Lord Thomas Howard was in itself enough to necessitate a complete change of plan, since the one on which Essex had been on the point of acting was based on the belief that his vice-admiral was on the coast of Spain. But apart from this the news Lord Thomas brought of how he had defied the Adelantado to come out and fight his weak squadron considerably altered the complexion of affairs. Here was one of the conditions precedent to a cruise for the convoys fulfilled. In the words of the Admirals' last despatch they now knew the Spaniards not to be in a state to put to sea, and thus Essex and Ralegh seem at once to have conceived a hope that they would be permitted to act directly against the convoys, and even to attempt a still more adventurous project.

For some days past, if we are to believe Vere, they had been discussing a repetition of the West Indian raid, with which Drake had opened the new æra, and which Ralegh always longed to repeat. The main object of the movement, as formulated by the Admirals, was, as it had been of Drake's expedition, the capture of the American convoys at their point of departure, that is at Havana, instead of at the Azores or off Cape St. Vincent. Such a move, they argued, would be entirely unlooked for, and could be effected with half the fleet then assembled at Plymouth and one third of the troops, a force which, with the stores in readiness, could be immediately victualled for six months.

As for the danger from Ferrol, by the time they were out of the way the season would be too far advanced for the Adelantado to sail, and they could be back in the spring in time to deal with him next year. To this proposal, Vere says, every member of the Council assented except himself, who strongly opposed any such scheme so long as an offensive movement was known to be in preparation by the enemy. Essex and Ralegh, however, were not to be persuaded, and as some days' further delay was now in any case necessary for refitting Lord Thomas Howard's vessels, they both posted up to Court to lay the matter before the Queen, leaving the Vice-Admiral and Lord Mountjoy in command at Plymouth. If Essex's intention, as seems probable, was to press his wild project on the Queen, it had no effect. The last attempt by Drake and Hawkins was a bitter lesson to her. She received her favourite with her most gracious smiles, but yet, as Vere says laconically, 'after his return no more speech was had of the Indian Voyage.'[1]

There can be no doubt that the Queen's refusal to turn her eyes from the enemy's main fleet for any secondary operation was correct, however tempting the alternative. To Ferrol then she held her two wayward Admirals, and with this decision they had to return to the fleet. Still they could not get to sea. The weather continued as bad as ever, the health of the troops grew worse and worse. A powder vessel sank at her moorings; a ship of Ralegh's was driven ashore; and as for the men, the drastic measure had to be taken of disbanding the whole of the infected companies.[2]

[1] *Commentaries*, p. 49. The proposal, written in Ralegh's hand but much mutilated, is in *Cotton. MSS. Otho E.*, ix. f. 377, and is printed by Edwardes, *Life of Ralegh*, ii. 191.

[2] Sir Arthur Gorges says these troubles took place during the week Essex and Ralegh were away.—*S. P. Dom. Add.*, xxxvi. *f.* 94.

To make matters worse news arrived that Zubiaur, the most active and dangerous of the Spanish Admirals, had reinforced Blavet with seven galleys and a large number of troops. Upon this, fearing a repetition of the counter-stroke which had delayed the sailing of Drake's last expedition, the Council felt compelled to order Essex to detach a number of officers to command the West Country forces and two of his smaller galleons to reinforce the Western division of Sir Henry Palmer's Channel squadron under Sir John Gilbert. So seriously was the character of Essex's force affected by these reductions that as there was still no sign of a change in the weather his council of war on August 11th sent up two staff officers to Court to explain the state of affairs and ask for orders.

Everyone it would seem, except perhaps Vere, was still bent on something in Drake's early manner and was not sorry that the force was getting every day more naval in character and less able to undertake serious operations ashore. It is evident from a letter of the same date from Lord Thomas to Cecil that the West Indian *flotas* were still what they had in mind. 'This alteration,' he wrote, speaking of the wholesale reduction of the land force that had been found necessary, 'I doubt not will breed amongst you conceit of our inconstancy, but God hath so punished the land army with sickness as there is assurance if we should again carry them to sea most of them would perish . . . I hope we may meet something at sea, that may give recompense of the charge her Majesty hath been at. You have more knowledge of the fleets [*i.e.* the *flotas*] coming . . . I would we might put it out of question by possessing them, without which I come home bankrupt.'[1] To meet the Queen's views, however, they proposed instead of entirely abandoning an attack on Ferrol to attempt to

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 346.

destroy the Adelantado's fleet by fire-ships. 'I offered her Majesty,' Essex wrote, 'to send in certain ships of fire and to second them with the "St. Matthew" and "St. Andrew' and some great flyboats and merchant ships, with which I would destroy the most of the enemy's principal shipping and leave all the Queen's own English built ships at the mouth of the harbour to assure our retreat.'[1] On the third day an answer came informing them that the Queen approved the dismissal of the infected companies and also the new scheme, but on the express condition that Essex did not lead the attempt in person.[2] No name was expressly mentioned for the hazardous command, but it was regarded as settled that Ralegh was to take Essex's place.

It is clear that if Essex ever had any real desire to see the Ferrol project attempted he lost all heart for it from this moment. Early on the day the Queen's new instructions arrived, that is August 14th, the wind had suddenly come fair. At the same time some fresh victuallers from London came in and the 'Lion' was reported close at hand as a 'remount' for Essex in place of the 'Merhonour.' The longed-for moment had come. The galleons weighed and got out of the Catwater, but still the transports were not ready. Essex, beside himself with impatience, summoned a council ashore, and having promptly decided that the only way to save the wind was to leave the transports behind, he then and there dismissed the whole of his army except the thousand veterans from the Low Country brigade. It was a heavy and anxious day's work. At midnight Essex sent his colleagues to bed, and almost 'blind and dizzy,' as he said, with fatigue he sat down to report to the Council what he had done.[3]

[1] *Purchas*, iv. 1935. [2] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 349.
[3] *Ibid.* vii. 352. Contemporary historians all speak of this final reduc-

How the Queen took his highhanded proceeding we do not know. It was not till August 17th that the fleet got clear away to sea, but no despatch of approval or otherwise appears to have reached the Admirals. What Cecil thought of it all however is bluntly apparent from his next despatch to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. In his eyes it was but a device to escape from the disgrace of abandoning the expedition altogether. 'For their purpose,' he wrote on the 21st, 'surely, Sir, I will write to you freely. I hope for nothing but the keeping up of the journey's reputation, by keeping the sea as long as the time of year doth serve for the Spaniards to come out, and to lie off at the Islands to interrupt the Indian fleet. But the fleet at Ferrol will not be burnt, the carracks are come home, the Islands cannot be taken, so that their weak watery hopes do but faintly nourish that noble Earl's comfort; but I find he would be glad to hold out the full time and would be sorry to dissolve a journey at Plymouth as Cumberland useth to do.'[1]

It is clear, then, that Cecil was sure no serious attempt on the fleet at Ferrol would be made, and no one knew so well as himself what was in the minds of Essex and Ralegh. Sir Arthur Gorges, Ralegh's friend, kinsman, and captain, who is the chief historian of the campaign, was of much the same opinion. 'But whatsoever pretences and speeches were given out of that matter,' he wrote, 'both our General and the wisest of his council of war did well enough know that the Groyne or Ferrol were then no morsels fit for our mouths.' According to him,

tion of the army as having been made by the Queen's orders soon after Essex was driven back to Plymouth by the storm, but from this letter it is clear it was not done till the last moment and that it was without the Queen's orders. Essex himself in his official 'Relation' says he had the Queen's orders for it and that thereupon he suggested the fire-ships, but the *Hatfield Papers* prove clearly that this was not the true order of events.

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 361.

the plan of action, as finally settled when they left Plymouth, was 'to range the coast of Spain and so do some service on some of the King of Spain's shipping, or else lying in the height between the Rock and South Cape, [i.e. between Lisbon and St. Vincent] we might intercept some Indian fleet or carracks, either outward or homeward bound, or at least we might meet or fight with the Adelantado.'[1] It was, in fact, no plan at all; but vague as it reads, there can be no doubt that this represents what was in the Admirals' minds. As Drake had done before them, they meant to seize the first excuse that offered for tearing up the Queen's ill-advised instructions. Ferrol and its immovable fleet were to be ignored, and the whole remaining energy of the force devoted to a cruise for the Indian fleets, or anything else that luck sent in their way.

Finisterre was the first rendezvous. This would, of course, carry them past the ostensible point of attack; but it does not therefore follow that they intended to ignore the Adelantado's fleet altogether without assuring themselves finally that it was incapable of moving. The rule seems already to have been understood that where a hostile fleet was to be watched at its point of departure a station should be taken up beyond it, so that the enemy could not reach his objective without bringing the observing force aweather of him. Finisterre was therefore quite a proper station for operating against a fleet in Ferrol. But on the voyage out westerly gales drove them so far into the Bay of Biscay that they made the Spanish coast to the eastward of Cape Ortegal, and after weathering it found themselves embayed under Cape Prior. In their efforts to beat out in the violent weather that prevailed all kinds of trouble occurred. The two Spanish prizes were the first to suffer. The 'St. Andrew' spent her foremast

[1] *Purchas*, iv. 1643.

and parted company, nor did she rejoin for three or four days. The 'St. Matthew' lost her bowsprit and foremast, and was wholly disabled. In vain the nearest captains and Essex in person urged the gallant Sir George Carew to abandon her and save his own and his officers' lives. He would neither leave her himself nor suffer a single man to do so, and eventually he carried her safely into a French port, whence he got back to England and immediately embarked in another vessel to endeavour to rejoin the expedition. Forced to leave Carew to his fate for fear of the lee shore, the fleet succeeded at last, on the wind coming northerly, in weathering Cape Prior. It was standing south-westward along the coast, about ten leagues from shore, when off Coruña Ralegh's mainyard snapped in two in the middle, and at the same moment Essex, who had transferred his flag to the 'Repulse' and given Howard the 'Lion,' sprang a desperate leak.[1] The result was that the fleet was thrown into confusion. Ralegh says that on making signal of distress he received orders from Essex to stand on as he was to the second rendezvous off Lisbon. Essex says the orders he gave were for the first rendezvous at Finisterre and that seeing the course Ralegh was taking he sent him word to haul his wind and stand in for the Cape. But this Ralegh says he could not do. For the wind had now come easterly, and without his mainsail he could only run before it. He therefore held on as he was, with his cousin Sir William Broke in the 'Dreadnought' standing by in case of need.

[1] Gorges says Ralegh's accident took place 'as the fleet was passing along South almost as far as the Isles of Bayon' (*Purchas*, iv. 1946) and therefore long after they had passed Finisterre. The official account says it was 'within sight of the shore of the Groyne.' Ralegh in his letter (*Edwardes*, ii. 177) says it was just as he was doubling Cape Prior. Essex (*Purchas*, iv. 1950, and *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 369) says it was on Saturday the 27th, before Finisterre was reached. It is clear, therefore, that Gorges's notes or memory failed him, and that he wrote 'Bayon' for 'Cisargas,' as he did again further on.

Essex meanwhile had been compelled to lie by to stop his leak, and in consequence a number of vessels, including three of the transports, not finding him at the Finisterre rendezvous, held on after the 'Warspite' and 'Dreadnought.' When at last Essex reached Finisterre to find a large part of his fleet missing he was assailed by suggestions that Ralegh had played him a trick to ruin the enterprise. The case was suspicious enough in appearance, if there had been any real intention of attempting Ferrol; but it is almost impossible to believe that if the design on Ferrol was serious, Ralegh, who had been specially indicated by the Queen for its execution, could have thought that Essex had ordered him to pass on to Lisbon. Had we no hints as to what the General's secret views were about Ferrol, it would be difficult not to see in Ralegh's conduct, as the Earl's partisans at once began to suggest, a piece either of cowardice or treachery. As it is, we may be sure he thought he was acting in accordance with Essex's secret desire. There is at any rate no evidence that Essex gave ear to the insinuations of his sycophants, and he certainly was glad enough to use Ralegh's mistake as the excuse he wanted. A council was called, which quickly decided to abandon the attempt on the Adelantado's fleet. Everyone, it seems, was against it. Monson had drawn up a long memorandum before the Spanish coast was reached to demonstrate that the operation contemplated was impracticable with the force at Essex's disposal. He strongly urged upon his chief that at any rate before attacking Ferrol he should proceed to the Azores to attempt Terceira and lie for the Indian fleets, as this could hardly fail to have the effect of drawing the Adelantado from his cover and giving them the chance they wanted of fighting him at sea.

It was just the advice that Essex wanted, but hitherto

there had been no excuse for adopting it as against the Queen's orders. Now, however, it could be done with decency. The wind was at east, against their entering Ferrol, so that a surprise was impossible. The 'St. Matthew,' one of the chief ships told off for the attack, had parted company; most of the transports and some of the vessels intended for fire-ships had followed Ralegh; and he himself, who was to lead the attempt, was absent. Moreover, to complete the temptation some Spanish prisoners had assured the General that the Adelantado did not mean to put to sea that year, and in such case it had been part of the original scheme to pass Ferrol by. The General thereupon decided to send home his uncle, Mr. Robert Knollys, to explain matters to the Queen. A less generous leader than Essex might easily have laid the whole blame on Ralegh, but this he did not do. 'If her Majesty ask you,' Knollys's instructions ran, 'why there was no attempt upon the fleet at Ferrol, you may say—I neither had the "St. Matthew," which was the principal ship for that execution, nor the "St. Andrew," till mine own ship was almost sunk, and I not able to make sail till Sir Walter Ralegh with his own ship, the "Dreadnought," and very near twenty sails were gone. We are now gone to lie for the Indian fleets; for by the Spaniards we have taken we find the Adelantado is not to put to sea this year.'[1] Whatever conclusions Essex may have wished the Queen to draw, the case was laid quite fairly before her, and with these instructions Knollys left the fleet on August 28, while Essex held on to rejoin Ralegh and take up his cruising ground between Lisbon and St. Vincent.

Meanwhile Ralegh, knowing, as his captain afterwards explained, that for the above reasons the attempt on Ferrol must be given up, had held on to the second ren-

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 369.

dezvous off Lisbon. Here, as he and Broke stood off and on waiting for Essex, a number of ships that had parted company at Cape Prior joined the 'Warspite' and 'Dreadnought,' amounting in all to about thirty sail, including twenty 'voluntary barks' of the West Country that had followed Ralegh from England, three London victuallers, and three transports carrying the bulk of the Low Country soldiers. Ralegh very properly employed the time while waiting for Essex in endeavouring to entrap one of the local coasters in order to get information, but all in vain. 'Whilst we thus stayed about the Rock,' says his captain, 'the carvels of Lisbon and of the parts thereabouts would daily come swarming about us like butterflies, so near that we might cast a stone into some of them, and yet we could never catch one of them, so yare and nimble they are.' Thus they were entirely without intelligence, and were on the point of proceeding to the third rendezvous, which was Cape St. Vincent, the landfall of the homeward-bound *flotas*, when an English bark spoke them with extraordinary news. Her skipper's story was that he had lately met an English man-of-war, which had heard from the captain of a Spanish prize that the Adelantado had sailed from Ferrol for the Azores. This extremely improbable piece of information, flatly contradicting that which had been already obtained and on faith of which Ralegh had passed by Ferrol, was swallowed without further inquiry and with an avidity which indicates either an extraordinary lack of strategical insight or an overwhelming eagerness to get away to the Azores. Without any hesitation he despatched his informant to Essex, and in two days got an answer back from him saying that having duly received the information he was off to the Azores and that Ralegh was to follow him immediately.

Essex's resolution appears to have been taken on the

last day of August. On that day he sent home a second despatch by Mr. Osborne to say that he had been on his way to Cape St. Vincent to carry out the 'second purpose,' by which he meant to lie there in wait for the *flotas*, when he was stopped by Ralegh's news that the Adelantado had sailed for the Azores to convoy them home.[1] In a despatch of the same date to the Council he justifies his resolution. 'Our reasons,' he says, 'are these. First, the direct and confident delivery of the advertisement. Secondly, the opinions of all the masters that we might well be at the islands before the [West Indian] fleet, which was to disembogue [*i.e.* leave the West Indies] the fourth of August, could be there.' And lastly, that at the Azores they would in any case be in a better position for intercepting their quarry than if they kept the station they originally intended.[2]

Fortified by these arguments, Essex held away on his new course. Every vessel he met was eagerly questioned, but not a word of news of the Ferrol fleet was to be had, and he began to lose hope. His first point was Terceira. The famous Angra roadstead was empty. Neither *flota* nor Adelantado was there. He pushed on to the westernmost isles and still there was no sign of them. Here, then, between Flores and Corvo he resolved to await Ralegh, while he refreshed his men and took in water and some stores that had reached him from home. By the time these operations were complete Ralegh on September 15 rejoined. He at once went aboard the General, and in spite of all his enemies' insinuations he had no difficulty in

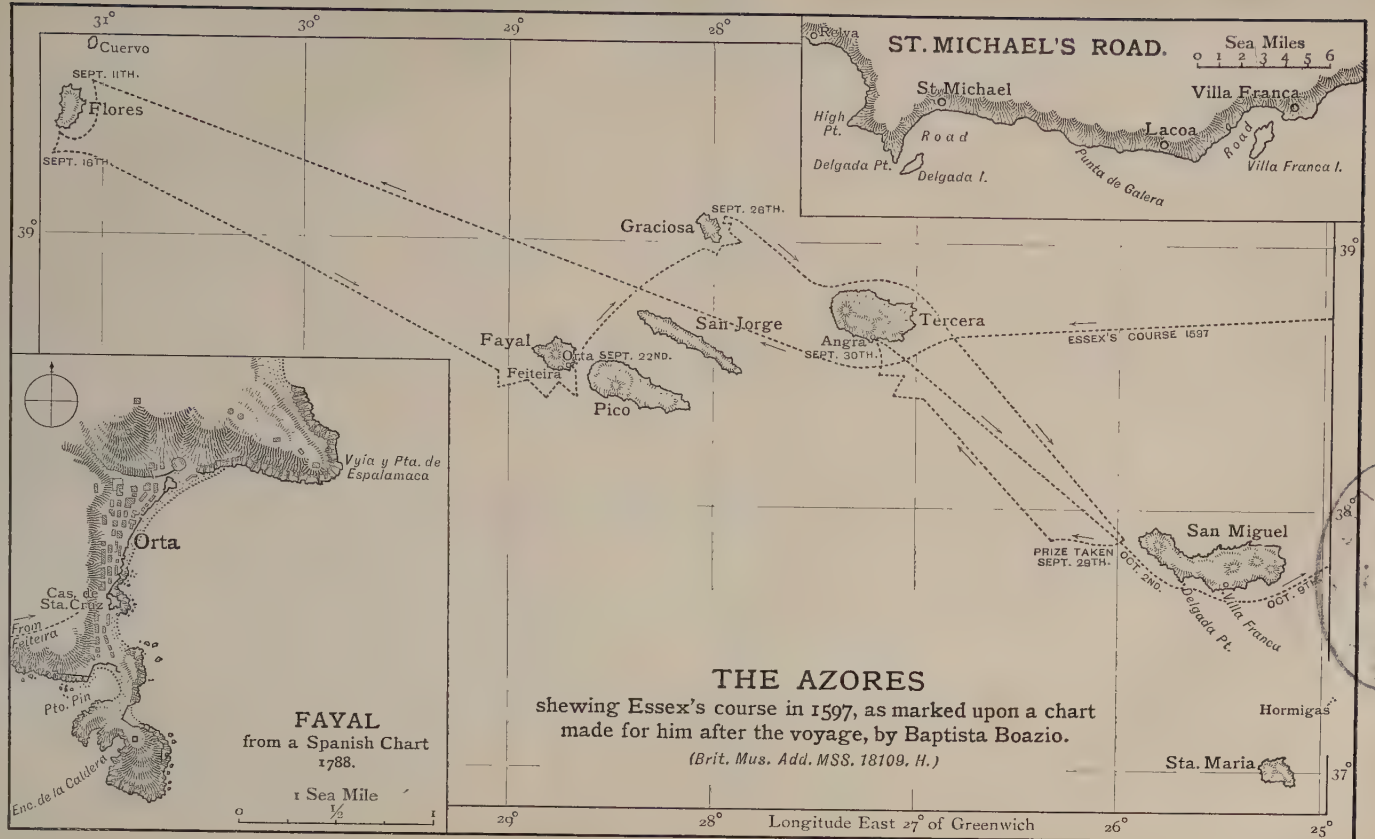
[1] Essex to the Queen, 'Lat. 39 N., the last of August' (*Hulton MSS.* printed by Devereux, *Lives of the Earls of Essex*, i. 453). 'My second purpose of going to the height of the South Cape is attested [sic] by Sir Walter Ralegh, who had sent me word,' &c. This is not sense; obviously it should read 'arrested' not 'attested.'

[2] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 371. Osborne did not reach the Court till September 27.

quickly persuading Essex's good nature that he was in no way to blame for the division of the fleet off Ferrol. They dined harmoniously together, and Essex, says Gorges who was present, 'seemed to be the joyfullest man living for our arrival, protesting he never believed we would leave him, although divers persuaded him to the contrary; and acknowledged that he was sorry for a letter which he had written by Master Robert Knollys into England, promising presently to make a despatch of purpose contrary to the former.' It happened that the very next day an opportunity offered for writing home. The Dutch Admiral was taken suddenly ill, and Essex decided to dismiss him in charge of the empty store ships. With him he sent a letter to Cecil, but it contained nothing in Ralegh's favour, merely mentioning that he had rejoined.[1] Fortunately this is to be explained to the credit of both officers. Ralegh, it seems, very handsomely refused to insist on the reparation Essex offered. 'For we knew well,' says Gorges, 'that the former advertisement proceeded not out of any particular malice of the General to us, but only to take that as a fit excuse to free himself from the enterprise of Ferrol and the Groyne . . . and therefore we left him to his best excuse and our apparent innocency.'

So far then the two Admirals perfectly understood each other and all promised well. The islanders in return of Essex's handsome treatment submitted peaceably, and told all they knew of the movements of the *flotas* and carracks. In this way the General had gathered that what he sought might appear at any moment. But about the time of Ralegh's arrival Essex says that a pinnace from the Indies was captured which added fresh uncertainty to the situation. For the prisoners asserted that possibly the *flotas* would not sail at all that year, and that if

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 386.



THE AZORES

shewing Essex's course in 1597, as marked upon a chart made for him after the voyage, by Baptista Boazio.

(Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 18109. H.)

FAYAL

from a Spanish Chart 1788.

Walker & Boutall sc.

PUBLIC

they did they would pass to the southward so as to avoid the islands. The information was false, but it served to upset the English plans. A council was at once held, and the stations of the various squadrons finally settled in the light of the new intelligence.

The Oceanic Archipelago known as the Azores, which formed the rendezvous of the East and West Indian fleets before running the gauntlet of the dangerous home waters, consists of nine main islands lying in three groups on a line about a hundred leagues long that runs roughly west-north-west and east-south-east. Furthest westward lie Flores and Corvo, thrown forward like an outpost about forty leagues in advance of the rest. The central group consists of five islands: to the north, Graciosa and Terceira; to the south, Fayal and Pico; and in the channel between them St. George. The eastern group is formed by St. Michael's and the small island of St. Mary. The main roadsteads at which the fleets rendezvoused were in the central group, one at the south-east end of Fayal and the other and most important, known as Angra, at the south of Terceira. Both were fortified, but the latter so strongly that it was omitted from the scheme in hand, as being beyond the force of the expedition.[1] Since the Adelantado was not to be found to the westward, and if the last information were true the *flotas* might pass by out of sight of Flores, it was decided to fall back on the central group, and eventually to St. Michael's, covering as wide a front as possible. To each squadron was assigned an island, from which by force or composition it might draw further supplies as they passed to the eastward. Fayal, as the strongest and most westerly island to be

[1] Gorges, however, says the intention was to make it the final exploit of the campaign, and that the operations against the other islands were a mere preliminary to it.

dealt with, was undertaken by Essex and Ralegh. To Mountjoy and Blount was assigned St. Michael's, the easternmost island; while from Graciosa on the north, Lord Thomas Howard and Vere watched the approach to Terceira, and the Dutch squadron took Pico in rear of Fayal. To complete the scheme 'nimble vessels' were to cruise north and south of the islands in touch with the main squadrons.

Essex was anxious to sail at once; but before assuming his station Ralegh begged to be allowed to water as the others had done. His request was readily granted. Essex even lent him his barge to expedite the work; and he had already commenced his operations when, at midnight, a message came from the flagship that the General was under weigh for Fayal, and that Ralegh and his consorts were to follow him immediately and do their watering after their station was reached. What fresh intelligence it was that had suddenly altered Essex's design we do not know. Now that it was certain that the *flota* had not passed and that the Adelantado had not come to protect it, it is clear the whole fleet was in a condition of restrained excitement at the prospect before them, and any scrap of information, whether true or not, put them in a fever lest they should miss the splendid booty that was at their mercy if they could only meet it. Ralegh immediately weighed, and the following day anchored in Fayal Road. To his surprise Essex was nowhere to be seen. The General's squadron had been the nearest to Fayal and had started first, and yet the Rear-Admiral had outsailed him. That day and the next Ralegh waited, expecting every hour to see Essex appear. The third day, at a loss what to do and urged by his men not to lie longer before the town, as though he were afraid, he called a council. Two Portuguese had

swum off to them and given full intelligence of the state of the place, which led them to believe they could safely undertake its reduction alone. But Essex's men, with Sir Gelly Meyricke, who was in command of one of the transports, at their head, strongly protested against any landing in the General's absence. Ralegh consented to wait another day. But on the morrow there was still no sign of Essex and the wind had changed, so that the road before the town, where they lay, was exposed. Ralegh therefore moved round under the lee of the boldly projecting point that forms the southern arm of the bay where the coast line turns abruptly westward.[1] His motley following of western privateers did the like, but Sir Gelly Meyricke and his brother officers would not stir.

In his new anchorage Ralegh was hidden from the town by the lofty headland. Before him lay a pleasant country teeming with all he required, and close by a watering place with a convenient beach for landing. To turn a deaf ear to the temptations and even the taunts of his officers was no longer possible. At least he might carry out his orders to water, and, calling out a hundred men, shot and pikes, he determined to land. But from a fort, which crowned the headland, his movement was detected, and hardly were the men well in the boats before a strong force was seen to march down and occupy the entrenchments that guarded the watering place. Ralegh at once rowed off and asked his fellow-captains to lend him reinforcements. They readily agreed. Several of the Low Country officers requested eagerly

[1] The place may have been Feiteira in the south-west of the island. Purchas makes Gorges say it was on the north-west, but this must be a mistake, as any place on the north-west of the island must be much more than four miles from the town of Fayal, now called Villa de Orta. Unfortunately, it is just at this interesting point that the MS. narrative stops, so that we cannot tell what Gorges really wrote.

to be allowed to join him, but he would risk none but men from the ships under his immediate command. To console the others, however, he promised to send back the boats for them as soon as he had secured a lodgment ashore.

Thus with some two hundred and sixty men he advanced to the attack. The approach was an awkward one protected by reefs, and the entrenchments were cleverly constructed to command the narrow entrance. Altogether it was an ugly place to tackle, and Ralegh ordered his pinnaces to move in and prepare it with their guns. Still, says Gorges, 'the mariners would scarce come forwards, having the lesser liking to the business the nearer they came to it.' Ralegh taunted and rebuked them 'with disgraceful words,' and then, seeing things were growing desperate, with a loud voice he commanded his watermen to row in full upon the rocks, and bade as many as were not afraid to follow him. A brilliant dash forward was the answer. Two boats were stove in, but all except a few men managed to scramble on the reefs. 'And so,' says Georges, 'clambering over the rocks and wading through the water we passed pell mell with swords shot and pikes upon the narrow entrance. Thereupon the Spaniards began to shrink, and then seeing us to come faster upon them, suddenly retiring, cast away their weapons, turned their backs and fled.' A few men were drowned and a few killed, but the landing place and the trenches were won.

The boats were at once sent back for the Low Country troops, and soon there was a force of nearly five hundred men drawn up on the shore. Their blood was fairly up, and they could not stop. There was now no doubt that the proper thing to do was, as they said, to prepare the town for the General's coming. It lay four miles away

and the approach to it was difficult; for the way led under the High Fort on the headland and then past another, now called Santa Cruz, at the end of the town. But the march was commenced immediately. Ralegh, with no armour but his gorget, led the way staff in hand with forty gentlemen at his back. In stately march this brilliant vanguard crossed the fire area of the High Fort till they reached the cover of the rocks and some unoccupied entrenchments beyond. But the troops, with less pride and more sense, broke ranks and ran for it, to the indignation of their Quixotic leaders. Ralegh now told Captain Brett, a regular officer of the Ostend garrison, whom he had constituted his sergeant major, to call for volunteers to reconnoitre the rest of the way. Not a man responded. In deep disgust the gallant Brett offered to do it himself, but after the unsteadiness the troops had shown Ralegh would not let him leave his onerous staff duties. In spite of all protest he resolved to do the hazardous piece of work in person, and, calling for his casque and cuirass, he led the way. Gorges and about ten others insisted on following him. They were soon amongst low loose stone walls commanded by the guns of the High Fort, and the work grew very warm. Gorges was hit in the leg; Ralegh was shot two or three times through the breeches and sleeves. 'I well remember,' says Gorges, 'he wished me to put off a large red scarf which I then wore, being as he said a very fair mark for them. But I was not willing to do the Spaniards so much honour at that time (albeit I could have wished it had not been on me) and therefore told the Rear-Admiral again that his white scarf was as eminent as my red, and therefore I would now follow his example.' Whatever may be said of Ralegh as a leader at sea, of his splendid courage as a soldier there can be no question. In spite of the searching fire, the reconnaissance of the

town fort was successfully carried out and the troops called up. All was then over. As they advanced steadily by the way which Ralegh could point out, both fort and town were evacuated, and Brett and his men entered into full possession of everything.

The High Fort alone held out, and this was to be reserved till the following morning. But as ill luck would have it, at daybreak, just as the assault was being prepared, Essex with all the rest of the fleet came sailing into the road. It was an ill-timed moment. In pursuance of some fresh information it would appear that Essex had departed from his previous orders, and, keeping both Howard's and Mountjoy's squadrons with him, had made a cast either for a carrack or the *flota* instead of proceeding direct to Fayal, as he had given Ralegh to understand was his intention.[1]

Again he had drawn blank, and, to add to his mortification, he reached his station to find his rival had effected single-handed the most difficult operation in the scheme and the only success of the expedition. In triumph Meyricke, Blount, and the rest of Essex's partisans, more rancorous than ever, pointed out to their chief his consolation. At last, beyond doubt and red-handed, Ralegh stood convicted of trying to steal his honour. For any captain to land without express authority was a direct breach of the fleet orders, and the penalty was death. Essex, touched in his tenderest spot, could not but listen to the temptation, and sent to summon his rear-admiral to answer for his conduct. But Ralegh,

[1] The despatches sent home at this time, dated September 27, do not appear to be extant, but in acknowledging them the Queen wrote: 'Seeing neither the action at Ferrol could not prosper nor the carrack be taken,' &c. We know nothing of any carrack up to this time. Possibly, therefore, some news of one may be the explanation of Essex's unaccountable movement. See *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 433; and *post*, p. 202, *note*.

expecting nothing but congratulations, had already put off in his barge to pilot the 'Repulse' to a snug berth. When he reached her deck and passed along to Essex's cabin he read on the faces of the throng of scowling officers the storm that was coming. It looked like another case of Drake and Doughty. After a faint welcome Essex bluntly challenged Ralegh with his offence. But Ralegh's 'bold and plausible' tongue was ready as ever. He stoutly denied there was any offence committed at all, and boldly contended that even if there had been he could not be called to answer it before a fleet court-martial. 'For,' said he, 'there is an article that no captain of any ship nor captain of any company, if he be severed from the fleet, shall land anywhere without directions from the General or some other principal commander upon pain of death. But I take myself to be a principal commander under your lordship, and therefore not subject to that article nor under the power of the law martial, because a successive commander of the whole fleet in her Majesty's letters patent, your lordship and my lord Thomas Howard failing.' Pressing his defence still further home, he reminded Essex of his own direct orders to land and water at Fayal instead of at Flores. The case was unanswerable on all three points. Ralegh's law, as was only to be expected from his astute head, was perfectly sound. Ever since Drake's execution of Doughty it had become the practice to exempt 'successive commanders' from the jurisdiction of the court-martial. The clause first appears in the instructions issued to Fenton in 1581. It was probably an old tradition of the sea service, which no one thought of overriding till Drake revolutionised the whole conception of naval discipline.

Bitter as must have been the pill, the General for a time

seemed satisfied. He came ashore and rested at Ralegh's quarters. There, after some further talk, he agreed to let the matter stand over till the morning, and it was only through the intervention of his partisan officers that he did not go so far as to accept the Rear-Admiral's invitation to supper. The situation was still tense. The General's sycophants persuaded him that, unless he did something, his reputation as a commander was gone for ever; and as a beginning he cashiered the whole of the military officers who had taken part in the operation. It was his characteristic weakness always to be influenced by the last adviser, and in this case there were evil ones at his ear. Ralegh, fearing the worst, was ready rather than submit to punishment to call his squadron about him and fight for it. Fortunately Lord Thomas Howard was at hand to mediate with all the weight of his name and service. He was a man, as far as we can see him, of a simple nobility of character, devoted without words to the Queen's service and ready to do anything that would further it—a commander without enemies and respected by the whole fleet. Before morning he had persuaded Essex to accept an apology, and Ralegh, for the good of the service, to make one. So on the morrow, on Lord Thomas's assurance that he himself would be responsible that no violence should be done him, the Rear-Admiral went aboard the 'Repulse' to make his peace. 'And so,' says Gorges, 'all things after a little dispute came to a quiet end.' So well, indeed, did Howard perform his delicate task that afterwards when the council of war sent in their official report on the campaign not a word about Fayal appeared in it. On all three flag-officers the incident as a whole reflects high credit. In no other service, probably, could so dangerous a quarrel have been so easily healed. For it was no hollow reconciliation,

and Gorges admits that before leaving Fayal Essex grew again into very kind terms with his rear-admiral and at his request restored all the disgraced officers to their commands.

Meanwhile the garrison of the High Fort had evacuated it, leaving behind them all their stores and artillery. Owing to the pre-occupation of the staff with the quarrel no measures had been taken to cut them off, and well for the Spaniards it was so. For when Vere entered the fort he found an English gentleman who had been prisoner there and a Fleming lying dead with their throats cut. A hot pursuit of the garrison was immediately organised. It met with no success, but a stern revenge was taken. The whole of the smiling country, which had tempted Ralegh's men, was laid waste, and so soon as all the captured ordnance and plunder were aboard, the town itself was fired, as Gorges says, 'for the funerals of our lost men.'

While these operations at Fayal were proceeding the Dutch were busy after their fashion in making a desert of Pico. Their hatred of the Spaniard was too deep for anything but the most ruthless war. Leaving them to guard the southern part of the cruising area, the whole English fleet now moved north-eastward to Graciosa in one body, the original squadronal operations for some unexplained reason being abandoned. Here it would seem to have been Essex's intention to take up his station for a few days to further refresh his fleet from the island before going on to St. Michael's; but as ill luck would have it his master got nervous, and persuaded him that the season was too far advanced for the anchorage to be safe. He therefore decided to fall back at once on St. Michael's, and on September 27 he sent home a despatch announcing his intention of taking that island and then returning

home after some part of October spent in that height.[1] How any commander of Essex's ability could have allowed himself to be persuaded into so false a move is impossible to conceive. The only chance of success was to intercept the *flota* before it reached the sanctuary of the guns of Angra Road in Terceira, and he was going to leave the way clear and open. It happened, however, that as the fleet was on the point of leaving Graciosa, the islanders, who had been treated with the same clemency as those of Flores and Corvo, brought information that they had sighted a large vessel attended by three smaller ones to the north-westward apparently making for Fayal. Upon this intelligence, which pointed to a carrack, the following excellent dispositions were made. The fleet having been again formed into its original three squadrons, one was ordered to steer east-north-east and pass along the north side of Terceira, a second to steer east-south-east along the south side, and both to meet again at Angra Road, so that the strange sail could not make the fortified refuge. The third squadron was to steer westward and cut the chase off from Fayal, the only other port which it could reach as the wind was. At midnight on Michaelmas Eve the movement began, but at that very moment a pinnace came in, whose captain reported that he had fetched up the strange sails and found them to be some of their own flanking vessels. Thereupon in an evil hour Essex issued orders for the whole fleet to proceed as originally intended direct to St. Michael's. In the dark and confusion these last orders were not properly delivered, with the result that while the bulk of the fleet held on after Essex's light, four of the Queen's ships—the

[1] See the Queen to Essex, *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 433. This despatch was carried by Captain Harrison in a ship of Poole. He reached Dartmouth October 10. *Ibid.* 424.

'Garland,' 'Mary Rose,' 'Dreadnought,' and 'Rainbow'—bore away westward.[1]

Never had Philip in all his reign had so narrow an escape of disaster as the last unlucky orders gave him. Drake in 1585 had missed the West Indian fleet by twelve hours, 'the reason,' as he said, 'best known to God.' But now it was worse. Only three hours after weighing Sir William Monson in the 'Rainbow' found himself in company with a fleet of twenty-five sail. The same number of vessels were missing from the allied fleet, and Monson therefore, as the wind was very light, rowed in his barge to hail them. The truth was soon known. It was the long sought *flota* at last, escorted by eight galleons of the Indian Guard. In vain he challenged them to turn and fight his isolated ship in hopes of delaying them. Their discipline was too good. They only mocked and reviled him. Returning to his ship, he began with guns and lights to make the pre-arranged signals. All night he kept it up, but not a sound nor a sail made answer. Essex was far away. Twelve ships, Monson says, had been promised him in answer to the signal, but not one appeared. The morning broke misty with light airs. A little more than two miles ahead of him he saw the splendid Spanish fleet heading for Angra Road, where Essex should have been waiting for it. Astern of him was Lord Southampton in the 'Garland' and a Spanish pinnace, which the noble captain foolishly waited to

[1] How this happened is not clear. The ships belonged to different squadrons. Monson ('Rainbow') says he had been ordered to make a cast to the southward and to rejoin next day at St. Michael's. Vere says he in the 'Mary Rose' had been ordered with the 'Dreadnought' (Sir William Broke) to cover the ground between Graciosa and St. George to the southward, and the 'Rainbow' and 'Garland' (the Earl of Southampton) to cruise to the north of Graciosa, but he admits that in this point he was ignorant of some particulars. I have followed the official account, which, however, is not too trustworthy, as has been already shown.

destroy and thus delayed the chase. Presently still further astern two more galleons loomed up out of the mist, and, believing them from the movements of the Spanish Admiral to be enemies, Monson and Southampton waited to engage them. But they proved to be the 'Mary Rose' and 'Dreadnought' that had been steering all night for the 'Rainbow's' guns. With wetted canvas and every stitch he could spread Monson immediately renewed the chase, hoping to retard the Spaniards' course by engaging their rearmost ships. His consorts followed suit; but it was too late. As the mist cleared Terceira hove in sight. The road was empty. Not an English sail was in sight, and about mid-day Monson had the extreme mortification of seeing the splendid prize almost under his nose bring up in the road beneath some of the most formidable guns in Europe.

Never was a more melancholy piece of ill-luck or wretched misjudgment. 'None of the captains could be blamed in the business,' says Monson, whose advice had not been taken. 'All is to be attributed to the want of experience in my lord and his flexible nature to be overruled.' As for Vere, who had not been consulted at all, he could only explain it by treachery. 'In all likelihood,' he wails, 'there was wilful mistaking in some to hinder us of that rich prey, which God had sent as it were into our mouths.' To us at this unimpassioned distance it is clear enough that the miscarriage was due to the oft-repeated error of not adopting one fairly intelligent system of cruising and doggedly sticking to it. In the fortnight that Essex had been on the Azores station he would appear to have adopted and abandoned some half-dozen different dispositions. Could he have kept to any one of them for so much as a week, it is difficult to see how the

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whole *flota* and all its galleons could have failed to fall into the net.

In vain Monson and his fellow-consorts tried to retrieve a little of the misfortune. The 'Rainbow,' like a panting hound, followed right into the mouth of the road within range of the forts on the horns of the bay, and managed with her guns to disable some of the rearmost vessels. As his consorts came up, Monson begged them to send off their boats to help him cut the cripples out. But to Vere the enterprise seemed impossible in daylight. Still that night it was attempted, but the Spaniards had had time to haul the exposed vessels further in. The movement was discovered and the boats compelled to retire. There was now nothing to do but watch the Spaniards where they lay and await the return of Essex, to whom a pinnace had been already despatched.[1]

To one man at least in the Spanish fleet it must have been a time of almost unendurable suspense, as he watched the English ships let go and waited for what was to come. For aboard one of the Spanish galleons was the famous Richard Hawkins, being brought home an honoured prisoner from his immortal raid into the South Sea, where after fighting a Spanish squadron for three days with his single ship he had been forced to surrender at last with half his men down, his ship ready to sink, and himself prostrate with three wounds. With such an object lesson in their midst it is little wonder the Spaniards declined an action with the Queen's four galleons, and to enforce it one of Monson's well-directed shots had killed or dis-

[1] Vere says he maintained the blockade alone, the others having deserted him the same night. It is probable they were cruising in hopes of picking up stragglers from the *flota*, which the old hands knew were nearly always to be met with. To blockade the fleet, as Vere seems to have wanted to do, was clearly a mistake. The rest were right in giving it a fair chance of coming out if it would.

abled a dozen men. Hawkins himself had no doubt of what the result would have been had the Spaniards not so luckily escaped an action. 'Well do I know,' he wrote to Essex a few days later, 'that if you had been amongst the fifteen ships which had us in the midst of them—three ahead, three astern, and nine on the broadside—I had been your prisoner, and twelve millions that came in six ships of 250 and 300 tons apiece; and in all the fleet besides there was but two ships more of above a hundred tons.' [1]

It was unfortunately some days before the unhappy prisoner saw the main body of the English fleet appear. The pinnace which Monson had hurried off to Essex had found him already close to St. Michael's. He put about immediately with the whole fleet, and under a press of sail he held away back for Terceira. On his way he fell in with what Drake used to call 'some comfortable dew of Heaven' to ease the torment of his mortification. It took the shape of a great-ship belonging to the Governor of Havana, which had left after the *flota*, escorted by two frigates, one of which was the King's. All three were captured, and proved so rich as to provide some 400,000 ducats and go far to pay the expenses of the cruise. But there it ended. Though he made Terceira on the last day of September it was two days more before he could work up to Angra Road, and thus the Spanish Admiral had plenty of time to land his millions of treasure and to warp all his vessels into the depths of the bay snug under the plunging fire of the Castle of San Sabastian. Essex in

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 438, and see Hawkins's *Observations*, *Hakluyt Soc.*, 1578, p. 305. It was his intention to write a second volume giving an account of this part of his adventures, but this invaluable piece of naval history by one of the first seamen of his time was lost to us by his untimely death. Until the publication of the above-quoted letter we only knew of his presence by his chancing to use an incident of the affair as an example of the folly of neglecting to wear armour, a growing fashion against which every experienced commander inveighed in vain.

the anguish of his failure was ready for any desperate attempt. In the previous year he had sailed triumphantly past the forts of Cadiz, and he believed he could do the same again. But here it was impossible. The castle was so well placed that, as Ralegh wrote, 'There was no passage along beside it.'[1] The officers sent in to reconnoitre reported the fleet inaccessible. But Essex was not content. With his own flagship he stood close in, drawing the fire of the outer forts, and even then could hardly be persuaded the thing was impossible. The wind held strong and steady off the shore; he could not go in if he would. The captains reported only two days' water, and some even only one. To await more favourable weather was impossible. There was but one chance left, and that was to storm the forts and castle. In full council the soldiers offered to do it with the 1,500 men they had, but Howard, Ralegh, and the seamen said it was impossible to land them in the weather that prevailed. Essex desperately supported the soldiers. Lord Thomas and Ralegh, mad as they thought the scheme, were not to be outdone. Determined that the soldiers should not throw on them the onus of retreat, they promised if Essex chose to order an attack to find 1,500 men from the ships' crews to support the soldiers as a landing force. The debate was renewed; but now the hot heads cooled, and it was finally decided to return to St. Michael's.

Their only hope now was to take that island in order to renew their stores and establish themselves there till the Spaniards were forced to sail. Before Punta Delgada, the capital of the island, the fleet came to anchor; but here again the landing places were found extremely dangerous. 'For as about all those islands of the Azores,' says the

[1] *Hist of the World*, v. i. § 10, where he cites the Angra forts as an exceptional case of an impassable harbour defences; cf. note, p. 83 *supra*.

official report, 'a westerly wind bringeth in the hollow mother-sea, so the wind then being west-southerly made both a great sea-gate or wash upon the shore and a dangerous road.' Still the attempt had to be made, and a little to the eastward, under the lee of the Punta de Galera, a landing was just possible. Thither Essex and Howard moved at nightfall with the fleet flotilla, leaving Ralegh with the bulk of the ships to threaten the town according to the orthodox plan, which Drake had inaugurated so successfully at San Domingo and Carthagena twelve years before. But so strong was the westerly wind that the boats were carried beyond the mark, so that when day broke they found themselves some five leagues to leeward of the fleet. Before them was the village of Villa Franca, with a good landing place under the lee of a small island, and here it was resolved to put the troops ashore. Meanwhile Ralegh, according to rule, was keeping the garrison at their wits' end with continual alarms and threats to land. In the morning every eye was strained anxiously to see the head of Essex's force appear over the hills; but in vain. Not a sign of it could be seen. Day after day the Rear-Admiral waited, fretting and fuming at the unexplained miscarriage; and ship after ship with water exhausted left him, and dropped down to Villa Franca to share the luxurious quarters of the land force.

While Ralegh and his consorts thus grew desperate at being deserted, as they believed, in order that Essex's greedy officers might enjoy the plunder of Villa Franca, a ray of hope came to them. A small vessel from Brazil rounded Delgada point to the westward, and anchored amongst the fleet. She was captured, and immediately afterwards a huge vessel of nearly two thousand tons was seen approaching from the same direction. The prisoners reported her to be an East India carrack, and every heart

beat high. She was falling into their very mouths. The English fleet, being partly composed of Spanish prizes and partly of Dutchmen, was indistinguishable from a fleet of the King of Spain. Ralegh therefore ordered all flags to be struck, and so they waited, licking their lips. But ill luck clung to them like a plague. By an incalculable chance a miserable little Hollander took it into his head to weigh and meet the stranger, and, just as she was ready to double the point and enter the bay irrevocably, he fired into her. In a moment she had taken alarm, and, favoured by a sudden change of wind, she ran herself straight ashore under the guns of the town fort. There was a rush to the few boats that remained in the fleet. Regardless of the sea that was running, flag-officers and captains contended in the race to the banquet. But already a swarm of shore boats were busy round the stranded leviathan, and long before the Englishmen could cover the three miles that lay between their ships and the coveted prize she was a sheet of flame.

Essex in his last despatch to the Queen very handsomely exonerated Ralegh from all blame for the miscarriage, but it was the last blow to the already embittered spirit of the force. Had Essex but done his duty, so it seemed to the seamen, both town and carrack must have been theirs. But the fact was Essex could not move. The boats could not work back against the wind, and the march to the town was so long and difficult that he dared not lose touch with them. So in the end, after the loss of the carrack had quenched the last spark of hope for a successful issue, he ordered Ralegh to leave his station, as the bulk of the fleet had already done, and water at Villa Franca. The wind was shifting southerly. The masters told him if he did not embark immediately they would not answer at that late season for when he would see the fleet

again.[1] He had to give way, and, indeed, no one had the heart to stay. The re-embarkation was carried out not without difficulty, not only because of the surf that was running, but because of an attempt by the Delgada garrison to interrupt it. About five o'clock in the evening, when the bulk of the force was already embarked, Vere, who was holding the rear at Villa Franca, reported the enemy approaching. Having laid a trap for them like that he so successfully prepared at Cadiz, he sent for Essex, who was superintending the embarkation. The General, with all his gentlemen, presently came into the Plaza and heard Vere's report. To the Lord Marshal's profound disgust, his chief, instead of applauding his zeal, seemed not to believe him, as though it were a false alarm. Not a word did he say to show a proper appreciation of the veteran's wary soldiership. He simply called for his pipe, 'and so,' says Vere, 'on horseback with those noblemen and gentlemen on foot beside him, he took tobacco, whilst I was telling his Lordship of the men I had set forth.' Truly a most irreverent and unsoldierlike proceeding of the Lord General, and it is with evident satisfaction that Vere tells how a few minutes later a volley of musketry rattled in their ears and the pipe went flying.[2] But seeing the

[1] See Essex's instructions to Sir Thomas Jermyn. *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 439.

[2] In illustration of the Earl's love for tobacco, the following verses attributed to him may be quoted. They bear the title of the 'Earl of Essex's Buzz.' After comparing himself to a bee that is forbidden to feed on the choicest flowers though he has brought much honey to the hive, he proceeds:

'If these I cannot find, ah hapless bee,
Witching tobacco, I will fly to thee.
What though thou dye my lungs in deepest black,
A mourning habit suits a sable state.
What though the fumes sound memory do crack,
Forgetfulness is fittest for the smart.
Oh virtuous fumes, let it be carved in oak,
That words, hopes, wits, and all the world is smoke.'

Sloane MSS. 1303.

skilful disposition that Vere had made, the Spaniards did not press home the attack, and by nightfall the whole of the troops were re-embarked without further interruption.

It was the last act of the drama. The season for the Azores station was over, the wind was fair for home, and the fleet turned its back on the untold wealth that lay untasted in the vaults of San Sebastian Castle. As usual when an English fleet had orders for home, it soon lost order and discipline. For a large part of it the voyage became a stampede. Careless of everything but home, and impatient of all restraint, the fleetest of the private vessels steered their own course to shift for themselves, without a suspicion that a danger more formidable than any they had yet encountered lay directly in their path. For on the very day the English fleet made sail Philip's last great Armada put to sea.

CHAPTER IX

PHILIP'S LAST ARMADA

Ever since the previous December, when the Adelantado's shattered fleet had put back into Ferrol, the work of refitting had gone on with all the energy of which Spain was capable. To the staggering blow which Heaven had dealt him Philip had bowed once more in uncomplaining resignation, but never for one moment had he relaxed his obstinate purpose. His hunger for revenge only bit the deeper; and, as inch by inch his life ebbed lower, Don Martin de Padilla and the Ferrol fleet were never from his mind. Demand after demand came in from the distant Galician head-quarters, and they were met with dogged patience by the King. Regardless of his starving subjects, fresh embargoes were ordered and new levies enforced. From Italy, as in 1588, a strong squadron under Doria was ordered to carry to the Adelantado's flag three whole tertias of the Italian veterans, and this when his Italian subjects, driven desperate by his repudiations, were on the brink of revolt. Yet the more he wrung from his exhausted resources to feed the insatiable instrument of his hatred, the more it cried for. Ships, tackle, men, victuals, everything was wanting, and what there was was bad. In his heart Don Martin knew the attempt was madness, but every difficulty that he raised the King's relentless purpose ignored or swept away. Yet spring passed into summer and summer into autumn, and Don Martin still protested he was

unprepared to sail. Even when Philip, exhausted at last by his feverish exertions, lay prostrate with horrible disease, the fleet in Ferrol still haunted his delirious dreams. He had sunk at last under the strain and was at death's door. The gloomy palace was more than ever like a tomb. Without, were ceaseless Masses and processions for the King's recovery; within, his unhappy daughter was keeping him alive by blowing liquid food down his throat. For two days the crisis lasted, and when the King spoke again his first words were to ask, 'What Martin wanted more, would he never be ready?'[1]

In truth Don Martin had already sailed, though the half-dead King had forgotten that the pressure he had brought to bear had at last thrust him out to sea. In the first week of September the news had come that the false intelligence conveyed to the English fleet had done its work. Essex had been lured from the coast and was gone to look for the Adelantado at the Azores. The danger to the Indian fleets was of course extreme, but even this could not deter the King. It only lent his craving a new edge. His chance had come while England lay uncovered, and even the treasure fleet must be sacrificed. He would not so much as wait for the Italian tertias to join. Orders having failed, he fell to threats and bitter taunts. In vain the Adelantado hurried to Court to explain his helplessness; the King would not yield; and, all unready as he was, the unhappy Admiral had to begin to move his unwieldy fleet out of Ferrol into Betanzos Bay. Still no one believed he meant to get much further. 'Surely, Sir,' wrote an English agent from Bayona about the middle of September, in sending home intelligence of the movement, 'Surely, Sir, in mine opinion it is first to avoid the

[1] 'Advices from Spain.' *Dom. Cal.*, Oct. 19, 1597.

shame of tarrying in harbour, for which the Adelantado hath been sharply threatened, having cost the King a million about this fleet, and when things were provided ever something wanted. When the English fleet was last on this coast and that he went not out to it, the King sent word with all fury by Martin Vicenza, a provider of victuals, that he would hang him at his wife's neck, if he did not put to sea out of that corner. He rid post upon it and returned the 26th of August thither and all the speech was that he would abroad.' [1]

But he got no further than Coruña. In Betanzos Bay he lay for nearly a month, waiting, as he said, for a wind. Others thought there was a different reason for the delay. Ralegh's appearance off Lisbon had thrown the whole country into alarm, and compelled the withholding of the Italian troops, who by this time had got as far as the Tagus. A French descent on Catalonia had caused another diversion so serious that Doria and his galleys had to be recalled from Lisbon to meet it. Essex's fleet was exaggerated to a hundred and fifty sail, and it was openly said the Adelantado did not mean to sail that year. He and his men had little stomach left for fighting the English at sea, and less for the stormy British seas in autumn. Then came the news that on September 15 the French King had recovered Amiens from the hands of the Cardinal Archduke and was more firmly seated on his throne than ever, for all Philip's efforts to dislodge him. With Elizabeth's help, Henry could now turn all his attention to expelling the Spaniards from Brittany, where, as we have seen, galleys and troops had already been sent to join the Adelantado when he should appear. The splendid situation, which

[1] Letter of Intelligence from Hans Williamson. *S.P. Spain*, xxxii. f. 58.

had been prepared with so much forethought and heroic patience, seemed to be slipping through Philip's palsied fingers, and he had grown more violent and determined than ever. The bad weather that had so much troubled the English fleet had made it impossible for the Italian troops to get round from Lisbon, but at any moment Philip believed the ships would be ready again to bring them on, and Don Martin was peremptorily ordered not to wait for them. So at last the passive resistance of the Adelantado and his admirals had broken down before the fevered energy of the sick King's struggle with death, and on October 9 the great fleet was outside the bay.

In appearance it was a splendid force, yielding hardly at all in fighting strength to the Invincible Armada itself. When the Adelantado held his final inspection, it consisted, besides small craft, of one hundred and thirty-six ships averaging nearly two hundred and fifty tons, and carrying nearly nine thousand soldiers and four thousand sailors. Of these vessels forty-four were royal and sixteen private galleons or ships-of-war. Over and above the total of vessels actually with the Adelantado's flag, there were a number of caravels waiting for more troops that were on their way, seven galleys and a thousand infantry waiting in Brittany, and the Andalusian or Seville squadron of thirty-two ships was to follow under the expert seaman Don Marcos de Aramburu with three tertias of the finest infantry in Europe. The veteran Don Diego Brochero, Almirante-General of the Ocean Sea, was Vice-Admiral, and the squadrons were commanded by the men whose names were most closely associated with the recent creation of the Spanish navy and the establishment of the base in Brittany. Urquiola, Villaviciosa, Bertendona, Oliste, Zubiaur—all were there, men who had fought and

suffered at sea and were quite as well qualified for what they had to do as the new school of English military flag-officers.

If the fleet were not all it seemed in appearance, if men, victuals, and armament left much to be desired, it had still a great advantage to its credit. With extraordinary skill its objective had been kept a profound secret. The English Government had not so much as divined it. Ireland, the Isle of Wight, Scotland, Milford Haven, even Dover and the Thames were suspected, but none were right. In truth it was the original long neglected plan, which Pero Menendez twenty years before had persuaded the King to adopt, and which, in spite of the seamen's advice, had been put aside ever since his untimely death at the moment of its execution. The key of the plan was the seizure of Falmouth and the establishment there of such a base as Drake and Essex after him had struggled for at Lisbon or Cadiz. As Drake and Norreys had been persuaded in regard to Portugal in 1589, so Philip now thought that he had a large following in England eager to support him so soon as he had secured a footing. Once established in the mouth of the Channel, he could easily operate, so Menendez had believed, both east and west, so as to foment rebellion in Ireland and join hands with his forces in the Low Countries. With Blavet and Calais in his hands, the project was more assured even than when Menendez was ready to undertake it. The idea, then, of the present campaign was that the Adelantado, after picking up the troops and galleys in Brittany, was to proceed direct to Falmouth, establish himself there, and send the fleet back at once under Brochero in order that it might return in the spring with supplies and reinforcements, the Adelantado in the meanwhile to endeavour to capture Plymouth. This at least

was the original plan, but in view of Essex's move to the Azores it seems to have been modified. Instead of remaining in command at Falmouth, the Adelantado, after throwing a garrison into the forts that guarded the entrance of the haven, was to retire with the fleet to Scilly and there await Essex's return. If he learned that the West Indian fleet had been captured, he was to give the captors battle; and having defeated them, as was only to be expected with his superior force, he was to return to Falmouth, land the rest of his troops, and proceed as originally instructed.

The plan was intelligent and well thought out, but like Napoleon's in 1804, it smells too much of the lamp. It involved as its cardinal point, and as every such scheme must, the defeat of the enemy's fleet. That this might have been effected if Essex could have been brought to action was possible. But the one thing that the war had shown beyond doubt was that a Spanish admiral could not bring an English one to action against his will, and, above all, when by the station the Spaniards had chosen they must almost inevitably be thrown to the leeward on any wind that would bring the homeward-bound English fleet within their reach. There were still two other factors left out of consideration in the Spanish scheme. The one was the rapidity with which the English navy could mobilise. Had the Adelantado sailed early in September, as was intended, the great-ships at Chatham, as presently appeared, would have been ready for sea long before Essex would have returned, and with Palmer's and the Dutch Channel squadron they would have formed a fleet formidable enough to throw the whole scheme out of balance. The second was the improved condition of the English military organisation. Since 1588 the country had become leavened throughout by a swarm of capable officers

trained in the best school in Europe. With Essex for their chief they had been able, as we have seen, to bring their ideas home to the Council board, with the result that the last traces of the Middle Ages had been in some measure removed from the national forces, and a system of arming, training, and mobilisation set on foot which would probably have rendered Falmouth untenable to any except a very large and well-supplied force.

Still, as things turned out the situation was fraught with danger, at least for the retreating English fleet. The unforeseen result of the Adelantado's long delay was that Essex could receive no warning of his being at sea. The English would certainly be surprised, and an action, especially with Essex's hot head and now reckless desire to recover his reputation, could easily ensue, and the result might be serious. The Spanish ships and the Spanish officers were by no means the same as had failed in 1588, while on the other hand the English fleet was directed by soldiers. Moreover, it was demoralised by failure and out of hand; the ships, in ill condition when they started, were now in no fighting trim. Ralegh had even stowed away his big guns in the hold to ease his strained timbers for the stormy voyage home, and probably others had done the same.

Under these conditions, then, and in complete ignorance of each other's position, the two fleets on October 9 started on converging courses. The weather held fair and both made rapid progress. By the morning of the 12th the Adelantado was off Blavet, and, having sent away a pinnace to summon Zubiaur and his galleys to join him, he called his officers together to settle the final details of the landing. Up to this time not a breath of his movement had reached England, nor was anything known of Essex's real position. The last that had been heard

of the English commander was a despatch, written the day before he had missed the treasure fleet, announcing his luckless resolve to fall back on St. Michael's and take possession of it, in order that he might get fresh victuals and water for prolonging his cruise as late in October as the season would permit. The impunity with which he had worked his will at the islands could only confirm the belief in England that the Adelantado could not move; and, so far from any immediate anxiety being felt, an officer was actually at Plymouth about to carry orders to Essex not to bring home the whole of his fleet if the treasure ships had not come, but to leave behind him a small squadron to lie in wait for them.[1]

Thus in England the security was profound. On October 23 the old Lord Admiral, all unconscious of the danger, was complacently receiving his patent as Earl of Nottingham in reward for his great services in 1588, culminating in his exploit at Cadiz the previous year. The Queen and her ministers were absorbed with the meeting of Parliament, which had been summoned for the following day to provide means for repelling the long threatened invasion in the ensuing spring. In this serene atmosphere the Houses met; but before the day was out the Council had in its hands from Sir Ferdinand Gorges at Plymouth the astounding news that the Spaniards were on the coast, and that he was straining every nerve to garrison the western ports to prepare for the worst.

This, instead of a glorious victory as had been hoped and intended, was the news with which the Queen had to face her Parliament. The long prepared invasion had come, and the costly fleet that should have met it was no one knew where. As the gravity of the news was confirmed by post after post from the West, the alarm

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 433.

increased and the Government took every step in its power. The troops in France were recalled, the forces of the exposed counties mobilised, the great-ships at Chatham ordered into commission, Sir Robert Crosse was sent to take over the command of the Channel squadron from Sir Henry Palmer, who was ill, and Parliament was hastily prorogued. The strain and excitement were at their height when they were suddenly relieved for the moment by a piece of news as startling and unexpected as the first. The very day that Parliament was dismissed, Cecil was surprised by a despatch from Mountjoy saying that he had reached Plymouth with four of the Queen's galleons. A storm had scattered the fleet, but the rest must be close at hand. What was equally extraordinary, he had neither seen nor heard anything of the Adelantado and his fleet. Somehow the two forces had missed one another, but there was no doubt, he said, the Spaniards were at sea, and pending Essex's arrival he had assumed command and with Gorges was making every possible preparation to fight the Adelantado as soon as he appeared. 'The ships that be here,' wrote Mountjoy, 'are thought fittest to ride in the Hamoaze because from thence they may put out with the same wind that will bring the Spanish fleet hither.' Next morning Essex and most of the other ships were in. As though all was clear, they had sailed on a fair wind straight up into the Catwater, from which there was now no stirring. The Earl thus found himself caught like Howard and Drake in 1588, and in impotent heat he was blazing with all his old fire to be at the enemy that had outwitted him.

The tidings that greeted him at Plymouth were as complete a surprise to Essex as they had been to Mountjoy. Close as the two fleets must have passed, he had not had so much as a hint that the Adelantado was out. 'The

news we find,' he wrote, 'is that the Spaniards are upon the coast; upon which, if we do not bestir ourselves as never men did, let us be counted not worthy to serve such a Queen. For the country, by the Grace of God, I will take order, and I will instantly out with as many ships as I can; but this hour the wind blows full up into the harbour, and we were all in ere we had this news. . . . Though we eat ropes' ends and drink nothing but rain water, we will out, that we may be partly the instruments to make a final end of this proud nation that is destined to destruction. They are already in distress, and if we can get out I hope none of them shall escape.' His energy was tremendous. He sent out pinnaces for intelligence, he pressed men without authority, he despatched officers to mobilise the western forces, and yet found time to write to the Government hour after hour, as he gradually penetrated the situation, suggesting what should be done, and begging that he or someone else should be invested immediately with supreme powers.

The three possible objects of the Adelantado he unfolded with remarkable acumen. He was sure he had come either to invade Ireland, or to intercept the retreat of the English fleet, or else to make a retaliatory incursion upon the western coasts. The alternative orders he suggested in view of these possibilities seem to have thoroughly impressed the Government with his capacity. Full powers both by land and sea were sent down to him, the Channel squadron was ordered to join his flag, and once more he became the mainspring of national defence. In the Queen's letter which invested him with these extensive powers there is no sign of mistrust for his late mistakes except a dignified caution, 'as a matter fit to be reiterated and deeply imprinted' against acting hastily on false intelligence. 'Seeing already,' she concludes, 'by your

late leaving the coast upon an uncertain probability that no army would come forth of Ferrol till March, you have given the enemy leisure and courage to attempt us . . . you do take heed according to your duty and allegiance, that you do not in any case upon any probability or light advertisements once adventure to leave our own coast to transport our forces to Ireland, whereby our own kingdom may lie open to serious dangers; but that you do proceed in this great affair according to the rules of advised deliberation as well as affection of zeal and diligence. For treasure, for victual, and what may be fit for us to send, you shall find that you serve a prince neither void of care nor judgment what to do that is fit in cases of this consequence.' No utterance could have been more worthy of the Queen and the occasion. It was characteristic of Elizabeth, when a great danger threatened, to recognise it with a full grasp, and to rise above the trivial meannesses which so often hid from her servants her real greatness. Essex was one who probably never knew how great a princess he served, and before the Queen's letter could reach him, impatient and mistrustful, he had posted to Court to obtain what was already given with a full hand.[1]

Meanwhile the gale had brought Ralegh his usual distinction. The only one of the Queen's officers who had failed to make the Channel, he had put into St. Ives, where his ship at the critical moment was off the board. Orders reached him to send her round to Plymouth immediately. He himself came overland, and with Mountjoy

[1] See minute of a letter from the Queen, *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 449. It is dated October 28. At midnight on the 29th the other admirals wrote to Essex, who had then left Plymouth some time. *Ibid.* 450. Captain George Somers heard that he had gone to Court. *Ibid.* 453. He must therefore have started before a letter drafted on the 28th could have reached him. He can, however, hardly have reached the Court before the letter was drafted, for on the 27th he wrote a long despatch to the Council from Plymouth in which there is no hint of his intention to leave the place. *Ibid.* 446.

and Lord Thomas Howard took command in Essex's absence.

By this time the whole of the ships were safely in, but still they were quite ignorant of the Adelantado's strength or whereabouts. Some of the captains, however, reported that they had passed scattered groups of Spanish vessels, and it was pretty certain the enemy had lost cohesion in the recent gales. On Saturday the 29th Ralegh received intelligence from Cornwall that the Spaniards were near that coast. The information, as he said, was very uncertain, but he made it the occasion for leaving the fleet and betaking himself to the more congenial task of organising the land forces of his western command. Mountjoy, it was agreed, should take charge of Plymouth and the neighbourhood, while Lord Thomas put to sea with the fleet. Before Ralegh started, however, fresh information materially cleared up the situation. On Sunday a Plymouth skipper called Bowden came in with a prize from the Adelantado's fleet. It was 'a flyboat of war' carrying an army captain and forty soldiers besides sailors, and Bowden had boarded and taken her with a crew of only twenty-eight men and boys.[1] From the Spanish officer detailed information of the strength and organisation of the fleet was obtained, and its formidable character for the first time understood. It was further ascertained that the whole fleet had come 'jointly and entire' with a fair wind to about ten leagues from the Lizard, but that there they had been scattered by an easterly gale. Since that time the prisoner had never seen but one of his consorts, and that was some thirty leagues from the coast of Spain. Here, then, was clear

[1] See Ralegh to Cecil. *Hatfield Papers*, vii. 455, and *Edwards*, ii. 180. Ralegh says the capture was made 'in 42° and nearly thirty leagues off the Cape' *i.e.* Finisterre.

evidence that the recent gales had given the Adelantado even more trouble than they had Essex, and that part at least of his force had been driven back to Spain. There was still breathing time, and, better still, the situation was greatly simplified. Bowden's prisoners gave full information of the Adelantado's plans, that his objective was Falmouth and not Ireland or any Channel port. Upon this information, which was confirmed from other sources, the mobilisation at Chatham was immediately stopped. Further intelligence flowed in rapidly, and on Monday the officers at Plymouth were able to report that all danger was over. The Dutch Admiral had carried his squadron homeward, and the English ones were asking for instructions as to placing their ships in winter quarters.

As a matter of fact at no time since the alarm had been taken had the country been in any real danger. The council which the Adelantado had held off Blavet to settle the details of the landing had never come to a conclusion. It had been broken up by a change of weather so severe and sudden that the officers could hardly get back to their ships. It was the same north-easter that had dispersed Essex's fleet, and the Spaniards were soon absorbed in a life and death struggle with the gale. Brochero, their vice-admiral and the commanding spirit of the fleet, was immediately disabled and had to run for Spain. As for the Adelantado, he could neither make head nor dared he go about. For three days he held his ground while his fleet melted from him, and then with the first sign of the weather moderating he signalled a retreat. All who were in sight or had not already anticipated the order ran back with a fair wind. The rest in scattered groups had held on for the Falmouth rendezvous, and, as in 1588, it was some of these that had been sighted and had given the alarm. A few of them,

driven to take refuge in the ports of the Bristol Channel, were captured; but the bulk succeeded in escaping before Lord Thomas Howard could get to sea, and by the middle of November nearly the whole of the fleet was safe in Spanish ports. The Adelantado was at once summoned to Madrid to give an account of his failure, and the great armada, with the exception of a squadron retained to fetch home the treasure from Terceira, was paid off and dispersed.

Thus ended the last attempt of Philip to carry out the enterprise which brought the whole policy of his reign to ruin, and thus, it has been said, Providence for the third time saved England. But to accept such a judgment on the campaign is to close the eyes to its obvious lesson. Rather should it be said that for the third time it was proved that a fleet conducted without consummate seamanship and composed of different nationalities is foredoomed to failure. From the beginning of the war the English strategists had relied securely on the autumn weather as a bar to invasion by any fleet the Spanish King could collect, and the result had justified their calculation. With captains that did not understand each other's language, unused to work together and unfamiliar with their commander's signals, the first flaw of bad weather must necessarily breed confusion, and with no common national end to inspire their determination the first confusion was sure to be seized as an excuse for retreat. Numbers, tonnage, and guns are no measure of the power of an international fleet. Over and over again experience has proved this truth to our loss as well as our gain; yet, to judge from our alarmists to-day, we seem as far from understanding it as was Philip himself.

The truth is that, if Providence intervened at all, it

was to save Spain from a crushing disaster. Let it be realised for a moment what the Adelantado's position would have been if the weather had permitted him to proceed. He would undoubtedly have surprised Falmouth; but before he could have retired to await Essex at Scilly, Essex would have been upon him. The leading English ships must certainly have got warning and Essex would have had time to get into fighting trim. The tactics of 1588 would in all probability have been repeated, and the Adelantado gradually forced up Channel. In sight of their own shore the English would have fought to their last biscuit and their last drop of water, and their ammunition was almost intact. Every day, as the Spaniards grew weaker by the exhaustion of their ammunition and the desertion of embargoed ships, supplies and reinforcements would have strengthened the home force. Sooner or later Essex must have joined hands with the English and Dutch Channel squadrons, and then in all probability a battle like Gravelines would have ended the campaign. Exhausted as the English ships were, they were a match for the ill-found Spaniards, and whatever loss Essex in his exasperation might have exposed himself to, it is certain that the Adelantado's fleet would have been rendered incapable of further action. He would have been unable to re-embark or relieve his troops, and not a man of them would ever have left the country against the Queen's will, while the bulk of his riddled ships, even if they came off nominally the victors, must have succumbed to the first gale. If a storm, which had so little affected Essex's exhausted force, so entirely demoralised that of the Adelantado at its best, what would have been the result of a gale on the top of a sanguinary action? The lesson to be deduced was unmistakable. Without a blow, with everything in its

favour, the finest force which Spain could ever hope to wring from its failing resources had been defeated by its own inherent defects, and at last the dying King knew the 'Enterprise of England' was a vision he could never bring to reality.

CHAPTER X

CUMBERLAND AT PUERTO RICO

The year that followed the failures of Essex and the Adelantado marks a pause in the war that was a prelude to its final stage. Though barren of any great operation upon the sea, it was a time big with the activity that had gone before; and though passed by in silence by the contemporary historians of the war, it was one of the most fateful periods since the struggle began. Drake had ploughed and Essex had sown, and now the Cecils tried to reap an unripe harvest. The coming year was one of wide and profound change. It completely altered the setting of the board, and even the pieces that had hitherto dominated the game gave way to others. It was the year that marked the close of Essex's connection with the navy, and indeed the extinction of his influence on the course of the war; for the clouding of his reputation as a commander and a minister, which was the result of the late campaign, proved the final triumph of the Cecils and the party of peace. It was the year that saw the death of Burghley and the death of Philip. It saw the resuscitation of the Duchy of Burgundy, and England's most ancient ally became again an entity apart from Spain. It was the year of the Peace of Vervins, whereby Henry IV. finally deserted the cause that had given him his throne, and Spain, by the sacrifice of her advanced posts in the Channel, eliminated him for a time from the struggle. It saw, too, the last of the great privateering expeditions of the English, and the preparations for

the first great naval enterprise of the Dutch. Finally, partly as the cause and partly as the effect of all these changes, Spain henceforth abandoned all hope of attacking her northern enemies by direct naval operations, and the war took a new course.

The stage it was about to enter was businesslike rather than brilliant. The men of war never again got the upper hand. Cecil kept the strings firmly in his wary fingers, and the calculating prudence that was his inheritance condemned the struggle to dulness. No chivalrous exploit illumined its mathematical progress; no romantic figure lent it colour. The men whom Cecil trusted were ordinary expert officers trained from boyhood in the navy, men such as we should trust to-day. It is for these reasons mainly that literature, finding no savoury dishes for its delectation, has left their work in obscurity. Yet the campaigns they conducted are as full of interest and instruction as any in the war, and if for nothing else are worthy of the closest study for the picture they give of the Tudor navy in the fulness of its growth.

For a due appreciation of its action it is first necessary to grasp the altered conditions under which it was called upon to work. The cardinal feature of the new situation from a naval as well as a political point of view was the Peace of Vervins. It was this treaty that was the immediate result of the Adelantado's barren campaign. In devout submission Philip accepted its bitter lesson — that the object of his most strenuous efforts, his most cruel exactions, and his most fervent prayers was beyond the power of his resources to achieve. With a patient change of front he set to work to detach the King of France from the triple alliance that had proved the ruin of the Habsburg system. The war so far had given Henry all he desired with the exception of his two ports

which were in Spanish hands, and a few secondary fortresses on his Flemish frontier. He was only too willing to listen to Philip's overtures. And yet what little self-respect he had left after his opportunist change of religion compelled him to seek at least the appearance of consulting his allies and inviting them to join in the negotiation. His proposal naturally aroused a bitter divergence of opinion. The Cecils, who had always mistrusted the French alliance, and who loved negotiation for its own sake and still more for the sake of peace, regarded the idea with favour. Essex, on the other hand, was credited with a violent and irrational opposition to so much as listening to Henry's insidious proposals, but this he always stoutly denied. In any case he must have known his opposition was useless. He had returned from his fruitless campaign to find his influence gone. Parliament had been allowed to meet before he got home, so that he had been unable, as his practice was, to make a party. The Cecils were supreme, and the Lord Admiral by his new earldom had gained precedence over Essex. Instead of taking any active part in politics he fell into another fit of boyish sulks, nor did he emerge from them till the coveted patent of Earl Marshal restored his precedence over the Lord Admiral. Then the sunniness of his nature shone out again, and he was once more on excellent terms with his rivals. The younger Cecil, indeed, seems personally to have pushed the unhappy favourite's claims to the Earl Marshalship; for having been appointed head of the special embassy that was to go to France in answer to Henry's invitation, he could not afford to leave Essex behind him unappeased, and Essex seems to have shown his gratitude by refraining from any active opposition to the Cecils' policy.

Burghley, though too wise not to see that the situation

was hardly ripe for an enduring peace, was on the whole in favour of ending the war, mainly on the ground of the decay of English trade that it had caused. For besides being shut out from the whole of Philip's own ports and those of his Italian allies, England was also the victim of a kind of armed neutrality, which the Emperor was heading in resistance to her resolute and drastic assertion of belligerent rights over contraband of war. The confederates included the Hanse Towns and Sweden, nor was Venice much better disposed to the English claims. The Hanse merchants were expelled from their ancient establishment in London, but beyond this no retaliatory measures could be taken. Yet it can hardly be believed that Burghley thought a general peace possible; for come what might, he had no intention of deserting the Dutch, and it was certain that Philip would never consent to have them included in the treaty on any terms they could be expected to accept.

The other main difficulty in the way was Calais. Elizabeth still ardently desired its recovery, and hoped sooner or later to get hold of it as security for the repayment of her loan to Henry, which he was entirely unable to discharge, or in consideration of further military assistance against Spain. If peace were made, Calais would certainly be restored to France, and so strong did the Queen feel herself upon the sea that she was prepared to risk the danger of its remaining a little longer in Spanish hands in the hopes of eventually restoring the coveted jewel to her crown. The real and secret object, then, of Cecil's mission to France was rather to deter Henry from making a separate peace with Spain, and Essex and his friends, who were in favour of an active prosecution of the war, had little or no reason to offer opposition.

Small as were the chances of Cecil's success they were

still further reduced by a masterly stroke of Philip's which took effect before the English envoys sailed. For months their departure had been delayed on various pretexts, while Burghley tried to induce the States to come to terms with the Archduke, their new suzerain, to whom Philip had renounced Flanders and the whole Duchy of Burgundy, including its Dutch rebels. But till the English mission started they would not move. It was not till February 16, 1598, that Cecil reached Dover, and he was on the eve of embarking when everyone was startled by the news that Bertendona at the head of twenty-eight sail had succeeded in making his way unmolested up Channel with 4,000 troops for Calais. Some of his vessels had already made that port, but many were windbound in the Channel. Cecil was immediately stopped. A descent on the southern coast or an attempt on the ships at Chatham was feared. Essex and his chief officers were galloping south and west to the exposed points; the Lord Admiral hurried to his beloved fleet; Cumberland, who was ready with a strong force for a private raid into Spanish waters, was ordered to sea to do what he could in conjunction with the weak Channel Guard; and Ralegh took a contract for providing the victuals where they were likely to be wanted.

But Philip's move was too cleverly planned and too smartly carried out, and nothing came of the English activity. Bertendona carried the whole of his troops into Calais, and when Cecil at last reached Henry's Court it was to find the shameless King with this new danger in his gates resolved upon peace at any price. Regardless of the protests and interests of his allies, he would consider nothing but his own immediate safety; indeed, it is said he had already secretly come to terms with the Archduke before the English envoys arrived. In vain for nearly two months Cecil struggled to keep him to his faith; in

vain both he and the Dutch offered the most liberal assistance if he would only continue the war. He would only protest he was at the end of his resources; and before the end of April 1598 the treaty with Spain was secretly signed at Vervins to the exclusion of both English and Dutch. By its terms peace was made between France and Spain, and within three months Calais and the other places in Picardy which Philip still held were to be given up to the French and the fortifications of Blavet to be dismantled. The Archduke Albert as Duke of Burgundy was included in the treaty. Brittany at the same time was induced to submit to the French crown, and at last Henry was King of France.

The immediate result of the treaty was to throw England back on her traditional policy. From very early times her foreign relations had centred on keeping the Duchy of Burgundy from absorption into France. For this reason it had always been Burghley's policy when France and Spain were friendly to lean to Spain, as the best counterpoise to the dreaded expansion of France northwards. The old conditions had re-arisen. Again there was an independent Duke of Burgundy, and the fact that he was under the protection of Spain was an additional reason for a Spanish alliance. Moreover, as the treaty secured the retirement of Spain from the Channel, England's naval position in the Narrow Seas was re-established, and reports from the Spanish dockyards made it certain that all thought of another Armada had been given up. It cannot therefore be wondered at if in the eyes of Burghley, who could never rise to an appreciation that the real struggle with Spain was for the new world, there was very little left to fight about. The last months of his life were absorbed in a vigorous effort for peace. Still, his loyalty to the Dutch was as firm as ever.

As a preliminary step, the attempts to get the Archduke to grant reasonable terms to his Protestant rebels were secretly renewed, but at the same time Sir Francis Vere was sent over to negotiate a fresh and more strenuous alliance with the States. The negotiations with the Archduke failed; those of Vere succeeded. On August 6, 1598, the old treaty of 1585 for an offensive and defensive alliance with the Dutch was renewed, and two days before it was signed Burghley died.

Thus conspicuously in the hour of the great minister's death was the failure of his war policy emphasised. Brilliant and lasting as had been his services to England in the earlier part of his career in giving her peace and internal rest to renew her strength, he never understood either how strong he had made her or the irresistible unrest such strength entailed. A man of patient industry and subtle shifts, astute, practical, and with a miraculous mastery of detail, he was without imagination. Unsurpassed in meeting the dangers of the moment as they befell, he could never rise to an understanding of the vast issues that lay behind them and of which they were but the symptoms. His horizon spread no further than to see his country peacefully developing her internal resources and her European trade, and he could not grasp that the impetus which his success had given to the latent energy of the country was a thing beyond the power of law or reason to stop. For him its restless and often lawless and misguided efforts had no high meaning. What was in truth the spirit of the time panting and heaving under his repression, he could only see as the rapacious folly of dangerous men. Overweighted with the tangle of detail with which his industry and devotion burdened his powers, he could never climb high enough to see what he had done. He could not see that he had lifted England

to a position of rivalry with Spain, and that it was a rivalry so far reaching and vital that it could only be settled by the sword. Such issues have never been determined by diplomacy. Yet diplomacy is never tired of trying, to the embitterment and intensification of the struggle when at last it bursts. If Burghley could not recognise the crisis as one beyond the limit of the weapon he loved and wielded with so much masterly dexterity, he is not to be blamed for dulness. No man, unless it were the elder Pitt, ever entirely recognised such a crisis as it was passing. But Burghley was not a Pitt; and to the end, for all his wisdom and devotion, the men of imagination, who instinctively felt the truth and struggled in blind heroism towards the distant goal, were for him always objects of suspicion, and never had the support which he alone had the power and skill to give. The result was that he only protracted the struggle which he strove so hard to stop, and at his death after thirteen years of bloodshed the war seemed to begin again on its old footing as though nothing had been achieved.

Indeed the resemblance between the situation under which the war began in 1585 and that under which it was renewed in 1598 is very striking. Then France was eliminated from the struggle by her internal dissensions; now she was cancelled by treaty and military exhaustion. The field was left to England and Spain, to Holland and the ruler of Flanders. But the comparative strength of the parties was far different from what it was in 1585. How widely altered they were may be seen from the new terms of the Anglo-Dutch treaty. In every line of them we see the States no longer gasping in a desperate struggle for existence, but bent on revenge. Grown rich as the war proceeded, they agree to repay the Queen her expenses incurred for them in large instalments. Secure in their

military development, they stipulate for no more than the original 1150 men to garrison Flushing, Rameken, and Brill. But, on the other hand, if the common enemy attempt a naval attack on any of the English islands, they will place thirty if not forty good ships under the Queen's flag. If England itself be invaded they will place 5000 foot and 500 horse at her General's disposal and pay them. If the Queen send a fleet of fifty or sixty sail against the enemy's coasts or islands, they will provide the same number; and if she invade Flanders or Brabant with a full army of 10,000 foot and 2000 horse they will pay half the cost. So the whole treaty rings with a note that loudly proclaims the decline of Spain and the rise of the two great Protestant powers, and a vigorous renewal of the war seemed clearly contemplated. But another striking resemblance between the two situations told all the other way. As in 1585, Leicester, the moving spirit of the war party, went to the Low Countries as the point of greatest danger and there buried his reputation, so now Ireland removed Essex from the scene. The whole island was going from bad to worse and becoming a source of real anxiety as a weak point for Spanish operations. Everyone who knew it—Sydney, Blount, Ralegh—had refused the Lord-Deputyship as too hard a task. Then the Queen tried to induce William Knollys to go, while Essex pressed the claims and qualifications of his friend and follower Sir George Carew. So rudely did he receive Elizabeth's opposition that she publicly boxed his ears, and for the last time he retired from Court and refused to take any part in politics. Thus no one was left to press the Government to a vigorous prosecution of the war; but as in 1585 the nation made war in its own way.

With no regular operations claiming the services of the seamen the activity of the privateers redoubled. This was

all the effect the unhappy Spaniards could see in the Peace of Vervins, upon which they had built so much sanguine expectation and spent their self-esteem. As it became known that the English and Dutch were no parties to it the lamentation was loud and deep, and the Government dared not proclaim its terms. The depredations of the privateers taught the long suffering people that the sacrifice of all they had so hardly won in Brittany and Picardy had brought them no relief. All the summer English and Dutch privateers swarmed upon the Spanish seas. While the Dutch penetrated into the virgin preserves of the East Indies, the worst and most ruthless of the Englishmen found in the remoter waters of the Mediterranean a field free from the interference of her Majesty's ships, and from end to end it rang with their piracies. It was not alone the Spaniards who suffered. The Italian States, whose commerce the fiat of the Pope and Philip denied them, felt equally the smart of their exasperated hand. Under pretence of commerce or searching for contraband and Spanish goods, they made havoc with the Levantine trade, and came near to bringing about an open rupture with Venice, the most powerful of the Mediterranean States. Many of the complaints were no doubt exaggerated out of commercial jealousy; for year by year the English trade to the Levant was growing at the expense of the older established commerce; but when all allowance is made there can be little doubt that many of the offenders were no better than pirates.

On Philip's Atlantic seaboard the state of things, if more regular, was still more severe. The coastwise traffic was practically blockaded, and the dying King's last days were vexed with reports of havoc that forced home to him what it meant to have failed upon the sea. As he lay on his death bed there was wrung from him almost the only note of despair that he was ever known to utter. When

it is remembered how he had toiled and suffered and prayed to accomplish the impossible task, as he fervently believed, at the bidding of Heaven, there seem few things in history more pathetic than the memorable passage in his last advice to his son. 'Now as concerning the trade and navigation of the East and West Indies, therein doth consist the power and might of the kingdoms of Spain. . . . . France and England cannot be debarred from meddling with the aforesaid trade and navigation, their power is great, their seamen are many, the seas be too large, their merchants too with their captains and soldiers too greedy and their subjects too trusty.' The French he need not fear so much so long as he was strong in the Netherlands, but with the English the only way was to come to terms, 'notwithstanding a great part of them are heretics and will so continue, with condition that they should have full liberty of trade in Spain and Italy and license to travel and trade in the Indies on good security for behaviour first deposited in Spain.'[1] This was all Hawkins and the London merchants who supported him had contended for in the early days. It was the refusal of just these privileges that had set Drake implacably to work. To be ready to yield them now was for Philip to acknowledge defeat by the men that he had once regarded but as ants about his feet.

So complete indeed was his failure that in spite of his last superhuman exertions, which had almost crushed out of his marine population what remained of its vitality, he was almost powerless even in his own seas. It was not until the end of February 1598 that the treasure which Essex had driven into Terceira could be escorted home, and hardly was it safe in port when news came that the outward bound East Indian carracks dared

[1] *S.P. Spain*, xxxiii. 74.

not leave Lisbon. After all the long struggle and the lavish waste of Spanish blood and treasure, the terrors of Drake's early days seemed to be revived. For the last of the great English privateering expeditions, which Drake had inaugurated, was at sea, and at its head was one of the most brilliant and picaresque of his successors.

No figure, indeed, is more characteristic of the Elizabethan age than that of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland. Born the year of the Queen's accession, he had succeeded to the title while still a child, and had become the ward of Drake's godfather, the Earl of Bedford, to whose daughter he was betrothed in infancy and was afterwards married. At Cambridge, where he was known for an accomplished mathematician, his tutor was Whitgift, Master of Trinity, the typical figure of the Elizabethan settlement; and the influence of the young Earl's home and education seem to have imbued him with a genuine religious spirit that he maintained through life. On the eve of sailing for the present voyage we are told how he caught a young gallant at prayers reading in 'Orlando Furioso,' and afterwards administered him a public reprimand for his impiety, telling him that 'we might look that God would serve us accordingly.' His tenderness for religious buildings, for women in distress and all other poor victims of his exploits, was no less than that of Essex or Drake; and yet this gentleness and piety did not save him from being the flightiest of husbands, the most neglectful of parents, the most unabashed and reckless of profligates. By the outbreak of the war in 1585 he had run through the splendid fortune that had accumulated during his minority, and had nothing to show for it but the reputation of one of the most brilliant knights of Cynthia's Court. No finer horseman nor more skilful lance ever flaunted the Queen's glove at his crest or wore the Garter.

In that atmosphere of literary chivalry no one, it is said, was so much the knight of romance as he. But, like others in the same case, it was to the sea he looked to renew his fortunes. In the Bedford household he must have strongly smelt its breath, and the year Drake came home from the capture of San Domingo and Cartagena he fitted out an expedition of his own. Since then he had equipped ten others, and was entirely wedded to the sea. Several, with varying success, he had commanded in person, and now this was his twelfth and last.[1]

During the winter he had succeeded in equipping a force of eighteen sail, at the head of which was his own splendid galleon the 'Malice-scourge.' The name has a clear echo of Spenser's verse and of the fantastic masques that filled so large a space in a courtier's life. Nor were the names of his other flag-ships less eloquent of the other sides of his nature. Sir John Barkley, his vice-admiral and colonel of the land force, sailed in the famous 'Merchant Royal,' and Robert Flick, the renowned old London privateersman, was rear-admiral in the 'Ascension.' Romance, Commerce, and Religion—the fleet could not better have expressed the Trinity of the Elizabethan spirit. The Spaniards, who were now being regularly informed of all naval movements in England, believed his objective to be the treasure fleet which Essex's late operations had forced to winter at Terceira. It may have been so, but the news of its safety diverted his attention to the outward-bound carracks and the costly cargoes they carried to the East

[1] The main authority for this expedition is an anonymous MS. in the British Museum (*Sloane*, 3289) wrongly dated 1595. Its author says he acted as the Earl's secretary during the voyage. In an abridged form it was printed by Purchas (*Pilgrims*, iv. 1159), who says he had heard its author was Dr. Layfield. He also printed an unfinished account begun by the Earl himself (*ibid.* 1141). Monson's account, as usual, is almost worthless except for the list of ships and commanders.

PUBLIC
ST. GEORGE-IN-THE-EAST
LIBRARY

THE EARL OF CUMBERLAND

From the Original Oil Painting in the National Portrait Gallery. *See Note p. xiv*

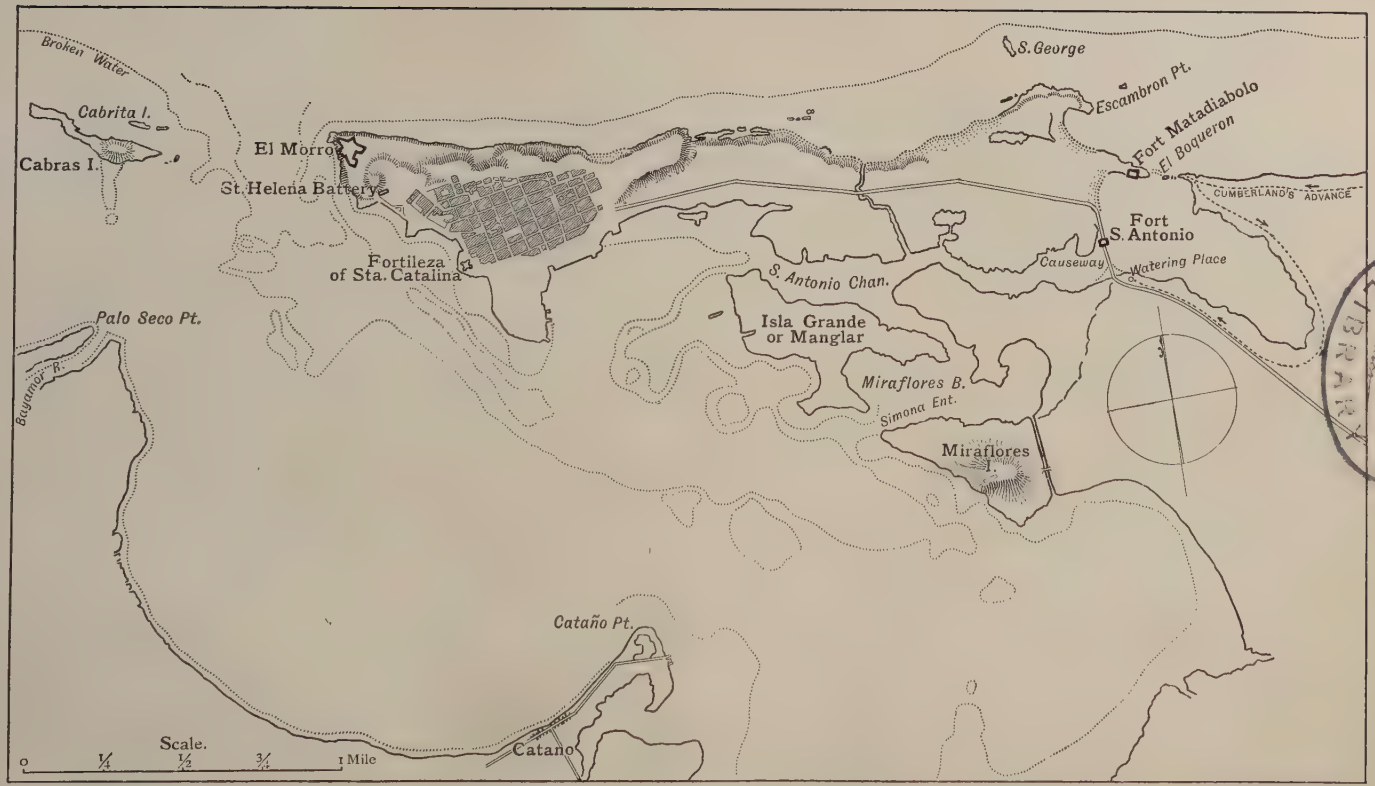
to exchange for oriental goods and spices. In any case, as he himself tells us, his ultimate aim was Brazil, and thither in anticipation of the blow Philip despatched as powerful a squadron as he could.

With this object, after a short delay caused by the Queen's demand for his services when Bertendona came to Calais, he sailed from Portsmouth early in March 1598; but in spite of his well conceived precautions against revealing his presence on the Portuguese coast, the carracks by a piece of bad luck got warning and remained in the Tagus. It was a severe disappointment. There were five of them on the eve of sailing, and all might have been captured. There was nothing ready to protect them. Philip, with his usual reckless disregard of the commercial interests of his people, had ordered the embargo of a number of foreign merchantmen with the idea of forming a squadron to convoy the priceless vessels beyond the area of danger. But all to no purpose. They dared not stir; Cumberland was cruising off the port, and though out of sight his strength was known. On April 1, having ascertained that Spanish spies had left Plymouth the day after he had cleared the port, Cumberland decided to uncover the Tagus and leave the way open for his prey to come out if they would. First he retired for a week to St. Vincent, and, finding that of no avail, gave up all hope of the carracks and held away for the Canaries. Here he hoped to make up for his disappointment in his usual piratical style by kidnapping a wealthy nobleman of the islands, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Lancerota, however, was occupied, but the plunder was insignificant, and on April 21 he was about to proceed with his voyage when a belated vessel joined from England which on its way had picked up information that the carracks were to sail after all. But it was not true. At that very time

they were discharging their precious cargoes, and the unhappy Lisbon merchants, already on the brink of ruin, had to abandon the East Indian voyage for another year.[1] For a short time Cumberland, with new hope, cruised about the islands, till he became convinced that his information was false and that the season was too far advanced for the carracks to make the Indian voyage that year. Then, calling his captains and masters together, he announced to them that he had no intention of going to Brazil at all. While the Spaniards were expecting him there he meant to make a dash on the West Indies before any news of his real purpose could reach Spain, and there, after sacking such places as he could, to wind up by intercepting the Peru fleet in the Yucatan Channel.

All agreed, and the Earl decided to crown his reputation by first attempting Puerto Rico, where Drake had failed. Following the great seaman's tactics, he carried his fleet in amongst the Virgin Islands to complete his preparations in secret, since surprise was half success. Several of Drake's officers were with him, and when all was ready they urged him to repeat their old commander's feat of seamanship and carry his force out by the intricate channels which Drake was the first to navigate with a fleet. But this, like the true Elizabethan he was, be refused to attempt, saying he would rather be the first to take Puerto Rico than the second to pass through the Virgins. He advanced therefore by the ordinary passage and succeeded in throwing ashore his land force of about a thousand men unobserved at a place he himself discovered some four leagues to the eastward of the port. His difficulties, however, were only begun. San Juan de Puerto Rico is built at the west end of a long island

[1] *Roman Transcripts*, April 11, 1598. *Venet. Cal.*, April and May.



SAN JUAN DE PUERTO RICO

With the principal Fortifications existing in 1598. *Besides those shown, two other works, 'The Morillo' and 'The Cabron,' defended the sea-front, but their exact position is uncertain.* *See Note ante p. xiv*

that stretches across the mouth of a shallow bay, and forms a lagoon. Westward under the town walls there is water enough to afford a commodious haven, and at this end of the island is the only channel by which vessels can enter the lagoon from the sea. The eastern extremity of the island is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel known as El Boqueron. It was but sixty yards wide, and so shallow and rocky as to be impracticable as an entrance except for the smallest craft. It was moreover staked across and guarded by a strong fort known as Matadiabolo, so that even for boats it was impassable so long as this work was occupied adversely. Though here was the narrowest place for a bridge, the approach to the town was some three miles inland to the southward, where the lagoon, after widening out into a broad and shallow gulf, diminishes again to a width of about a mile. At this point it was traversed by a causeway giving access to the island and commanded by Fort San Antonio.

It was the causeway—the bridge of San Antonio, as it was called—that Cumberland was seeking ; but instead of reaching it he found himself, after an arduous march of some ten miles, at the Boqueron channel and confronted by the Matadiabolo fort. A wandering negro whom they had caught to guide them had misunderstood their desire, and they seemed as far as ever from their purpose. Narrow as was the arm of the lagoon between them and the island, they had no means of crossing it. But while they were debating in despair what course to take, Fort San Antonio opened on them and betrayed to them the point they sought. The negro could now be made clearly to understand what was wanted. Exhausted as they were, they resolved to continue their way round the bend of the lagoon that lay between them and the causeway. It was a weary march of the utmost difficulty through

woods and rocks till they struck the main road to the bridge. Many even of the officers were ready to drop, but fortunately a number of half-starved horses were met with, which were captured and bridled with musket matches. On these the stragglers were mounted, and by evening the whole force was gathered at the causeway. No assault, however, was attempted. Although as far as the fort was concerned a surprise might have been possible, a drawbridge and strong stockade made the causeway practically impregnable. Their only chance was to wait and watch the tide in hopes of being able to wade across at the ebb. A long rest, too, was necessary for the exhausted troops. The negro led them to a pleasant lawn hard by, where a spring of fresh water made a perfect bivouac, probably the spot which is still used as a watering place about a mile to the eastward of the causeway head, and here they slept.

Some hours before dawn the sailors who had been set to watch the lagoon reported that the tide was fast running out. The force was silently awakened, and after the usual contention between Cumberland and Sir John Barkley as to who should 'have the point' the troops were moved down to the causeway, Sir John's regiment leading. A Spanish sentinel at once gave the alarm, and the assault began in the dark. For two hours it continued with the utmost gallantry, though, as the narrator quaintly says, 'if it had been day so that everyone might have seen what he did, it is to be thought so many would not have deserved so much commendation.' The causeway was enfiladed by six guns and a breech-loading man-killing piece known as a murderer, and, besides, the road was so rough and slippery that the men chose to wade in the water beside it, with the result that they nearly lost their leader. 'Here,' continues the narrator,

'his lordship was (by the stumbling of him that bare his target) overthrown, even to the danger of drowning; for his armour so heavily overburdened him, that the sergeant-major, that by chance was next, had much ado at the first and second time to get him from under the water. When he was up he had received so much salt water, that it drove him to so great an extremity of present sickness, that he was forced to lie down in the very place on the causeway, till being somewhat recovered he was able to be led to a place of more safety and ease, in which place the bullets made him threatening music on every side.' But, undismayed, Sir John Barkley with his forlorn hope of musketeers and bills continued the assault. In spite of the hail of murdering shot, he waded up to the very gate, till his men were hacking at it with their bills, and with their naked hands breaking the pikes that were thrust at them through the loopholes. But for all that, no entry could be won. Twice the gallant leader in searching for an entrance on either side of the gate waded so deep that he only saved himself by swimming. In vain the pikes pushed across to support the musketeers, and in vain the Earl refused to move from the dangerous place where he lay that he might cheer on his men as they passed. The tide had turned and was making fast; from their knees it reached their waists; every moment it was growing lighter and making the Spanish fire more deadly. At last the signal to retire had to be given, and the baffled force returned to the pleasant bivouac they had left. The loss in killed and wounded was under fifty all told, including only two officers; and after the surgeons had done their work the march was continued to the shore, where the boats had been ordered to meet them with fresh rations and ammunition.

So ill was Cumberland with his accident that he had

to go aboard his ship. But though foiled he was not beaten. Determined to be the first to take Puerto Rico, he could not rest, and in a few hours was ashore again. As he lay pondering in the 'Malice-scourge' he had conceived a scheme as bold as it was sound. Since the causeway was impregnable to assault, he resolved to pass the arm of the lagoon with his boats. To effect this they must be sent in through the Boqueron channel, and this in turn entailed the capture of the Matadiabolo fort, or at least rendering it incapable of preventing his boats entering the lagoon. Hazardous as was the enterprise, he saw his way clear. One of his smaller vessels was first ordered to stand in as close as she could, regardless of the reefs, and to batter the fort at all hazards, while fifty musketeers were posted amongst the rocks opposite to its eastern face to cover her attack by driving the gunners from their ordnance. At the same time two hundred pikes and shot under Captains Coach and Orrell were ordered into the boats, with instructions to attempt a landing between Matadiabolo and the town, while the attention of the fort was occupied. This done they were to boldly push across to Fort San Antonio, and take the defences of the causeway in reverse. If it were found impracticable to carry them they were to entrench themselves on the Boqueron channel between the two forts, and so secure a landing place for the rest of the force. In anticipation of their success, Cumberland and Barkley led the main body back to their old bivouac and there awaited the boats which had been ordered to enter the Boqueron channel as soon as they had landed Coach and Orrell. This elaborate disposition was executed as brilliantly as it was conceived. So boldly did the little vessel, which had been told off to Matadiabolo, carry out her orders, that she ran herself straight on the rocks, and in this position with

the assistance of the musketeers made it impossible for the garrison to harass the landing. Within an hour it was completed without loss, and the Boqueron garrison, seeing their retreat threatened, evacuated the work. Some slight effort they made to oppose the advance of Coach and Orrell's men on San Antonio, but it was easily overcome. The English quietly occupied the abandoned fort, and thus secured a footing beyond their hopes.

Meanwhile as night fell the boats had been able to enter the lagoon by the Boqueron channel undisturbed. But by the time they reached the point where Cumberland was awaiting them the tide was so far spent that a passage was impossible. It was bright moonlight, and in the stillness of the night they waited anxiously for the tide to make again. All was strangely quiet. Even in the causeway fort not a sound nor a light could be perceived. Presently someone saw troops stealing out along the opposite bank and making for a frigate which had been worked up from the harbour side. The Earl and Barkley crept together along the causeway to reconnoitre, and, getting close up to the fort, found that it too was evacuated. It was at once occupied, word was sent to the Boqueron garrison, and after a short spell of rest and a good meal the two forces joined and advanced in the moonlight upon the town.

It lay a mile and a half away, through woods and rough ground where often no more than three men could pass abreast, an ideal place for ambuscades; but to the surprise of those officers who were accustomed to the Irish wars not so much as a dog barked at them. By daybreak the town was reached, and still there was no sign of opposition. The reason was soon plain. Like the works at the eastern end of the island, the town with its citadel and batteries was evacuated, and everyone capable of bearing

arms had retired into the Morro, an outlying fort at the extreme western end of the island. It was summoned in form, but the Governor only returned a grandiloquent defiance, and swore that his King had given it him to keep and keep it he would so long as he had life.

Cumberland was now in a position of some difficulty. The first week in June was already passed. Time was getting on, yet he dared not assault the place. His ambitious scheme was the same that Drake had contemplated in 1585. Whether or not a permanent occupation had secretly formed part of his original design there is nothing to show. But now at any rate his heart was set on holding the place with a garrison while the fleet went home for supplies and reinforcements. It was of course necessary that it should be sufficiently manned to deal with any Spanish ships it might encounter on the way. But sickness had already thinned his ranks, and an assault, even if successful, must reduce his force below the limit the plan required. There was no help for it but a blockade. It was forthwith established by land and sea, but to hasten matters two batteries were erected and armed partly with guns from the fleet and partly with some found in the town, one of which was said to be that which killed Sir Nicholas Clifford and Brute Brown on Drake's flag-ship in 1595. True to the English tradition already firmly established, the severest discipline was kept. A man was disgraced 'for over violent dispoiling a gentlewoman of her jewels'; one of the best soldiers in the force was hanged for outraging a woman; and an officer of Barkley's flag-ship narrowly escaped the same fate for defacing a church without orders. In ten days—by June 17—the breaching batteries were ready, but it was Sunday, and Cumberland's piety would not permit them to open till Monday. So fierce and well directed was the

fire when it did begin that on the morrow at midday the Governor, for all his proud defiance, sounded a parley. He demanded all the honours of war. Cumberland would grant no more than quarter and exemption from ransom. They had till eight o'clock next morning to consider and finally surrendered.

Thus Cumberland succeeded where Drake had failed, and was the first to capture the virgin city of the Indies. The success was well deserved. His plan was finely conceived and boldly carried through. In its main lines it was that inaugurated by Drake and adopted by him in all his great successes, and had he followed it in 1595 the result must have been very different. But it must be remembered that Drake's chief object had not been the capture of the port but the seizure of treasure that had been driven into it by stress of weather. Before attacking he had to provide against its escape, and it was in this effort that he met his disastrous reverse; nor must it be forgotten that when he made the attempt he was expected and the garrison had been strongly reinforced. Still Cumberland must be credited with the skilful dispositions that enabled him to surprise the place. The whole conduct of the enterprise, indeed, marks him as a man who, if the Government had only been disposed to a vigorous renewal of the war, might well have supplied the place of Essex.

Unhappily the reward he reaped was by no means equal to the merit of his endeavour. The town itself was one of the finest in the Indies, with a number of large stone houses and a cathedral. It is described by the English as not quite so large as Oxford, but bigger than Portsmouth. Its original importance was mainly due to the gold mines of the island; but they had long ceased to be worked, and its produce consisted mainly of sugar,

ginger, and hides. The plunder was therefore disappointing, but Cumberland was little disturbed. He had broader views, and regarded immediate gains less than the prospect of what he might reach from the base he had secured. As a beginning he detached two vessels to plunder the royal pearl fisheries at Margarita on the Spanish Main; but they failed to reach the place, and were forced back by the prevailing winds empty-handed. Meanwhile the inevitable sickness had broken out. Hundreds were seized, including Barkley, and by the end of July the Earl had come to the unwelcome conclusion that it was not God's pleasure that the place should yet be kept by the English. He therefore opened negotiations for the ransom of the city, although he had no intention of destroying it. But the Spaniards behaved so faithlessly in the matter that he soon gave up the attempt and proceeded to load in his vessels all the ginger, sugar, and hides he could lay hands on, as well as the whole of the ordnance in the place, amounting to some eighty fine pieces. These proceedings seemed to bring the Spaniards to reason, and they eagerly re-opened negotiations. Still Cumberland did not believe in them. He had intelligence that the Mexico *flota* was to sail at the end of August, and he meant to be at the Azores before it. He felt sure the Spaniards' purpose was only to delay his departure till the convoy was clear away, and he would not be beguiled by so old a trick. Yet his own fleet was not quite ready for sea and Sir John Barkley was barely convalescent. He therefore decided to divide his force. Leaving Barkley behind with the bulk of the fleet to get a ransom if he could and to dismantle the main defences, he himself took the 'Malice-scourge,' one other great-ship, and half a dozen small craft, and on August 13 held away for the Azores.

So baffling and boisterous was the weather that he did not make Flores for over a month, and found Barkley and the best of the ships, that had not been dispersed by a cyclone they encountered, were there as soon as he. No ransom had been obtained, and all their hopes of profit now rested on what they might pick up at the Azores. The situation there was curious. So bad was the Spanish intelligence, owing probably to the activity of the English privateers on the coast, that Cumberland's whereabouts was quite unknown since he had been seen off Cape St. Vincent. It was believed he was still cruising on that station, and in May hasty orders had been issued to arm the unladen carracks and about a score of other vessels in order to form a fleet that was to proceed to the Azores for the protection of East and West Indian convoys.[1] It sailed from Lisbon on July 10, and the first news that Cumberland had at the Azores was that he had narrowly escaped falling in with it. A few days before his arrival it had been at Flores looking for him, and for all he knew it was still on the station. Further inquiries, however, assured him that the East India carracks had passed safely before the protecting fleet had arrived, and that it had been recalled to Lisbon. This convinced him that the Mexico *flota* must have been stayed at the last moment for fear of him, otherwise the Spanish Admiral would certainly have awaited it. In this surmise he was perfectly correct. The year's treasure that the Spanish Government so sorely needed had been stopped at Havana.[2] All hope of further plunder was therefore at an end. That which he had already obtained amounted according to Venetian reports to 400,000 crowns. Added to the renown he had won and the dislocation of both the East and West Indian trade he

[1] *Venetian Calendar*, pp. 345–6. *Domestic Calendar*, pp. 75–6.
[2] *Venetian Calendar*, p. 346.

had caused, it was no small result to have achieved with his slender force. It was at least enough for honour, and, compelled to be content, he gave orders for home.

So ended this brilliant raid—the last of the great privateering expeditions which Drake had begun. By a tragic fitness it was also the last war news Philip the Second received. At the end of the first week in September he had heard the startling intelligence that, so far from being off St. Vincent, Cumberland was in possession of Puerto Rico, and on the 13th the King passed miserably away with these disastrous tidings to give the last touch of bitterness to the failure of his misused life. That the English sooner or later would establish themselves in the Indies was the abiding dread of thoughtful Spaniards, and now it seemed to have come to pass. 'If Cumberland can stay at Puerto Rico,' the Venetian Ambassador wrote, 'the danger will be immense.' Still there was a ray of hope. The old King was dead, a new reign was beginning, and the disgraced Adelantado was heard to say that the world would see what Spaniards were worth now that they had a free hand and were no longer subject to a single brain that thought it knew everything and treated everyone else as a blockhead. Buoyed by these hopes the new Government began feverish preparations for the recapture of Puerto Rico. It was the first business of the new King, and as though to mark him with the taint of fatuity which his father had engrained upon Spanish administration, his first impulsive effort was against a danger that had ceased to exist. Long before he could move a ship, Cumberland was safe home with his plunder, and so, with a strange echo of the opening phases of the war, the prelude to its last act came to a close.

CHAPTER XI

THE 'INVISIBLE' ARMADA

DURING Cumberland's absence the fitful attempts at an accommodation with Spain had never ceased, but in spite of all the efforts of the diplomatists the year closed in with thunder in the air. At Burghley's death Essex had been coaxed back to Court, and rumours of vigorous action under the new treaty with the States abounded. From Spain came reports of the ambitious projects of the young King's advisers. 'There was never,' says Monson, 'greater expectation of war with less performance.'

The main source of anxiety was the condition of Ireland. Tyrone was in open rebellion and had been meeting with alarming success. In August he had practically annihilated a force of over four thousand men with which Sir Henry Bagnal was attempting to relieve the main English post on the line of the Blackwater. Bagnal was killed, the fort surrendered, and the insurrection had gathered fresh life. Philip sent special congratulations and new encouragement. By the end of the year things looked so serious that the possible consequences of Spanish support became a source of real anxiety, and Essex at last decided to take up in person the task of pacifying the island before the Spaniards could act. Ever since his return to Court in September his appointment as Lord Deputy had been the talk of the town, but the strength of the army and other conditions on which he insisted before accepting the office had hung the matter up. Now he

had resolved to go and do his best with such forces as the Queen thought she could afford, and in the opening months of 1599 the military activity of the Government was mainly occupied in preparing for his departure.

An important naval expedition was also intended, but its object and commander nowhere appear. In the second week of January orders were issued to mobilise ten of the Queen's ships. They were to be ready in three weeks and were to be victualled for two months. But after all the stores had been collected the mobilisation for some reason was stopped, and all but three of the ships remained in harbour.[1] There can be little doubt that the intention was to cover the transport of Essex's troops to Ireland and to prevent the despatch of the long promised assistance in Spain by a demonstration on the Spanish coast. The reason the idea was carried no further is not far to seek. For the Queen received an assurance from the Dutch that they were going to operate against the Spanish and Portuguese ports with a powerful fleet of their own.[2]

In Spain the English naval and military preparations had been creating the greatest alarm. So complete was the confusion of affairs since the old King's death that the Spanish coasts and the West Indies seemed to lie at the mercy of a strong English force.[3] To add to the difficulties of repairing the organisation, the Atlantic sea-board was devastated by the plague. 'Let them do as they like

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, 1599, January 6, 10, 16, and June 14. The galleons specified were the 'Garland,' 'Defiance,' 'Mary Rose,' 'Hope,' 'Bonaventure,' 'Nonpareil,' 'Lion,' 'Dreadnought,' and 'Swiftsure.' These last three were retained in commission under the command respectively of Sir Richard Leveson, George Fenner, and Matthew Bredgate. With others they formed the Channel guard of which Leveson had the command.

[2] *Foljambe Papers*, *Hist. MSS. Com.*, XV., v. 70. The Queen to Vere.

[3] See the letters of the Papal Envoy at this time in the *Roman Transcripts*, and the reports of the Venetian Ambassador, *Venetian Calendar*.

here,' wrote the Venetian Ambassador at Madrid, 'it is impossible to prevent the English this year.' The people were in despair. Every large group of merchant vessels of whatever nationality was taken for the English fleet, and the inhabitants of the coast towns fled panic-stricken inland. Ships were embargoed, to the utter destruction of trade, and thousands of troops were levied. Nor was the alarm allayed till it was known that the English naval mobilisation had ceased, and that Essex and his army were landed in Ireland.

But hardly was this anxiety over when a new one arose. On June 1 a powerful Dutch fleet of sixty or seventy sail under Peder van der Does and Jan Gerbrandtsen appeared before Coruña. The commercial intercourse between the rebellious States and Spain, which Philip II. had astutely tolerated throughout the war, had been finally stopped by his son, and this was the answer. The Dutch merchant marine was turned into a navy, and the King's edict had given birth to the maritime power from which he was to suffer so much and which was to prove so formidable a rival to our own. In this their first attempt to conduct a naval campaign single-handed there was but little promise of what was to come. Coruña was found with its fortifications strongly garrisoned and the harbour full of ships-of-war. For no sooner was the real destination of Essex apparent than the Spaniards had begun to organise out of the forces already raised for the defence of their coasts an expedition which was to take advantage of his absence in Ireland to deal a blow at England in the Narrow Seas. In Coruña lay the nucleus of the Galician squadron, and the whole appearance of the place was too formidable to please the Dutch Admiral. He attacked indeed, but the fire he drew persuaded him to caution, and after exchanging a

couple of hundred shot with the batteries he passed on down the coast to cruise on the English plan for outward and homeward bound *flotas*.

In England the news of the Spanish preparations which followed on Essex's departure had been causing considerable nervousness, but as soon as it was known that the Dutch were actually on the coast of Spain the Government felt themselves for the time at least safe from attack. So assured were they that the Spaniards could not move in any force, that in the middle of June the surplus stores that had been accumulated for the arrested mobilisation in February were ordered to be sold. Still the precaution was wisely taken of first supplying the ships which were to remain in harbour ready for immediate service, as well as those which were to be retained in commission. Of the latter there was an unusually large number; for besides the ordinary duties of stopping contraband of war passing through the Narrow Seas, the Channel Guard had to watch the growing activity of the Dunkirk privateers, as well as attend to the wants of Essex in Ireland. In view of what afterwards happened the point is important. The command of the Narrow Seas was given to Sir Richard Leveson, who had now taken the place which Sir William Wynter had once occupied and which Sir Henry Palmer had lately relinquished on being made Controller of the Navy. His appointment is one of the first symptoms of a dangerous disease that was creeping into the navy. Though the post of Admiral of the Narrow Seas had long been the prize kept for the most trusted and experienced of the 'Queen's servants' at sea, who as being trained from their youth in the service were the prototypes of the modern naval officer, Leveson owed his position entirely to family influence. The son of a Shropshire

knight, he had married at the age of seventeen a daughter of the Lord Admiral. He was only twenty-nine now, and though apparently devoted to the sea from boyhood had done little that we know of to deserve so responsible and arduous a command. In 1588 he had served as a mere volunteer on his father-in-law's flagship. In 1596 he had commanded his pinnace the 'Truelove,' and had made his mark by capturing in consort with another vessel three prizes that were the firstfruits of the campaign. When Essex and Howard were politely knighting each other's kinsmen, he had been made Sir Richard by the General, and in the Islands expedition of 1597 he had been given the 'Hope' galleon. Though there is nothing to show he distinguished himself on this occasion, he seems to have been given the Winter Guard the following year; for in December he captured a fleet of seventeen Hansa ships bound for Lisbon with corn, which had been declared contraband of war. This timely haul, in view of the scarcity that prevailed, no doubt would have done something to justify his appointment, had he not unfortunately managed to let most of them escape again. As it was, the exploit did little to enhance his reputation. 'The ships,' wrote Chamberlain in sending the news to Carleton, 'that were stayed by Sir Richard Leveson stole away most of them the night following and left him *con tanto di naso*, as the Italian saith, so suitable is the managing of our affairs both at home and abroad.' [1]

Though with his first independent command the young officer had thus only covered himself with ridicule, his interest was proof against it, and a really powerful force was now put under his orders. It consisted of at least three galleons and four crompsters, besides pinnaces,

[1] *Con tanto di naso* is the Italian equivalent for our 'making a long nose.'

and included the 'Lion,' his flagship, and the 'Rainbow,' carrying the flag of his vice-admiral, Sir Alexander Clifford, a much abler man than himself if we judge by his record.[1] Besides these, two other galleons, the 'Dreadnought' and 'Swiftsure,' with the 'Advice' pinnace, were also in commission. Though nominally perhaps under Leveson's flag as Admiral of the Narrow Seas, these three vessels formed an independent observation squadron which was committed to George Fenner. Long ago in the 'sixties,' before Drake's rise, this veteran officer had commanded expeditions to the Gold Coast, and while there engaged in asserting the treaty rights of English merchants to trade with Portuguese and Spanish Colonies he had been the first to demonstrate in his brilliant action off the Azores in 1567 the superiority of the new English tactics over those of the Mediterranean school. His orders were to cruise on the north coast of Spain, and, while picking up what prizes he could, to report any movement which seemed to threaten an expedition northward.

With this formidable force in commission and the Dutch on the coast of Spain the English Government could well feel themselves safe from any serious offensive operations. So content were they with the precautions taken that in some cases leave was given for postponing the annual training of the militia, and at midsummer the

[1] John Coke in his narrative of the proceedings of the fleet, which Lord Thomas Howard commanded later in the year, says, that amongst the ships that had been with Leveson in the Narrow Seas before the general mobilisation, were the 'Lion,' 'Swiftsure,' 'Quittance,' 'Answer,' 'Tramontana,' and the 'Spy' pinnace (*Hist. MSS. Com.*, XII., i. 23). In April the 'Rainbow' and 'Crane' were re-victualling at Plymouth (*Dom. Cal.*, pp. 178 and 203). In June Clifford, as 'Vice-Admiral of the ships now at sea,' was cruising between Flamborough Head and Newcastle with the 'Crane' and others to protect the fisheries from Dunkirkers. (See also his despatch to the Lord Admiral, June 28, in the *Hatfield MSS.* and one from the Council of the North, July 3, in *Dom. Cal.*, p. 231.)

Queen prepared for a Progress. Reports soon came in that Van der Does had sacked Lisbon and Cadiz, and, except for the unsatisfactory news of Essex's proceedings in Ireland, the profoundest security prevailed. Yet in a month all was changed. The Royal Progress was stopped, the kingdom was resounding from end to end with a loud call to arms, and the whole forces of the realm were being mobilised in hot haste and on a scale that had not been witnessed since 1588.

That England was seized with something like a panic is not to be denied, but that it was entirely groundless it would be equally unjust to assert. Cecil afterwards protested he never believed in the danger; but whether this was so or not, there is every reason to believe that a Spanish expedition against the English or Irish coasts was really intended. The first week in July the Government agents reported that the southern squadron of the Spanish fleet had moved northward and that the Adelantado was concentrating a great force both of ships and galleys at Coruña. It was now certain, moreover, that the Dutch fleet had passed the port without doing anything. Further it was said that overtures had been made to the French King for the use of one of his ports for the Adelantado's galleys, and that the Archduke's forces in Flanders, which had been for a long time idle, had received orders to move down to the coast. The conditions of 1588 seemed to be reproducing themselves. The intelligence was all the more grave because the rumours of the Dutch successes at Lisbon and Cadiz were known by this time to be false, and nothing had been heard of their fleet for weeks. Still no move was made. George Fenner as yet had given no alarm. But on July 14 he and Bredgate, who commanded his consort the 'Swiftsure,' came into Plymouth with some extraordinary intelli-

gence. Seventy galleys and a hundred ships, they said, were ready to sail for Brest, where fifteen thousand troops were awaiting them. Ten thousand more were to come in the fleet with the young King in person at their head. The Isle of Wight was believed to be their objective, and the galleys were to find shelter at Chichester, the home of the Fenners, though Bredgate thought their destination was rather Sluys and the Low Countries. Similar information had come in from other quarters, some saying that London and the ships at Chatham were the real aim, but all agreeing on the two most serious points—the large number of galleys and the Brest rendezvous. Orders indeed were already awaiting Fenner which directed him to carry his squadron over to Brest at once. Before he could report, the Mayor of Plymouth on the 19th sent up certain information, which he had obtained through Madame de Sourdeac, the wife of the Governor of Brest, that a Spanish pinnace had actually been at that port to apply for permission for sixty galleys and sixty ships to rendezvous there on the 25th. Whether on this information or on intelligence that the Dutch had left the Spanish coast, the Government felt it unsafe to delay further and resolved to act immediately with the utmost vigour.

Of the famous naval mobilisation that followed much has been said and said extravagantly. Monson, who gives the strength of the fleet as it finally assembled in the Downs at sixteen galleons and three crompsters, says that the Queen 'rigged, victualled and furnished her Royal ships to sea in twelve days,' and the latest naval historians, assuming, as Monson certainly suggests, that the whole operation of mobilising nearly twenty ships was completed in less than a fortnight, have allowed their enthusiasm to compare it favourably with the

best achievements of the Admiralty in our own time. But Monson's memory was always inaccurate or his notes badly kept. He does not even give the list of the fleet correctly, and his statement requires careful testing before it can be accepted.

So far as the truth can be ascertained from contemporary documents, what really happened was this. The first intimation that a naval mobilisation had been ordered is contained in the letter of a merchant in London writing to his agent in Venice on July 21, in which he says: 'The Council lately ordered the navy officers to prepare eighteen of the best ships.'[1] It is clear therefore that the Admiralty must have had warning some time in the third week of July at latest. It appears, however, that they considered the requisition of so many ships too great a demand on their resources. For the merchant goes on to tell his correspondent that the Council 'set aside excuses of difficulty for their being much in decay.' It was certainly a heavy demand considering the number of ships already in commission, and the merchant thought the work could hardly be done in the time. 'They will have to take some from abroad,' he proceeds, 'for there are not as many in harbour and some not serviceable until new built, so they will not be ready for two months.'

To some extent he was certainly right. The Privy Seal for the money required, which was issued on July 31, specified thirteen ships, one galley, and three crompsters, and as this does not represent the whole royal fleet as finally assembled some of the ships must certainly have been already in commission. Of the ten vessels which were at sea under Leveson and Fenner, all except the 'Vanguard,' 'Answer,' and 'Spy' appear in Monson's list. Thus of his total of nineteen, seven at least were in commission

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 252.

when the mobilisation order was issued. The ships which actually left the Thames in company when the mobilisation was complete were the 'Elizabeth Jonas,' 'Ark,' 'Triumph,' 'Merhonour,' 'Repulse,' 'Bonaventure,' 'Nonpareil,' 'Defiance,' 'Foresight,' and the galley 'Mercury,' together with the 'Rainbow' and 'Crane' already in commission.[1] Besides these Monson gives the 'Mary Rose' and the 'Hope,' which may have joined later, although John Coke, the Deputy-Treasurer of the Navy, does not mention them in his log.[2] Thus it may be taken that of the nineteen sail which Monson gives, all that were mobilised under the July order were eleven galleons, and five of these had been brought forward for service in the spring and were probably in an advanced state of preparation.

Still, when we consider that these vessels included all the greatest of the Queen's ships which were not dismantled for repair or past service, and that the galley 'Mercury,' though not mentioned by Monson, was certainly commissioned at the same time, the feat is remarkable enough after all deductions are made. The exact day on which the mobilisation order was issued is uncertain, but by August 2 Fulke Greville, the Treasurer of the Navy, in applying to Lord Buckhurst, the new Lord Treasurer, for pay-money, assured him that the ships were then ready 'both for victuals and all preparations incident to the ships themselves.' All they wanted was crews to man them.[3] Here possibly we have an explanation of Monson's twelve days. The order, which was known to

[1] The 'Rainbow' and the 'Crane' had probably put in for a careen. Clifford, in his despatch of June 28 (*Hatfield MSS.*), says the ships were too foul for him to go to the Orkneys in order to intercept contraband of war going north-about, and that the 'Crane' was especially foul and leaky and sailed very badly. [2] *Cowper MSS.*

[3] *Hatfield MSS.*, Buckhurst to Cecil, August 2, 1599.

the Venetian merchant on July 21, may have been issued twelve days before August 1, when the ships were ready for their crews. But at that date they were certainly not ready for sea, as Monson intimates, nor were they so for nearly a fortnight later. Still the delay was perhaps not entirely due to any defect of system. Though work on the ships began probably about the 20th, it was not till a week later that the press orders were issued. On the 27th the Lord Admiral received some very serious information from Fenner. He sent it at once to Cecil, begging him to note it well and keep it to himself till they could discuss it together.[1] What this grave news was there can be little doubt. It was just at this time that the Government knew definitely that Van der Does, on whom they had hitherto relied, having been unable to effect anything upon the Spanish coast, had gone southward and occupied the Grand Canary. Till this was known there may have been a lingering hope that the Queen's ships might not be wanted; but now that the Dutch fleet was removed from the field, the reported Spanish naval preparations, which before had been incredible, became a fact to be dealt with, and a levy of mariners were immediately ordered.

There was no time to lose; the period allowed for pressed men to join was from six to ten days after notice, according to the county from which they were summoned. Even so the men were very slow in coming in, and the Admiralty officials were urged to take measures to hasten the press. Still the performance was very creditable. Six of the galleons, including the three largest, had completed their sailing trials on August 14, and the whole of them left Queenborough under Lord Thomas Howard

[1] *Hatfield MSS.*, Nottingham to Cecil, July 27, 1599.

ready for sea on the 22nd.[1] Nor must it be forgotten that the royal ships under Howard, Leveson, and Fenner by no means represented the whole strain on the maritime resources of the country. Over and above her own ships the Queen chartered and armed six private vessels, while the City of London was called on to furnish twelve others for Howard's flag besides thirty oared hoys, sixteen of which were for the defence of the Thames and the rest for service with the fleet.[2] At the same time all the military forces of the kingdom south of the northern province were being called out. The whole elaborate system for the defence of the maritime counties was in action; an army of over 30,000 men was being concentrated at London for the defence of the Queen's person; and all this while the gravest news was being received from Ireland and large reinforcements were being sent over. Making every allowance and deduction, then, the famous mobilisation of 1599 remains a remarkable testimony to the perfection which Tudor organisation had reached, and however it may compare with that of the present day it is certain that by no other country could it have been approached in the sixteenth century.

The men who were officially responsible for this state of things were, first, the old Earl of Nottingham, who was still Lord High Admiral, but as he had been named Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, with supreme command by land and sea, he was pre-occupied with the land forces and seems to have had little to do with the fleet. His naval work was mainly done by Lord Thomas Howard, the active commander-in-chief afloat. Next came Sir Fulke Greville, whose assiduous devotion to his mistress's apron strings had recently been rewarded with

[1] *Foljambe Papers*, p. 22. Coke's Diary, *ubi supra.*
[2] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 31

the office of Treasurer of the Navy. However deep his inexperience in naval affairs, it may be certain that the work for which he was responsible was done with as little scamping and dishonesty as he knew how to ensure. The third great office of Controller was filled by the veteran Sir Henry Palmer, who, however, was now so old and constantly ill that he may have had little really to do with it. The main credit of the rapidity with which the work was done should probably be given to Lord Thomas Howard and his vice-admiral Sir Walter Ralegh, who, whatever his reputation as a commander, had a wide and long experience as a privateer owner in fitting out naval expeditions. The other names that should be mentioned are Sir George Carew, who as Lieutenant of the Ordnance was responsible in Essex's absence for the armaments and ammunition, and James Quarles, Surveyor of the Victuals.

As the mobilisation went rapidly forward everything seemed to justify the extreme measures the Government was taking. Three days after the press orders were issued Fenner and Bredgate came in from Brest with official confirmation of the war news in its most exaggerated form. Fenner had had an interview with the Governor of Brest, who had given him in writing a categorical statement of the Spanish preparations. That very day sixty galleys, sixty great-ships, and as many small craft were to sail from the northern ports of Spain. It was true they had asked for shelter in Brest in case of bad weather, but this had not been promised them. Their main objective was Plymouth. 'Defects,' said its courageous Governor, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, in sending up the news, 'we must supply as well as we may with the old saying of England "God and St. George, let them come an they dare."'[1] Bredgate made the galleys seventy and the ships a hundred, and re-affirmed

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, 265.

that it was openly rumoured at Coruña that the King was to command in person. 'He says,' added the excited seaman, 'he will make his finger heavier for England than his father's whole body.' During the first half of August such reports continued. On the 9th the Deputy-Governor of Jersey was convinced that the Spanish fleet was actually in Brest, and this was confirmed three days later by Sir Richard Leveson, who was cruising in the Channel. In vain the cooler and more experienced heads insisted on the utter incredibility of the news. Such a fleet, they argued, was quite beyond the crippled resources of Spain. Nor was it likely that after recent experiences the Adelantado would hazard so large a force of galleys in the Bay of Biscay. Moreover, even if he were mad enough to face the risk, it was impossible to believe he could have so powerful a squadron at his command. So many galleys could only have been collected in Italy, and there any extensive mobilisation could not have been kept secret from our agents. Finally, there was the political difficulty that all conditions were against an understanding between France and Spain or any common action between Philip and the Archduke.

Cecil who, though still only Secretary of State, was the working head of the government, did not believe in the reality of the danger; but, as he said, 'I have been constrained to give more way to it than I would, because the world is ever apt to cry *crucifige* upon me, as they have done on my father before me, whensoever I do dissuade these preparations.'[1] By this time, it will be remembered, he knew that the Dutch fleet was far away at the Canaries and that the way was open for the King of Spain to use offensively the forces he had prepared to meet its attack.

[1] *Belvoir Papers*, *Hist. MSS. Com.*, XII., iv. 356, August 18. The letter as there printed is wrongly punctuated and unintelligible.

'I must truly add this further,' Cecil continued, 'that though the bruits that have been brought from sea are more violent than are possible to be true, yet we know this for certain, that they have prepared in Spain mightily to resist the fleet of the Low Countries, which having now left the coast and gone to the Canaries, the Spaniards (that care not for that place in respect of other designs to better purpose) will be apt enough to convert the forces prepared for the defensive to offend us, whom they presume to find without any ships at sea and without any store of commanders.' As for the land mobilisation he considered that in any case it was worth doing, if only for the defects in the system which the process had disclosed. There is much in his cool and clear-headed summary of the situation that recalls his father's way, and compels us to admit that on the whole the public excitement was not unreasonable and that the Government could not prudently have done less than it did. Up till the end of the first week in August, if not later, the officers of the Armada at Coruña certainly believed that they were about to sail either for Ireland or England. A letter written by one of them to a friend on the 8th says distinctly: 'To-morrow we sail for England.' It was intercepted and eventually came into Cecil's hands, and he noted upon it: 'This sheweth they once fully purposed to go for England.'[1] The same day the Venetian Ambassador in Spain gave his Government fuller details of the Adelantado's force and told them it was about to sail for Ireland. The same belief prevailed in France, and there can be no doubt the danger was a real one.

In England, and especially in London, the anxiety grew intense as the days went by and the fleet was still at its moorings. The people, so Stow tells us, had been kept in

[1] See intercepted letters in the *Hatfield MSS.*, August 5 and 8.

ignorance of the exact nature of the blow that was threatening and did not know what the alarming preparations meant, but enough leaked out to make the citizens extremely anxious. How completely they had come to rely on the fleet for protection is seen in their highly nervous condition. Until Lord Thomas Howard was at sea every rumour of strange ships in the Channel threw them into a panic, and chains were put up and guards set as though the Spaniards were 'already at Blackwall.' It was not till August 19 that the extreme tension was over. On that day the Council decided to dismiss the whole of the county troops to their homes, 'for as much as her Majesty hath now sent out a fleet to the seas.'[1] To Nottingham, whose heart was always better than his head and who was to have no active command at sea, this step seemed the height of rashness. So unwelcome was the dismissal of his troops that he opposed it with all his weight, but he was overruled in the Council with only a single supporter and had to be content with a proviso that the levies should be directed to hold themselves in readiness to re-assemble at a day's notice. The western forces had already been provisionally dismissed on intelligence that no Spanish ships had appeared at Brest.

On August 23, however, Fenner was able to send in his pinnace with definite information that six or seven galleys had put into Conquet, having been refused entrance at Brest, and that a large Spanish fleet was entering the Channel. Upon this the western levies and part of the London army were recalled; but they were quickly dismissed again on news that the galleys had sailed for the Low Countries, and that the strange fleet was Gerbrandtsen's division of the Dutch expedition

[1] *Foljambe Papers, Hist. MSS. Com.*, xv. v. p. 99.

homeward bound from the Canaries. Still in the capital the new movement of the galleys only added to the alarm, for it threatened an attack on the Thames. On the 25th the horse were recalled. On the morrow the citizens were kept under arms all day in the pouring rain, and though the horse were countermanded the foot were mustered every day in momentary expectation of an alarm. Their main anxiety, as well as that of the Queen, was the fear of a galley attack in the Thames, and the city vessels and troops detailed for the defence of the river had been placed under no less a man than the Earl of Cumberland, fresh from his exploit at Puerto Rico. On a record of successful service at sea he certainly should have been Howard's vice-admiral in Ralegh's place, but as an Earl he probably could not serve except as a volunteer under a nobleman of lesser degree.

Although it was considered safe to dismiss the troops on August 19, it was not till the 22nd, as we have seen, that Howard got his ships out of Queenborough to join Leveson's squadron in the Channel. His flag was hoisted on the 'Elizabeth Jonas,' the famous old ship which the Queen had launched forty years before in the first year of her reign and which had just been reconstructed. Ralegh took the 'Ark,' which he had had built and sold to the Queen in 1587 to carry the Lord Admiral's flag against the great Armada. No rear-admiral was at first appointed, but after the fleet was at sea the Queen gave the post to her favourite carpet-knight, Sir Fulke Greville, in virtue of his office, following the misleading precedent of 1588, when Hawkins was Treasurer.[1] Palmer's rank and experience were recognised by no more than the fourth place on the inner council of war. Though there were plenty of real seamen in the fleet, like Crosse, Fenner, Preston, and

[1] *Foljambe Papers*, p. 101.

Monson, none of them had achieved such a name as that which in 1588 compelled the Queen to appoint Drake Vice-Admiral; and as a man of rank or an official holding high office had to be chosen, Ralegh's was certainly the best name after Cumberland, who was not available. As for the individual ships, they were all well commanded by men who had won their position by active service at sea, and no fault is to be found with any one of them.

On the 24th Howard was clear out of the river and next morning he anchored in Margate Roads, where he found himself at the head of twelve of the Queen's galleons, the galley 'Mercury,' fourteen of the crompsters and oared hoys, and a squadron of the merchant auxiliary ships. At present no special instructions had been given him, and his intelligence was very vague. He resolved, therefore, in agreement with his council, to proceed at once into the 'Trade'—that is, the waters about the Iroise Passage outside Brest—'as well for better means of intelligence of the enemy's proceeding as for the declaration of his provision and readiness to make head against them.'[1] Vague as this sounds as a plan of campaign, it was under the circumstances the best move to make. It was certainly, on the information he had, the best way of seeking out the enemy's fleet and fighting it. But the winds proved unwilling, and all that day and the next he had to ride where he was.

Here on Sunday the 26th his instructions reached him. They were well enough conceived. Though mainly cautionary, they left him a free hand. He was told to beware of engaging the royal ships in any fight or port so that he could not disengage them again without fear of either firing, boarding, or sinking, especially as owing to want of time his ships were not so fully manned as

[1] John Coke, *ubi supra*.

they ought to have been. Attempts on vessels in harbour were to be made by the crompsters and hoys only; but broadly everything was left to his discretion, 'who,' so the instructions wisely run, 'shall be better able to fashion your resolutions (by the consideration and observation of such accidents as shall fall out) than we shall be able precisely to direct you from hence.' He was expressly given full leave to proceed to the westward, if he thought it good for the service, though the Queen, still harping on the old jarring string, could not refrain from warning him that the greatest danger was likely to be from troops transported across from Flanders. Finally, in the matter of money all vexatious routine was boldly cut away by giving the flag-officers authority on their joint order to spend whatever was necessary. Such instructions differ widely from those which hampered the action of Nottingham and Drake in 1588, and mark both strategically and financially a great advance in the attitude of the Government to the navy.[1]

With the instructions came information received by the Government from the Governor of Brest confirming Fenner's report. Six galleys had put into Conquet and a fleet of two hundred ships and thirty galleys lay in the mouth of the Channel. The same morning this alarming news was repeated by Captain Bredgate, who had reached the Downs with the 'Swiftsure' and had come on overland to report to the Admiral at Margate. Since the wind that had brought the 'Swiftsure' might bring the Spaniards at any moment,

[1] These instructions are printed in the *Foljambe Papers* at p. 99. A copy dated August 21 is also in the *Hatfield MSS.* and another in *Harl. MSS.*, 168, f. 118, where a number of other papers relating to the mobilisation will be found. John Coke says the instructions reached Howard on Sunday morning, but curiously enough he has the days of the week wrong all through. He begins with 'Tuesday the 22nd,' though Tuesday was certainly the 21st.

it was immediately resolved to beat up for the Downs to meet them. At one o'clock in the afternoon Howard made sail, and 'with a stiff gale at S.S.W.' managed to make the Northsands Head at the end of the Goodwins in good order. But here trouble began. There was no longer a Hawkins to nurse the ships in harbour and the rigging had been hurried. Ralegh, true to the nickname 'Jonah,' which Cecil had given him, was again the first to suffer. The 'Ark' carried away her main-top-mast and he scurried back under the North Foreland, followed by Palmer in the 'Merhonour,' who had split his mainsail. 'The rest,' says Coke, 'with much difficulty and danger often of running foul one of another (the "Bonaventure" having split her main-top-sail and the "Cherubim" spent her main-top-mast) got that night somewhat late into the Downs.' Here, whether by Howard's orders or not is uncertain, they found Leveson in the 'Lion' with four of his squadron, besides the 'Swiftsure' and the rest of the English merchantmen. Twelve Dutch ships were also there, which Justinus of Nassau had sent forward from his fleet before Dunkirk to join the English Admiral, so that the whole force assembled amounted to some sixty sail, great and small. Justinus was preparing to follow his advanced squadron with his remaining sixteen vessels, and that day thirty of Gerbrandtsen's vessels were seen making their way towards Holland. But these last were hardly fit for further service, and Justinus said his own ships were of little use; for all the best in the country had been sent on the Canaries expedition and he had been left nothing but 'very slugs.' Thus all told the allied fleet was but a small force to cope with the mighty Armada that was reported to be entering the Channel. Yet, as far at least as the royal ships were concerned, it represented the whole force at

the Queen's disposal. Her ships at this time, without counting pinnaces and the two Cadiz prizes, which were no longer seaworthy, numbered twenty-seven. Of these twenty-two were under Howard's command. Of the rest two at least, the 'Bear' and 'Vanguard,' were being rebuilt; the 'Warspite' was being overhauled in dry dock; the 'Antelope' was under repair or else with Sir Robert Mansell on the Irish station; while the last, the old 'Victory,' was probably, like the Spanish prizes, no longer fit for sea.[1]

In spite of the difficulty of understanding how the Spaniards had managed to collect a force superior to that of the allies, the news was confirmed from all quarters. On Saturday night a French fisherman had put into Calais with further information about the mysterious six galleys. He had followed them from Belle Isle into Conquet and there he had left them on the 23rd. They had with them a Breton pilot, who had told him that the rest of the Spanish fleet, consisting of thirty galleys and about two hundred ships, was away to seaward. On Sunday morning the Governor sent the news over to Leveson in the Downs, with the comment that the alleged fleet might possibly be only a report spread by the galley commander to assist him getting through to Dunkirk.[2] Still the report was confirmed from two other sources besides the official intimations from Brest and Calais, and, incredible as it

[1] See Oppenheim, *Administration of the Navy*, pp. 120, 124. A warrant for dry-docking the 'Bear,' 'Warspite,' and 'Vanguard' is in *Dom. Cal.*, p. 437. The 'Victory' was bought in 1560, and so far as is known had not been rebuilt. She was broken up in 1608 (Oppenheim, p. 207). The 'Antelope' in February 1598 had come in after a long commission under Sir John Gilbert; see *Dom. Cal.*, p. 27, and *Hatfield Papers*, vii. *passim*. The two Spanish galleons were removed from the navy list as useless in 1604 (Oppenheim, 206). In January Chamberlain wrote that Sir Robert Mansell was going to the Irish coast with three ships. *Letters*, p. 36.

[2] *S.P. France*, 123, August 26 to September 5.

was, it could not be ignored. As yet none of the English cruisers had been able to get contact with the enemy, and the only way the English admirals could account for the mystery was that the Adelantado's fleet had parted company in a gale, and that the galleys at Conquet were the only part of it that had not been driven back. Howard therefore considered it sufficient to detach Leveson's squadron, reinforced by all the crompsters and accompanied by the Dutch squadron, to Calais Road, so as to intercept them if they attempted to pass the Straits. For him the bulk of the Adelantado's fleet was still the first consideration, and with the rest of his force he prepared to meet it. Meanwhile Ralegh had left his disabled ship at Margate and had come overland to attend a council, which was held immediately he arrived. He apparently wished to persuade Howard that the hole into which he had got himself was a better position for the fleet than the Downs. This at least was the question discussed. A fear seems to have been entertained by someone that lying where he did Howard left Margate too much exposed should the enemy attempt a landing there. The arguments in favour of the move were that, as the fleet lay, it was in danger of being embayed amongst the sands if the Spaniards suddenly appeared, or of being forced to run to leeward in presence of the enemy 'to its great disadvantage and dishonour.' It was, therefore, the safer and more honourable course for the Queen's admiral to make the retrograde movement of his own accord and avoid the grave moral effect of being forced into it. Further, it was urged that tactically Margate was a more favourable station than the Downs for getting to seaward and windward of an enemy advancing up Channel. On the other hand it was objected that the Downs was the safer anchorage in all winds, and that it

was better placed both for getting touch with the enemy, and for chasing him, since the fleet at any time could get clear to sea in three hours. As to Margate being left exposed, the masters undertook to carry the fleet back there on any wind or tide on which the enemy could make the road. Hereupon Howard very properly resolved to stay where he was and organise his fleet in squadrons ready for the expected action, trusting to Fenner, who, with his own ship and the 'Advice' pinnace, had remained in the west, to give him timely warning of the enemy's approach.

On the morrow, however, before his squadronising can have been well completed, the Government had received definite information and was able to give him definite orders. A pinnace had arrived from the Spanish coast with intelligence that on August 15th the Adelantado had sailed from Coruña, leaving all his galleys behind him.[1] This pointed to an ocean voyage, and the inference was confirmed by private letters which the pinnace had captured, stating that he was bound to the rescue of the Canaries. There now seemed little doubt that on the receipt of the news of the capture of Las Palmas by Van der Does and the rapid mobilisation of the English navy the King had ordered the Adelantado to give up his intended attempt in the Narrow Seas and give chase to the Dutch. This at any rate was the view taken by the English Government. If the Adelantado, it was argued, had not abandoned his intention of coming north he must already have appeared, for the wind had been fair at south-west ever since he had put to sea; but to make certain and allow for all contingencies it was decided to give him a little more grace. The information was sent down to Howard at once, with orders that if in

[1] These letters are in the *Hatfield MSS.* dated August 19 and 20.

five days he heard nothing of the Adelantado he was to consider the danger at an end. There remained nothing to fear except the six galleys which had put into Conquet, and these, as they informed the Admiral, must either have passed him or be safe in some harbour short of him. As for those which the Adelantado had left behind in Coruña, they were known to be unfit for sea for the present. With the others the Channel Guard could easily deal, and when Howard brought the main fleet in, Leveson was to be left at sea with his old force, strengthened by the best of the crompsters and the 'Rainbow.' Palmer with one ship and four crompsters was to lie at Sheerness to protect Chatham and the Thames, and the whole of the rest at the expiration of the five days were to be brought in and paid off.[1]

The information on which the Government thus ordered the demobilisation of the fleet was perfectly correct. The danger was indeed at an end, but a danger it certainly had been. Though the threat of invasion, which had so deeply stirred the country, is usually spoken of as though it was a mere scare, and though many so regarded it at the time, the Adelantado and the King were quite in earnest. The fleet reported to be actually in the Channel was no doubt a phantom. It had no more solid foundation than the reports which the commander of the six galleys industriously spread and to which the unexpected return of a portion of the Dutch fleet gave colour and reality. But nevertheless it was only owing to a change of orders at the last moment that a new Armada was not there in the flesh, and this the Government ascertained beyond a doubt before the five days had expired. Early in August the Adelantado had succeeded in concentrating at Coruña and Ferrol a powerful fleet of thirty-eight ships

[1] Nottingham and Cecil to Howard, *Hatfield MSS.*, August 28.

and galleons and twenty-three galleys, besides small craft, carrying 8,000 troops. The Adelantado was in chief command; the veteran Brochero was his vice-admiral, and the commanders of his four squadrons were Zubiaur, Bertendona, Villaviciosa, and Oliste, the most experienced and capable admirals in Spain. The intention was to sail on August 15 for England, as it was generally believed in the fleet, though Ireland was possibly the real objective. On the 10th, however, the Adelantado was surprised by a despatch from the King telling him that the Dutch having taken the Grand Canary were establishing themselves there, and that he must abandon his English project and immediately proceed thither to dislodge them. He had already moved out into the bay to carry out the order, when a second despatch arrived to say that the Dutch had left the Canaries and gone to the Azores to waylay the treasure fleet, and that at all costs he must drive them from the station. His galleys had suffered severely in coming round from Lisbon, and though they might have survived a coasting voyage to the Narrow Seas they were quite unfit for the Atlantic. He therefore sailed without them, leaving them behind at Coruña in such a condition that it was certain they could attempt nothing by themselves that winter.[1]

Although, therefore, when the mobilisation order was issued the danger was great and real, by the time the fleet got to sea there was nothing to fear but the six

[1] This information was sent by the Governor of Brest, September 3–13 (see *S.P. France*, 123). He obtained it from the crew of a Spanish vessel which had been separated from the Adelantado's flag in a gale, and whose French and Irish crew had mutinied and carried the vessel to Brest. The actual force of the Adelantado's fleet was eighteen galleons of 800 tons; four Levanters of 1,000 to 1,200 tons; six flyboats of 400 to 500 tons; ten large French ships; and six pataches or pinnaces—a fleet which with the twenty-three galleys would have been superior to the combined Dutch and English squadrons.

galleys that had come to Conquet. These, however, formed no part of the Adelantado's fleet, and the history of how they came to be there introduces us to the most brilliant figure of the close of the war and to one of its most striking and neglected features. For they mark a new departure in Spanish naval policy, the last attempt to curb the new sea power of the north by matching against it the time-honoured weapon of the Mediterranean. The large measure of success that attended the experiment makes it all the more strange that it was not tried earlier in the war, and sets another stamp of incapacity on Philip the Second's naval administration. As it was, the idea did not come from Spain, but, as was natural, from Genoa, the home of the Dorias and the city which divided with Venice the honour of being the home of the galley. The man who broached the idea to the Spanish Government was a cadet of the great banking house of Spinola. Having risen by its financial transactions to the front rank of the Genoese merchant princes, it began to pose as a rival to the Dorias. Its head at this time was the famous Ambrogio Spinola, a man of about thirty years of age, who though as yet he had shown no taste for a military career was destined before the century was out to win himself as Prince Maurice's antagonist the reputation of one of the greatest generals in Europe. His younger brother Frederico at an early age had gone to learn the art of war under Parma in the Low Countries, and while there had grasped with an eye worthy of his renowned brother the true secret of the Spanish failure. To his clear head it was obvious that no real progress could be made ashore so long as the Dutch were permitted undisputed command of the sea. In 1599 he was described by some of his officers' wives as about twenty-five years of age, with a

slender figure and a face that was always smiling.[1] With all the enthusiasm and confidence of youth, when scarcely beyond the age of manhood, he carried his idea to Spain, and there, backed by the charm of his personality and the weight of his brother's name, who saw in the project a chance of rivalling the Dorias' fame, he laid it before the Government. He asked no pay. He was prepared to fit out any galleys the King would give him and to build others in Dunkirk at his own expense. As early as May 1596 the project had been under discussion, but it was not till 1599 that the Spaniards decided to give him six galleys to see what he could do. In March that year he was in Dunkirk actively preparing his scheme. One serious difficulty stood in his way. As, after careful inquiry, our Ambassador at Paris and others pointed out to Cecil, the Flemish ports were unfit to receive galleys. They all dried out at low tide, and owing to the length and tenderness of the galley it was apt to strain itself by the weight of its armament when lying high and dry. For a galley-port deep water at all states of the tide was considered essential.[2] But even this would not deter Spinola. At his own cost he directed a basin to be made at Dunkirk, and besides this set to work two hundred shipwrights, whom he had brought thither from Italy, to build two galleys and two ships. At the same time he despatched a man into England to report on the defences and capacity of the southern and eastern ports. For his ambition was by no means confined to disturbing the Dutch coastwise communications.[3]

[1] Tomson to Cecil, September 3, 1599, *S.P. France*, 123.

[2] See Henry Neville to Cecil, August 26, 1599, and Tomson to same, August 25, *S.P. France*, 123. Tomson says that all the French and Flemish ports from Saint-Valéry to Sluys dried out.

[3] Bentivoglio, *Wars of Flanders*, p. 407 ; Giustiniani, *Guerre di Fiandra* ;

The intelligence which the Governor of Brest had sent was not the first inkling which the English Government obtained of this well-laid scheme. In April 1599 Spinola's spy had been arrested at Ipswich. On examination he confessed that he had already obtained particulars of all the ports from Plymouth to Yarmouth. He gave his name as Hortensio Spinola, and professed that he was a servant of the Marquis and that Frederico Spinola was his son.[1] No details of the ambitious design, however, were obtained from him, and the English Government appears to have attached little importance to the information. On August 11, a fortnight before Howard got his fleet out of the river, Lord Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, was able to send up definite intelligence that Frederico Spinola was on his way with his galleys, and urged that the Queen's ships already in the Channel should be sent to intercept him.[2] Still no steps appear to have been taken. The Government and its cruisers were still preoccupied with the Adelantado's fleet, and on August 18 Spinola was able to steal out of Santander and in two days and a night to reach Conquet unobserved. It was not till the 23rd, four days after his arrival, that his presence there was known in England. On that day the Mayor of Plymouth was able to send up the information. A merchant of St. Jean de Luz had come in and deposed before him that five weeks previously he had seen at Santander six galleys which Spinola had obtained from the King of Spain for service in the Low Countries, and that they were laden with treasure; and these very galleys he had seen at Conquet the day before.

Tomson's report to Cecil, *Domestic Calendar*, August 27, 1599; and those of the Venetian Ambassador in Spain, *Venetian Calendar*, 1592–1603, Nos. 446, 764.

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, pp. 174, 179.

[2] Cobham to Cecil, August 11, 1599, *Hatfield MSS.*

On this the Ministers resolved to act, and sent orders to Howard who had just reached the Downs to detach a squadron against them. Howard received them on the 27th, but, as we have already seen, on the information sent by the Governor of Calais to Leveson he had anticipated them, and that very morning Leveson and the Dutch Admiral had gone over to Calais Road for the purpose of intercepting Spinola's galleys, 'which I fear,' Howard said, 'will be difficult by reason the baggages will ever keep near the shore.'[1]

But the Government had determined to leave no stone unturned to stop them. It was known by this time that they had left Conquet and were making their way eastward. For four clear days, from the 20th to the 23rd, Spinola had lain quietly where he was, awaiting the propitious moment for his dash and picking up very accurate information of his enemy's dispositions. So desperate seemed the venture to his officers, as they learned how their path swarmed with hostile cruisers, that they began to steal away at dark, till Spinola put an end to the desertions by taking the night watch in person. In spite of the force opposed to him he was still smilingly confident, and on the night of Thursday the 23rd, when Fenner, who had been watching Conquet, was apparently compelled to put back to Plymouth for victuals, he had stolen out of his hiding place. The following afternoon he was seen passing Guernsey with a fair south wind. So close did he steer to the west end of the island that the Governor feared he meant a landing, but he soon hauled up northeast and held away for the Casquets. 'These galleys I guess,' wrote the Governor in sending the intelligence, 'will pass close along the coast of France and scape her Majesty's ships.' This was what everyone expected, but

[1] *Coke MS.*, and Howard to Cecil, August 27, *Hatfield MSS.*

it was not the whole of Spinola's scheme. They did not yet know the man they had to deal with. Three days later the Governor of Dieppe sent over word that he had arrived at Cape La Hogue on Saturday afternoon and was lying under its lee, as he dared not put out in the stiff south-westerly weather that was prevailing. It was true enough. Instead of holding the course on which he was last seen from Guernsey, Spinola, when he saw the gale threatening, had run in under the Cape, and was lying there snugly, while Howard, as we have seen, was beating up laboriously into the Downs and Ralegh was limping back to Margate. Cecil received this information from Dieppe on Tuesday the 28th. He and the Lord Admiral at once saw that with the wind holding where it was there was little hope that Leveson would be able to reach La Hogue Bay, and they threw themselves on George Fenner, who had just put into Plymouth to revictual.

It is pleasant to read the terms in which the Ministers addressed the stout old veteran. Affairs at head-quarters were being conducted by a committee of the Council consisting of the Lord Admiral, the veteran Lord Hunsdon, and Cecil, who had made himself quite as much a Minister of Marine as his father had before him; and these great dignitaries, who knew their man's worth, wrote to him like an old friend. After telling him that the six galleys were 'in the Bay of La Hogue near the Bank,' they proceed: 'On Monday night they rode close aboard the shore, the wind being full S.W. but blew so great a gale they durst not come on.' They told him they feared Howard's fleet in the Downs could do little with the wind where it was. He was therefore to take his own ship and pinnace and the Lord Admiral's 'True-love,' if he could find her, and do his utmost. If possible, he was to try to persuade a squadron of Gerbrandtsen's division, which was still lying

in the Sound, to help him. 'Tarry not, good George,' the letter ends, 'but do the best you can; for we would be very glad these might be catched or canvassed.[1] Assure yourself that your ship and the "True-love" will beat them if there were no more to assist you.' A Fenner hardly needed to be told this, but the anxious committee deferentially tendered further advice. 'George Fenner,' they added in a postscript, 'you are a wise man and have experience how to use stratagems. It will not be amiss, if you think good, to lay a bait for them in this sort: that some league before you some bark may be sent and take in her ordnance as she were no man of war, which peradventure may entice the baggages from the shore to come off and take her.'[2]

As far as rapidity of action went, Fenner fully justified the Ministers' expectations. His orders cannot have been despatched much before the night of the 28th, and yet, though the post took a day and a half to reach Plymouth, by noon on the 31st he was out. As for the Dutch vessels that lay in the Sound, worn out and dispirited with their fruitless voyage, they required no persuasion to join the hunt. The galleys were known to be full of treasure, and three hours before Fenner could get clear out the

[1] I.e. 'disappointed.' 'To be canvassed' or 'to receive the canvass' is said to be equivalent to the modern 'to get the sack.' See *Halliwell and Wright*, i. 133.

[2] The Lord Admiral, Lord Chamberlain, and Cecil to Mr. George Fenner and Sir F. Gorges: Draft in Cecil's hand, *Hatfield MSS.* It is undated, but the time at which it was written can be fixed within a few hours. We know the galleys reached the Hogue on Saturday, August 25. Therefore the Monday it mentions must be the 27th. It will be also noticed that it repeats the word 'baggages' used by Lord Thomas Howard in his despatch to the writers which was sent off not before midday on the 27th from the Downs. It cannot thereforehave been written earlier than the evening of Tuesday the 28th. Further, we know that Fenner at Plymouth acted on the orders it contains at noon on the 31st, and the Dutch Admiral three hours sooner. Therefore since the post time from London to Plymouth was about thirty-six hours, it cannot have been written later than the early hours of the 29th. See *Domestic Calendar*, p. 318.

best of them were away to forestall him. But they might have saved themselves the pains. Before ever Fenner's orders were penned Spinola had left his shelter. The ink was hardly dry before news reached the Ministers that he was in Havre, and a messenger was spurring down to Howard with orders to send away the whole of his oared craft with Leveson to blockade the port. But this was now impossible. In obedience to his first orders, Leveson had carried all the light squadron over and joined Justinus of Nassau in Calais Road. There he had ridden the 28th and 29th 'with an extreme storm at south-west,' the same that was supposed to be detaining Spinola under La Hogue. So severely did Leveson's squadron suffer that on the 30th, leaving Justinus to watch the station, he had to return to the Downs and report the whole of his hoys unfit for service without a refit. As for the galley 'Mercury,' they had dismissed her as entirely useless. The rest of the fleet was in little better case, for the victuals had turned out to be so bad that the Admirals doubted whether they would have enough sound rations to carry them back to Chatham.

Thus at the critical moment the Straits of Dover were left with no one to watch them but Justinus and his slugs. Why Leveson did not remain at his post with his galleons instead of returning with the disabled oared craft is nowhere explained, nor why he was not ordered to resume his station immediately. It is true that the Admirals, being unable to obey their last orders, sent the ships that were to keep the sea back to Calais Road; but they only arrived there on September 1, in time for the captains to dine at the Governor's table with what appetite his news left them. That very morning at six o'clock as the guard was opening the town gates four or five sails had been descried running before a fair southerly wind. They looked

suspiciously like galleys and the Governor was immediately informed. He hurried to a tower to try to make them out, but so misty was it and so far to sea were the strange sails that he could not be sure. Only Justinus, who lay in the Road, seemed to have had no doubt. For without a moment's hesitation he had cut his cables and crowded all sail in pursuit, and it was certain, so the diners tried to console themselves, that the galleys were doomed. Either Justinus would catch them, or else they would all be driven north to perish like the Invincible Armada, since they could not 'use tack or bowline' to reach a Flemish port. Nor by this time was there any question of their identity. In the afternoon a fisherman had come in with a story that left no doubt that the sails which Justinus had pursued were those of Spinola's galleys.

The young Genoese captain was by no means so afraid of bad weather as was believed. His main object apparently in putting into La Hogue was to pick up a Dunkirk pilot, who was awaiting his arrival. There too he completed his final arrangements, and heard the last intelligence of the fleets in the Straits. In order to leave the decks as free as possible for the dash he was about to make, he got rid of all the women who had accompanied the expedition, and then he was ready. He had been last seen at La Hogue, it will be remembered, on the night of the 27th, and while Leveson lay waiting for him the two following days in Calais Road, exposed to the full strength of the south-westerly gales, he moved his galleys on under the lee of the French shore as far as Havre. Whether by luck or judgment, nothing could have been better timed. On the 30th, the very day the unlucky Leveson considered it proper to leave his station, he moved on again, and all day on the 31st the Calais fisherman had watched him making his way along

the shoal water between Dieppe and Boulogne, while Fenner and the Dutch, days behindhand, were racing each other from Plymouth to pounce upon him at La Hogue.

Still Spinola was seriously behind his time. Boulogne was not reached till 3 A.M. on September 1. It was from here he meant to make his final dash past the allied fleets at Calais. To find the day dawning on a critical move that it was intended night should screen is a trial for the most seasoned nerves. He was not to know how obligingly Leveson had put himself out of action. For all he could tell, both the Dutch and the English squadrons were still waiting to cut him off in Calais Road. His only chance was to give them a wide berth. Yet amongst the shoals was his only chance of safety if he were caught. But Spinola did not flinch. If day was breaking there was still the haze, and the wind was fair and freshening. So, like the brilliant captain he was, he took the daring course, and, standing out boldly into mid-channel, he hoisted sail and ran for it.

The sun was up as he passed abreast of Calais, and the vigilant Dutch seamen at once detected the move. The moment he was viewed in the open we have seen Justinus break for him. Warmed by the Governor's wine, the English captains tried to believe a kill was certain. But in truth Justinus had little chance. On the freshening breeze the lean galleys could laugh at the Dutchman's bluff-bowed slugs. For Justinus there was no real hope except from the vessels that were still watching Dunkirk. By good luck they might head off the chase and let him close. But Spinola did not mean to give them the chance. Keeping well out to sea, he ran wide past Dunkirk, never coming within six leagues of the blockading vessels, and so in the afternoon, as the English

captains were sitting down to dinner at Calais, he ran triumphantly under the friendly guns of Sluys. Three galleys took the ground, but two were got off at once and the third a few days later; and so in an almost inconceivable success ended one of the most brilliant feats in the whole war.[1]

From so daring and well judged an exploit it is impossible to withhold our admiration. Followed as it was by the young adventurer's brilliant use of the base he had secured, it stands out in painful contrast to the failure of the English and Dutch commanders. The very day after he entered Sluys Spinola swooped out and captured a ship, as though to show how little his effort had cost him and to give a foretaste of what was to come. Sir Robert Sydney in his government at Flushing opened his eyes in blank dismay as he looked across the Scheldt at his unwelcome neighbours. 'In these parts,' he wrote to Cecil, 'has happened that which hardly would have been believed, that six galleys known to be coming out of Spain and so long looked for should pass through the Narrow Seas and recover harbour without any hurt.'[2] It was indeed incredible enough, and not a little ignominious, seeing the great force both English and Dutch had at sea. Yet Howard and Ralegh cannot be severely blamed for the failure. Their hastily mobilised

[1] No account appears to exist of Spinola's voyage, but his movements can be accurately traced by the reports of scouts and in the depositions of his officers' wives who were set ashore at La Hogue. The principal documents will be found in *S.P. France*, 123, especially Tomson to Cecil, August 25, September 1 and 3; the Governor of Calais to Leveson, August 26; the Governor of Dieppe to Cecil, August 27. Others are in *S.P. Holland*, 91, especially Sir Robert Sydney to Cecil, September 3; in *S.P. Domestic*, 272, especially Stallenge to Cecil, September 1, f. 102, and the Mayor of Hull's report, September 10, f. 112 i.; and in the *Hatfield MSS.*, Cobham to Cecil, August 11; Howard, Ralegh, and Greville to Nottingham and Cecil, August 31.

[2] *S.P. Holland*, September 3, 1599.

force was not yet a fleet. It was but a potentially powerful mass of ships, that had not yet shaken down into a living entity such as was needed to stop a man like Spinola. Moreover, their information was bad. The Italian's dexterity in spreading a report that the Adelantado was coming north, when he knew he had gone south, had entirely taken in the English Government. It was a sound and warlike device, as cleverly carried out as it was sagaciously conceived. By its use he succeeded in reducing his force in the eyes of the English Ministers and their Admirals to a mere detail of a much larger one upon which he successfully dissipated their attention. Nothing could have been better done, and Spinola richly deserved the coveted notoriety that began to illumine his family name. If any English officer is to be blamed, it is Leveson. Had he retained his station with even one or two of his smart galleons instead of coming back to the Downs when he did, it is difficult to see how the galleys could have escaped. It is true there is no trace of his having been blamed at the time, but then he was the Lord Admiral's son-in-law. It is conceivable that his oared craft were in such a condition that he felt it his duty not to leave them till they were safe in the Downs, but even this will not excuse his having left his post with the whole of his command. Nor can it be forgotten that if he had returned immediately he would still have been in time. Of this delay no explanation can be offered, and Howard and his council of war must share the blame of it with their squadron commander.

The Dutch openly abused their Admirals, but their angry murmurs were no deeper than the silent chagrin of the English Government. The expense of the mobilisation had been very great. The capture of Spinola's

treasure would have gone far to pay the bill. But while the Spaniards had gained a striking advantage the great fleet had done nothing. The last drop in the cup was that it had not been wanted from the first. After all, in spite of the change of plan, the Dutch expedition by its raids on the Spanish communications had covered Ireland and prevented Spain from making a diversion in Tyrone's favour. This was fully recognised in England, and the Queen handsomely acknowledged the obligation in 'letters full of sugar and honey,' which she sent to the States by Sir Francis Vere in reparation for her former reproaches.[1] Unproductive and disastrous as the first naval experiment of the Dutch was for themselves, and terrible as was their loss by disease, surpassing anything England had suffered, it had done everything for Elizabeth, and her great fleet was paid off without having fired a shot.

It was a lame end to the most remarkable feat of mobilisation that the world had yet seen. In Brussels and France they affected to deride the simplicity of the English Government, that could be induced to lavish so much treasure by six galleys, and men professed that the English name for wisdom and prudence was lost. At home the people at large were of much the same opinion. They could not understand what all the alarm had been about nor why they had been dragged from their homes at harvest time for nothing. Camden records how some vented their ill-humour with the Government in professing to see in it a practical joke. If the Queen must play May games, they said, she should play them at the proper season. Others as usual smelt treason, and believed the threatened Spanish invasion was invented by the Government as an excuse for arming against some desperate revolutionary design of Essex's. In '88 they

[1] Motley, *United Netherlands*, iii. 559.

said sarcastically the Armada was called 'The Invincible,' in '99 it was 'The Invisible.' But however unpopular it had made the Government, and however foreigners might mock, there can be little doubt that Monson's summary of its effect was correct, and that the rapidity and ease with which the mobilisation was carried through greatly strengthened the English position. 'To say the truth,' he writes, 'the expedition that was then used in drawing together so great an army by land and rigging so great and royal a navy to sea in so little a space of time, was so admirable in other countries that they received a terror by it; and many that came from beyond sea said the Queen was never more dreaded abroad for anything she ever did.' For long the Spanish officers had come to recognise as an axiom of strategy that a successful operation against England could not be effected except by surprise, and now it was demonstrated that surprise was impossible. Monson indeed believed that the Spaniards thenceforth lost all the heart they had left for the war and sought peace at last in earnest.

CHAPTER XII

DECLINE OF THE NAVY

How far the demonstration of the English power which the bloodless campaign of 1599 evinced really affected the Spanish attitude it would be hard to say. Combined with the utter failure of the Adelantado, it can hardly have been without a deep effect. Having encountered weather that was too much for his seamanship, the Jonah of the Spanish service again brought his fleet back from the Azores a complete and disastrous wreck. It seems to have been felt as a last blow to the Spanish maritime power, and the young King can hardly have failed to find in it a sharp reminder of the solemn counsel he had received from his dying father. Certain it is at any rate that upon the demobilisation of the English fleet the Archduke re-opened secret and informal negotiations for a settlement with renewed keenness. The exhaustion of Spain, the rebellious opposition to the King's request for money, the mutinies of the troops in the Netherlands, the fear of a renewal of war with France over the Duchy of Saluzzo, all combined to emphasize the hopelessness of inflicting a vital blow on England. In October an emissary of the Archduke arrived in London, and during the winter continual negotiations were in progress, which in April 1600 culminated in the meeting of a conference between the representatives of Spain, Burgundy, and England at Boulogne. Spain demanded the cession of

Flushing and the other cautionary towns which Elizabeth held as security for the assistance she had lent to the Dutch; while England's main points were, as ever, free trade with Spain and her colonies, freedom of her subjects from the Inquisition, and the exclusive right of having warships in the Channel. The discussion of the terms was never reached, for the Commissioners could not get beyond the preliminary questions of etiquette. England claimed her traditional precedence over the Kings of Aragon and Castille. Spain contended it was absurd to expect the Sovereign of a world-wide empire to give the *pas* to the Queen of a few islands. The point was referred: neither Government would budge an inch; and in August, after fruitless contentions, the congress was broken up.

The firmness of the Queen was no doubt influenced by an event which had materially altered the complexion of the war. Relying on the impotency to which the Archduke had been reduced by the rebellion of his best troops, the States resolved to take a strenuous offensive. They, no less than Spinola, recognised that their struggle with the Archduke hung upon a working command of the sea. Spinola, operating from Sluys, and the Flemish privateers from Dunkirk had deprived them of their former supremacy. Their coastwise communications were no longer safe, and their commerce was suffering severely. So active and alert were their nimble enemies and so well placed the ports from which they worked, that the Dutch marine had failed to cope with the evil. In this dilemma the States resolved on a desperate attempt to reduce the obnoxious ports by land. Making use of Ostend, the last harbour that remained to them in Flanders, as a point of departure, they proposed to seize Nieuport by a sudden *coup de main*. From these two points they would be

able to operate both by sea and land against Sluys and Dunkirk and the other seaports of the Archduke, with every hope of cutting him off irrevocably from the sea. In June a large army, including the greater part of the English contingent, and an immense flotilla were secretly collected under Prince Maurice; but when all was ready, instead of being able to make the sudden descent at Ostend that had been intended, he was forced by adverse winds to disembark in the Scheldt and march to his destination overland, leaving his stores to get round by sea. Owing to these delays the surprise of Nieuport failed, and he had to wait for his flotilla in order to proceed by siege. The first division started on June 15, escorted by a single man-of-war under Captain Adrien Blancker. Off Sluys it was becalmed, and Spinola with four galleys swooped out upon it. Blancker heroically engaged them with the utmost fury, till as he himself lay mortally wounded and his vessel would hardly float he at length drove them off. But it was not before they had captured a score or more of his flotilla, including all Sir Robert Sydney's camp equipage and most of Sir Francis Vere's. A day or two later the second division, carrying the siege train and ordnance stores, met the same ill luck. Again Spinola swept out, but this time he had to encounter tough old Duyvenvoord Admiral of Holland, with twelve sail, and before much harm could be done a breeze sprang up and Spinola was severely mauled before he got back into Sluys.[1] Nevertheless he continued to do considerable mischief and hamper Prince Maurice's action. 'The galleys of Sluys,' wrote an English officer to Cecil a month later, 'do very much impeach the free course of commodities that should necessarily attend the camp. On Friday last they burnt two ships and carried away five

[1] Meteren, p. 478; *Chamberlain Letters*, p. 82.

that came out of Zeeland, having fought above two hours with four of the ships of war which were convoy to the others.'[1]

Meanwhile in spite of these interruptions Maurice had opened the siege of Nieuport, but before he had made any progress he was surprised by the Archduke, who almost miraculously had induced his mutinous troops to march. So rapid and unexpected was the movement that he succeeded in interposing his army between Nieuport and Ostend before Prince Maurice was aware of his approach. The Prince thus found himself cut off from his base, and the rashness of the enterprise, which he and his best officers had opposed from the first, now declared itself with startling clearness. For the allies there was no way out of it but either to re-embark in presence of a superior enemy or to accept battle. Prince Maurice did not hesitate which course to choose. His flotilla was lying at Nieuport, but, determined to fight to the death, he heroically ordered it to sea, and next day his own and Sir Francis Vere's genius turned what deserved to be a defeat into an overwhelming victory. Its material results were small. Though the Archduke was defeated with heavy loss, Prince Maurice found himself too weak to retain his position. He was compelled therefore to retire to Holland without reducing Nieuport, while the Archduke, rapidly recovering from the blow he had received, was able to threaten Ostend till the advancing season forced him to go into winter quarters.

Thus from a military point of view things remained as they were. But morally a supreme point had been gained. The Dutch had demonstrated their power of dealing with the Archduke alone, and Elizabeth felt she could continue the war with a lighter heart. To reduce Ireland, where

[1] *Hatfield MSS.*, Captain Thomas Ogle to Cecil, July 13, 1600.

Essex's failure was growing clearer every week, and at the same time to keep a considerable army in the Low Countries was beyond the strength of the kingdom. But if the States could hold their own with the Archduke, she was willing and able to deal with Spain. Later, when Ireland was at its worst, she explained this clearly to her allies, and they replied that all they asked was that she should help them to hold Ostend. So long, they said, as this thorn remained in the Flemish lion's foot they had no fear. Everyone could now see it was the key of the situation because it was the key of the Flemish seas, and thus after the battle of Nieuport it was round Ostend that the struggle centred.[1]

At sea the war slumbered. All parties severely felt the strain of the last year's campaign, and were taking breath for a final effort should the peace negotiations fail. Elizabeth alone sought to make use of the lull to increase her resources, and she used it in a characteristic way. Ever since the year 1591, when the loss of the 'Revenge' opened English eyes to the fact that they had allowed Spain to become a naval power, it had been the custom of the Spanish Government to send out a fleet to the Azores to meet the *flotas* and treasure ships and convoy them through the dangerous home waters. This year, however, owing to the peace negotiations and the state to which the Adelantado's last cruise had reduced Philip's navy, there was a chance that the usual fleet would not sail or sail very weak. The English Government saw that a surprise visit to the Azores at the right moment might prove remunerative. The method adopted was new and ingenious. No expeditionary force was prepared. The Channel Guard was merely strengthened, and, in spite of his two failures, Leveson, as Admiral of the

[1] *Venetian Calendar*, August 30, 1601.

Narrow Seas, retained the command of it, whereby all suspicion of what was intended was allayed. During the spring, with three of the best galleons—the 'Repulse,' 'Warspite,' and 'Vanguard'—he cruised as usual off Dunkirk, as though he were merely engaged in watching the Flemish privateers. Meanwhile, however, stores for an ocean voyage were quietly collected at Plymouth under cover of the regular work of supply for Munster. Then, as soon as the Boulogne conference was fairly settled and Prince Maurice was ready for his descent upon Nieuport, the moment was seized to order Leveson to slip away to the west with his three galleons. At Plymouth he took in the stores that were awaiting him, and on June 26 he sailed for Azores.[1]

The whole affair had been very cleverly arranged. In England no one knew what Leveson's destination was, and in Spain there was apparently no suspicion. But if the English Government had calculated that the reward of their secrecy would be to find the Azores station unprotected, they underestimated the dogged persistence of their enemy. The very day that Leveson left Plymouth Sound a fleet was bearing away from Spain for the scene of his secret enterprise. In spite of the shattered condition of the Spanish marine the indefatigable Brochero had succeeded in tinkering together the usual Ocean Guard. His difficulties were enormous. The previous year the whole seaboard had been devastated by the plague, and the remains of the Adelantado's fleet were in the worst possible condition. Yet by long and arduous endeavour the work was done. Orders for the purpose reached him at Coruña in April, yet so hopelessly wrecked was the Spanish organisation that he could not sail till

[1] Stallenge to Cecil, June 26, *Hatfield MSS.* Chamberlain first mentions the voyage as news to him on June 24; *Letters*, p. 83.

the middle of June. Even then for want of mariners he had to leave two of his galleons behind, and could sail with no more than three and ten small vessels, mostly prize English merchant craft. At Lisbon his force appears to have been raised to five galleons and eighteen other craft, but even when he finally left the Tagus his ships were so ill manned and in so unseaworthy a condition that Leveson's force, so an English prisoner avowed, had nothing to fear from them.[1]

So low, indeed, had the Spanish navy sunk that they could not even waylay the English Levant traders in the Straits. In May nine or ten of them came home, saying that they had escaped the Adelantado's galleons at Gibraltar, and, meeting two more off Finisterre, which were transporting soldiers from Ferrol to Cadiz, had sunk one and taken the other, but on the Spaniards' assurance that peace was made they had let it go. Again in July eight more of them engaged five galleons of the Ocean Guard which the Adelantado had sent to intercept them in the Straits, and after a smart action compelled them to retire very roughly handled.[2]

What force Leveson had besides his original squadron of three galleons and his pinnaces we do not know. The 'Lion's Whelp' certainly and some other private men-of-war most probably were with his flag.[3] Brochero's

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, 461 and 465, where an English prisoner gives his force as above. Duro says he had fifteen *naos*. (*Armada Española*, iii. 215.)

[2] See Duro, *Armada Española*, iii. 215. *Chamberlain's Letters*, p. 74. *Venetian Calendar*, p. 418. The later engagement Captain Duro believes to have been won by five of the Queen's galleons sent to protect English commerce in the Straits, but none of the Queen's ships were at that time out of the Narrow Seas. They were certainly merchantmen, as the Venetian Ambassador reported.

[3] Stallenge to Cecil, June 26, 1600, *Hatfield MSS.* 'The Queen's ships with the "Lion's Whelp" set sail this afternoon about three o'clock. I pray God send them a prosperous voyage.' Monson, as usual, only mentions the galleons.

lame fleet could hardly hope to give a good account of him if they met. On the other hand, Leveson could not expect to successfully operate on the station in face of Brochero's force, even if he had known of its condition. His orders were to cruise for the carracks and the Mexico *flota*, and Captain Traughton was given him as vice-admiral to assist his inexperience. This gallant officer was one of Hawkins's men, and it was in his arms that the old admiral had ended 'his troublesome and painful life' off Puerto Rico on Drake's last expedition. When Baskerville, after Drake's death, had fought his way out of the Caribbean Sea, it was Traughton in the 'Bonaventure' who had led the attack in the action off the Isla de Pinos as vice-admiral of the van division. On that occasion he greatly distinguished himself, and was severely wounded. Previously, during 1594 and the following year, he had been constantly employed in command of fleets transporting troops to Ireland and France, and during the late mobilisation had been given the command of his old ship the 'Bonaventure.'

Leveson had thus a man of the right stamp at his elbow, and he certainly needed it. No sooner had he reached his station than he heard that Brochero had forestalled him. So superior, at least in numbers, was the Spanish fleet that it was resolved to give the islands a wide berth and endeavour to gather the harvest in mid-ocean, where Brochero's arm could not reach. For this purpose they cruised some sixty leagues to the westward of the Azores, but Leveson's ill luck clung to his command. The carracks took a course wide of the dangerous point; of the Mexico fleet not a glimpse was seen. At length, having exhausted his victuals, the luckless young admiral had to return with the report that from the time he left Plymouth till October 4, when

he dropped anchor in the Solent, he had not seen a single Spanish sail.[1]

Thus the century which had seen the rise of the English maritime power closed in with the navy discredited. For two years it had done nothing. The previous summer, in spite of the great force at their disposal, Howard and Ralegh had suffered Spinola to reach his destination, and since then the Queen's admirals had done as little to check his operations. The two galleys which Spinola had built at Dunkirk had joined his flag, and now he had eight at his disposal in Sluys. For the present it is true that he could do little; for disease and his recent actions had played havoc with his galley slaves. But he was known to be taking steps to refill his benches, and meanwhile the activity of the Dunkirkers redoubled. In August their ferocious admiral, Van der Waecken, taking advantage of the preoccupation of the Dutch fleet with Prince Maurice's expedition to Ostend, managed to get to sea with twelve or fourteen large vessels. Swooping on the Dutch fishing fleet in the North Sea and easily defeating its weak guard, he proceeded to sink, burn, and kill with horrible cruelty. The States hastily gathered a squadron, but it failed to catch him. One vessel only was captured, three recovered Dunkirk and the rest escaped through the Straits of Dover. Van der Waecken himself was chased into a Spanish port, but several of his captains continued to lurk in the mouth of the Channel and to play havoc along the Devon and Cornish coasts in the

[1] Monson, *Naval Tracts*. His account of the cruise is the only one known to be extant. The abstract log sent by Leveson to Cecil from the Isle of Wight (*S.P. Dom.*, 275, 84) appears to be missing. The only other light we have on the subject is the report of a skipper who, three weeks before August 9, *i.e.* July 19, had spoken the 'Lion's Whelp' forty leagues west of Flores. She said she had been in fight with two Spanish men-of-war, and that her Majesty's ships were thereabouts. *Hatfield MSS.*, 87. Stallenge to Cecil, August 9, 1600.

absence of the Channel Guard at the Azores. So bold did they become that before the end of the year they actually cut a vessel out of Plymouth Sound.[1] The Queen's ships and her Admiral of the Narrow Seas seemed incapable of so much as doing the police work of the Channel, and the navy began to be regarded with something like contempt. About Christmas time there was talk of ships being fitted out to intercept a squadron of Spanish galleys that was said to be coming to reinforce Spinola, and Chamberlain, an excellent mirror of public opinion, could not give his friend the news without another of his very pardonable sneers. 'Some of the Queen's ships,' he wrote to Carleton on December 22, 1600, 'are going to look after the Spaniards bound for the Low Countries. I think they will do little but look, though they should fall in their mouth.'

The public anxiety and irritation were certainly not without excuse. The prospect of Spinola being reinforced was a real danger. The States, who had most to fear, lost no time in mobilising a fleet under Justinus of Nassau, and at the risk of permanently destroying the port of Sluys endeavoured to block it up with quantities of stone fetched from Norway. England followed suit with special precautions in view of the nature of the threatened danger. The Channel Guard was raised to a powerful squadron of ten or a dozen sail, and included, besides the flag officers' galleons, the whole of the Queen's crompsters. These, it will be remembered, were a type of vessel which had replaced the older 'barks' in the navy list and were regarded as specially adapted for dealing with galleys. Leveson's interest was strong enough to secure him the command once more. For vice-admiral he was given Sir Robert Mansell, another gentleman who, like Leveson, had chosen the sea for a career from his youth.

[1] *Chamberlain Letters*, p. 98.

Though also distantly connected with the Lord Admiral, he was one of Essex's men, and had been knighted at Cadiz by Howard, though in what capacity he served is unknown. The following year he was captain of Essex's flag-ship during the Azores expedition, and since then had served as his admiral on the Irish station. It is the rise of this man that marks the commencement of a reign of selfishness and corruption that almost brought the navy to ruin in the next reign. As James the First's Treasurer of the Navy he carried peculation and mismanagement to a height it had never yet seen, and came off almost unpunished under the shadow of his great kinsman's name and the King's perverse partiality. Though subsequently to his present appointment he earned some reputation at sea, he had at present nothing to recommend him over Leveson except a record clear of ridiculous failures.[1]

So little reliance, indeed, was placed upon the new navy men that there was talk of building a squadron of twelve galleys for the protection of the English coasts. That so vicious an expedient could even have been talked about marks an ominous falling back from the point to which Drake and his fellows had carried naval ideas. Four galleys were to be provided by the Queen, two by the city, two by the eastern counties, two by the western, and two by Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire. 'The Spaniards,' wrote Chamberlain, 'are bringing more galleys into the Low Countries and must be fought after their own fence.'[2] But it was not merely a proposal. In May, Stow tells us, three fifteenths were assessed on the city

[1] In the autumn of 1600 he fought a duel with another Norfolk knight, Sir John Heydon, also one of Essex's partisans and subsequently one of the ringleaders of his attempted *coup d'état*. Both were at first supposed to be killed, but both recovered. Heydon, however, had one hand cut off, and was afterwards known as 'Heydon with one hand.' See *Chamberlain's Letters*, 89 and note. The severed member was preserved in the museum at Canterbury.

[2] *Ibid.*

for this purpose. Four of the vessels were actually built. Two, the 'Superlativa' and the 'Advantagia,' were added to the navy in the course of the year, and during 1602 two more, the 'Gallarita' and the 'Volatilla,' were presented to the Queen by the city.[1] In these four galleys with their Italian names we have the last echo of Mediterranean influence on the English navy. It is eloquent of the remarkable impression which Spinola's exploits had made that such a reaction should have been possible. For the Government to have departed so far from the tradition of Drake's school can only be accounted for by the discredit which the recent failures of Essex, Howard, Ralegh, and Leveson had brought upon naval opinion. It was a timorous retreat to exploded notions that could only have originated from landsmen who had learnt little from the war. In Cadiz harbour, on its own ground and with everything in its favour, Drake had proved the galley to be obsolete. The new vessels endorsed his doctrine. They could never be used, and after costing the Admiralty large sums in paint and tinkering for nearly thirty years were finally broken up in 1629.[2] The idea was probably suggested by the action of the Dutch. For them, seeing the nature of their coast, galleys were the obvious tools to meet the case. By no other means amidst their intricate shoals could they hope effectually to blockade Spinola's free-moving force. 'The States,' wrote Chamberlain in October 1600, 'have built a galleasse, a great slug to lie like a bulwark in the channel before Sluys.' This was the famous 'Black Galley' of Dordrecht. But it was not all that was done, for two other lighter vessels of the same class were built in Zeeland for more active work.[3] This was a very different thing from what the English were

[1] Oppenheim, *Administration of the Navy*, pp. 121, 123.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 207. [3] Meteren, 488 and 496.

doing. In the one case it was a well-conceived offensive measure for neutralising a force which had established itself impregnably in its enemy's home waters. In the other it was a mere defensive shift for which there was no excuse in seas where England had the absolute command. It had not even the recommendation of cheapness, like analogous designs to-day; for in a country that had no slaves it was more expensive to place a galley on a war footing than to mobilise a vessel of ten times its fighting power. The new policy was a reaction pure and simple. For the policy of Drake's school to succeed a vigorous offensive was essential. Its omission had opened the way to Spinola's success, and the sailing navy was regarded as inadequate. The tools were held responsible for the workman's want of understanding.

But it must be said that if the Government committed themselves at the beginning of the year to a naval policy that was purely defensive, there was much to excuse it. For they had to face a situation at home which appeared to the Queen so grave as to throw the war with Spain into the second place. Essex had entirely failed in Ireland, if failure it can be called to recognise the practical impossibility of the task the Queen had set him. With this extraordinary figure it is always difficult to say whether his actions were prompted by a sagacity and prescience beyond his time or by mere levity of purpose. He had not been many months in the country before he seems to have convinced himself that Ireland could only be pacified by wise concessions—never by arms. On this intuition he acted by seeking an arrangement with the Irish leader, and, finding his action misunderstood at home, he left his command without orders, and in September 1599 had suddenly appeared at Court. The insubordination he might have been forgiven by his fond mistress, but a lean-

ing to Home Rule in those days was hardly distinguished from the highest offence. It coloured his most innocent actions with treason, and he remained under arrest. So he continued all the year, dangling between hope and despair. For the Government it was an anxious time. With a man of his extraordinary influence under arrest on such a charge, with the Queen personally devoted to him, and the people worshipping him as the incarnation of their warlike spirit, ministers had little time to look abroad. So the strain continued, till early in 1601, driven mad with suspense and relying on the devotion of the Londoners, whose idol he had always been, Essex attempted to remove his political opponents from the Queen's ear by a *coup d'état*. He failed and the end was swift. On February 8 he and his madcaps made their tumultuous ride through the unresponsive city, and on the 25th he ended his dazzling career on Tower Hill.

To judge such a man with confidence is impossible. His name has never held a real place in the roll of our great admirals like that of his rival; yet, setting colonial ventures aside, Ralegh never did anything upon the sea that Essex did not do better; there is nothing Ralegh ever wrote on the naval art that cannot be matched by something as sagacious and farsighted from the lips or pen of Essex. For all his instability and levity of purpose in execution, his broad understanding of naval problems was conspicuous and undeniable, nor after a close examination of his career as a naval commander is it easy to deny him his romantic fancy that it was upon him above all others that Drake's cloak fell.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST PHASE OF THE WAR

It was thus tamely and without promise that the new century dawned. The century that was to see the English maritime power grow to manhood and the raw intuitions of Drake ripen and expand into a great and permanent system, began with a relapse into a puerile defensive. Upon the sea, as has been well said, the new era found the war in its old age. It appeared to be dying of senility. Direct hostilities between Spain and England had practically ended, and men spoke as if peace already existed and merely awaited the sanction of a treaty. Spain, to all appearance, was exhausted. The people were eager for peace, being convinced, in the words of the Venetian Ambassador, that war with England promised nothing but loss. Intelligence from the Spanish dockyards reported a sloth of weariness and disease. Their utmost efforts could barely suffice for the indispensable East and West Indian fleets, while the troops which had been gathered in the northern ports, as though for the threatened expedition to reinforce Spinola, were moved down to Barcelona, as though for action against the Turks. Before the spring was over, the fear of a Spanish attempt in the Narrow Seas had wholly died away. The fleet of Justinus was broken up for purposes of police. The Dunkirkers were still active, and its three squadrons under Justinus, Gerbrandtsen, and the afterwards famous Joost de Moor

were held continually at sea, turn and turn about, to see they did no harm.[1] Leveson and Mansell were also kept afloat with their crompster squadron on the same service, but no further effort was thought necessary in England. Elizabeth's position was growing more satisfactory every day. With Essex's failure and execution all fear of a revolution had passed away, and the news from Ireland was excellent.

To the surprise of most people, Lord Mountjoy, the new Lord Deputy, who had succeeded his friend Essex early in 1600, had done exceedingly well. Since the time of the Azores expedition in 1597, when Vere had been so disgusted at finding the young courtier made lieutenant-general over his head, Mountjoy's powers had been steadily ripening, and the high estimate which Elizabeth had formed of him was proving true. At first, no doubt, she had been merely taken with the charm of his personality. At the age of twenty he had come up to London to seek his fortune at the Temple, the younger son of an ancient but ruined family. What his grandfather had not spent on the pageant wars of Henry VIII. his father had nearly exhausted in researches for the philosopher's stone, and his elder brother was fast running through the rest. But he was tall and handsome, with the nobility of his race stamped upon him, and his brown hair, 'sweet face and most neat composure' were enough to catch the Queen's discerning eye.[2] He came one day, like any other young countryman doing the sights of the town, to see her dine, and she never lost sight of him again. He left the Temple and became a courtier. His ambition was all for war and adventure, but the Queen liked him too well to let him have his way. He served a little with Leicester in the Low Countries, and as a volunteer

[1] Meteren, 496. [2] For his portrait at the age of forty, see p. 305.

with the fleet in the year of the Great Armada. For the rest he had to be content with his books and the tilt-yard, where he was unsurpassed. Once for a more than usually brilliant performance the Queen gave him a favour, and Essex and he fought a duel over it in Marylebone Fields. Essex was wounded, but thenceforward became Mountjoy's open and staunch friend, and the young courtier's career went faster. He got a regiment in Brittany, but the Queen would not let him command it. She could not spare him, and when he played truant to the wars she peremptorily told Essex to send him back. 'Serve me so once more,' was his greeting when he obeyed, 'and I will lay you fast enough for running. You will never leave till you are knocked on the head as that inconsiderate fellow Sydney was. You shall go when I send you. In the meantime see that you lodge in Court where you may follow your books, read and discourse of the wars.' He took the hint, and having perhaps inherited his father's scientific tastes, he soon began to be smiled at for a text-book soldier. But such a soldier was Prince Maurice, and he was revolutionising warfare, and men were ceasing to laugh. At the end of 1593, when the Earl of Sussex died, Mountjoy's studious patience had been rewarded by the Captaincy of Portsmouth, and there he had found a field for his science by remodelling its fortifications on the most modern and approved designs. George Carew, whose opinion was worth having, reported of his appointment there, that a better choice could not have been made, and that his sweet and noble demeanour to townsfolk and garrison made him the idol of both. Still he was not allowed to sail with Essex to Cadiz in 1596, nor was it till the next year that he got the chance of which he had dreamed so long. It came to nothing, as we know. In the ill managed Azores expedition there was no scope for

the commander of the land forces, and it was not till Essex had failed in Ireland that his real opportunity arose. Though he was then thirty-six many still shook their heads, distrusting him as a carpet knight who had learnt his soldiership at the desk; but, like Prince Maurice, he soon began to silence criticism by exhibiting a practical ability as great as his scientific knowledge. Never, it was everywhere said, had Ireland had such a capable and active Governor.

The special interest of his administration in this place is that, if his success be considered broadly, it will be seen to rest mainly on a sagacious use of his command of the sea. To understand the position which was about to absorb the main interest of the war it must be borne in mind that the heart and power of the rebellion was in the north. In Ulster and northern Connaught, Tyrone and his right hand O'Donel were in practical possession of a trackless country hardly penetrable by regular troops of the time. The whole region had a horror for Irish officers, and when Essex had arrived, bent on striking directly at the heart of Tyrone's power, they had persuaded him to turn south into Munster instead. Even when he returned to Dublin, and under pressure from the Queen set about carrying through his original plan of campaign, his troops malingered and deserted wholesale at the bare idea of a march into Ulster, and he was left without anything like a sufficient force for the purpose. It was then he had made a truce with Tyrone and left Ireland with a reputation irretrievably ruined. But already he had approved a plan whereby by a right use of the navy the dreaded area might be robbed of half its terrors.

It was a plan which appears to have sprung originally from Sir George Carew. At any rate it had been worked out by him in anticipation of Tyrone's rebellion during

the year 1594, when he was Treasurer of the Forces in Ireland,[1] and it was one that naturally commended itself to Essex's amphibious instinct. From the first he had pointed out to his mistress the importance of keeping the insurgent coast blockaded by a squadron of pinnaces. It was not long before he went a step further and saw the strength of Tyrone's position rested mainly on two points. The first was where Londonderry afterwards arose and held the north in a grip of iron for ever. It was here where Lough Foyle cut deep into the rebels' country that Tyrone had made his headquarters, and it was here he received arms and money from Spain and filibustering assistance from Scotland. The second point was Ballyshannon in Donegal Bay. Here too was a place where communication with Spain was easy, but it had a further importance. Not only was the country round the head of the bay the chief granary of the northern insurgents, but here also lay the pass through which ran their line of communication with the south. For the line of the Earne with its interminable loughs was the strategical boundary between Connaught and the country of Tyrone and O'Donel; and Ballyshannon, lying at the mouth of the river, not only commanded the narrow strip of country that lay between the foot of the Lower Lough and the sea, but was also the key of the whole waterway that stretched away inland half across Ireland. Could these two points be seized it was clear the whole position would be changed. Not only would Tyrone be taken in rear and his real base lost, but from Ballyshannon a barrier could be driven in between him and the malcontents of Desmond's country in the south that would make co-operation impossible. It was so that Monk half a century later used the line of the Caledonian Canal when he pacified the Scottish Highlands

[1] See his 'Discourse for Ireland,' *Carew Calendar*, iii. 105.

for Cromwell; and so soon as Tyrone got wind of the scheme he paid Essex's strategy the tribute of devoting all his energy to securing the threatened points with garrisons. But Essex was not suffered to return and put his idea to the test.[1]

It was an idea, however, which naturally commended itself to a scientific soldier like Mountjoy. Carew moreover had come out with him as President of Munster, and as such was his right-hand man. It was therefore natural that the first act of the new administration should be to put the arrested design into practice. Mountjoy only reached Ireland in February 1600. In March Sir Henry Docwra received his instructions, and early in May he set sail from Carrickfergus with four thousand foot, two hundred horse and three guns convoyed by the Queen's 'Popinjay,' Captain George Thornton, and another small war vessel under Captain Thomas Fleming. Landing first at the head of Lough Foyle under cover of the Lord Deputy's active operations on Tyrone's front, he had succeeded by the end of the month in establishing himself in the old monastery at the Derry with his independent and self-contained force.[2] It had been the intention that he should detach a column at once under Sir Matthew Morgan to seize Ballyshannon and Belleek at the tail of Lough Earne; but as the Lord Deputy found it necessary to discontinue his diversion in order to operate in Leinster, this part of the programme had to be deferred for another campaign. Still much had been already done. So far from being able to hamper the

[1] For Carew's appreciation of the strategical importance of the line of the Earne, see his 'Discourse for Ireland,' *Carew Calendar*, iii. 119.

[2] *Ibid.* 374. A full account of these operations will be found in *The Annals of the Four Masters* (O'Donovan's edition) vol. vi. pp. 2188 *et seq.*, where Docwra's highly interesting *Narration of his services at Lough Foyle* is printed in the notes.

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Lord Deputy's movements in Leinster, Tyrone found his hands more than full with Docwra. In vain with his utmost effort he tried to dislodge him. He soon had to desist, and see Docwra take the offensive in his most sacred preserves.

In Munster Sir George Carew had been displaying a vigour and capacity no less than his chief's. No commander in the Queen's service knew the Irish better than he. His experience of the country extended over a quarter of a century, and so able a soldier and administrator had he shown himself that until Mountjoy surprised everyone by the force and ability he displayed he was generally regarded as the real head of the Irish service. His success, therefore, astonished no one, great as it was. By the time Mountjoy's first campaign was over Carew had got his government in so tight a grip, that of the two local leaders on whom Tyrone mainly relied, Desmond was a fugitive and McCarty posing as a loyalist. With the opening of the year 1601, therefore, the way seemed clear for the Lord Deputy to complete his unfulfilled scheme on the north-west coast, and at the same time to conduct a vigorous campaign with his main army. So fair, indeed, were his prospects of success that it was clear that Tyrone's supporters were losing heart, and the country seemed to be settling down.

In the Low Countries things were equally favourable. Though Prince Maurice's late campaign had failed in its object, its moral effect quickly displayed itself. The Archduke found himself unable to move, more likely to be invaded than to invade, and was crying to Spain to save him. Negotiations between him and the Queen were still on foot with a view to a new conference, and taking everything into consideration Cecil is perhaps hardly to be blamed for the languid attitude he assumed

towards the war, nor for the rude awakening his policy brought upon the country before the year was out.

For England the only point where the decrepit struggle seemed still to show any sign of life was the Flemish coast, where from Sluys, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, in spite of every effort to blockade them, Spinola and the privateers still made mischief. It was on this point, too, that the civil government of the Low Countries, always anxious for their commerce, had fixed their attention. It was they who, hoping to destroy these wasp nests at a blow, had forced the late rash campaign upon Prince Maurice against his better judgment. Broadly speaking, the States with the instinct of a maritime people were right. Their mistake was in endeavouring to secure the sea with their army, instead of with their fleet. As yet they had not learnt the great lesson that the dominion of the sea must be won on the sea, and they would not make the necessary sacrifice. The failure of their first great naval expedition in 1599 had the inevitable deterrent result, while the splendid promise of their first commercial venture into the East Indies attracted maritime enterprise in another direction.

So strong were these influences that in spite of the failure of the last year's campaign they still clung to their idea. The reputation, however, which Prince Maurice had won by extricating himself at Nieuport from the consequences of their false strategy, had placed him in a position to resist their views. In his eyes the fundamental move was to secure the line of the Rhine. Without thus making sure of his base in the Low Countries an offensive movement with Flanders was madness to his soldier's mind, and he was bent upon taking Rheinburg. It was a point as far as possible removed from that on which his paymasters' eyes were fastened, but they had to

consent, with a sort of understanding that the movement was to be no more than a feint to cover the real object of the campaign, and that he was not to engage so deeply in the siege as to be unable to detach at least a large part of his force when it was wanted for a renewal of operations from Ostend. Meanwhile they had sent Vere, whom they intended to command the expedition, to the Queen. His instructions were to induce her to co-operate in the movement by sending three thousand men to Ostend, whom, in accordance with the renewed treaty, the States were willing to pay. To this the Queen after some demur consented, and in order to facilitate the intended surprise she agreed to raise the troops at ten days' notice. When Vere returned to the Low Countries, Maurice was already besieging Rheinburg. The States, on hearing of the success of the mission, sent their masterful General orders to detach the whole of his English troops for Vere's expedition to Ostend. Maurice at once showed his hand by refusing to obey on the ground that he was too deeply engaged in the siege, but finally consented to spare eight companies, or less than half of what had been demanded. These delays played well into Maurice's hands by giving the Archduke time to take measures which would render offensive operations from Ostend impossible. The Flemings understood as well as the Dutch that Ostend was the key of the situation, and before Vere could move they had induced the Archduke by lavish offers of men and money to undertake to besiege the place in full force.

A new campaign from Ostend was now out of the question. All the available strength of the States would no more than suffice for its defence. Vere was immediately ordered to throw himself into it with the troops at his command, and application was made to the Queen for a

thousand men to join him. On July 5th, 1601, while Vere was still unable to move, the Archduke sat down before the town, and the world-renowned siege of Ostend had begun. On the morrow the Queen issued orders in accordance with her promise to the States. The way the troops were raised was a masterpiece of financial trickery. On July 6th a letter was written to the Lord Mayor pointing out that the favourable condition of Ireland at last permitted the Queen to join the States in suppressing the seat of the annoyance which the commerce of the City had so long been compelled to endure, and for this purpose he was ordered to levy a thousand men, together with the unusual sum of forty shillings for their apparel and thirty shillings for their arms, as they were to be better equipped than formerly. The demand was well timed. Spinola was busy again. Seizing the moment when the Dutch blockading galleys were withdrawn from Sluys to convoy ordnance stores to Ostend, he had just slipped out and captured a number of vessels laden with goods for England.[1] The very day before the letter was written, the Archduke, as we have seen, had appeared before Ostend to open the siege, and the City obeyed with alacrity. At the same time, however, Cecil was shamelessly demanding from the Agent of the States a similar sum to that which the City had agreed to provide. 'Monsieur Caron,' he wrote to the Queen's secretary for the Queen's eye, 'not privy to these reckonings of the City pays in, according to contract, both that sum of three thousand five hundred pounds to buy apparel and armour and fifteen hundred pounds which we tell him the shipping and victuals will cost, though it will not amount to so much. Thus you see that all comes into the Exchequer and none goes out.' So

[1] Meteren, 496.

he was able to point out that by this piece of sharp practice every thousand men the Queen consented to raise, instead of costing anything, would put 4000*l.* into her Exchequer. 'I must liken it,' he says apologetically, 'to an infant, who may take anything that is given him, but can give nor sell nothing without many circumstances. . . . Pray expound this golden riddle to that nymph, who I believe is by this time in her cotillon wooing doors and windows for some cool air.' [1]

A day or two later Vere had succeeded in entering Ostend with his English companies in spite of the Archduke's batteries, which commanded the entrance to the harbour. The London troops, escorted by Leveson's squadron, quickly followed under Sir Edward Cecil, nephew to the Secretary of State, who had begged the command, and for the time Ostend was safe. No further steps were taken for the present. The intention was to wait till the fall of Rheinburg, which was shortly expected, should leave Prince Maurice free to move into Flanders and draw the Archduke from Ostend. The other two thousand troops which the Queen had promised were then to go over, and all the adventurous spirits of Elizabeth's Court were getting ready, as in the old days, to join the hero of Nieuport and complete the campaign.

It was a pleasant prospect enough and one that Cecil could regard with complacency. The States' faulty plan of campaign naturally commended itself to his mind. It was cheap, it risked little, it involved no glaring breach of the unofficial armistice with Spain, it did nothing to jeopardise the hopes of peace, but rather tended to restrict the war within the limits to which Burghley would always have confined it. We have seen how it had been a conspicuous defect of the late Lord Treasurer that he

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 61.

had never fully grasped the deep significance of the war. Sir Robert Cecil saw little if any further or more clearly. That the struggle with Spain was really a vital contest for the commercial and colonial supremacy of the world he never seems to have grasped, nor could he ever understand the point of view of the great seamen and their supporters, who dimly perceived that for good or evil England had entered on a career of expansion and there was no turning back. The unbearable condition of the Channel and the North Sea was at the moment the extent of his horizon. He could see that and its evils clearly enough, and he mistook for the disease what was only a symptom. It was a symptom that looked easy to treat, and the specific of the States was one that commended itself to him as adequate to meet the case. To the English Government the programme had the additional attraction that it went far to secure them against the bugbear that had haunted them since the war began. The presence of Spinola at Sluys and his known curiosity about English ports had already awakened the old suspicions of the possibility of a direct invasion or incursion from Flanders. Fresh reports of galley reinforcements from Spain and the Archduke's movements to the coast tended seriously to confirm them, and it seemed plain that it was only by the capture of the Flemish ports that the spectre could be finally laid.

Further, the design did not call upon the navy to abandon the defensive part that had been allotted to it, and this to the Queen at least was as welcome as ever. Its office would clearly be confined to co-operating with the Dutch admirals in keeping the seas open and in occupying such a position that no assistance could reach the Archduke from Spain either north-about or through the Straits of Dover. To strategists, for whom the

offensive use of the navy had not yet become an article of faith that no reasons could over-ride, the plan seemed no doubt peculiarly perfect, and while the time was ripening for Prince Maurice's great move against the Flemish port towns, Cecil, in complacent security, played with the new negotiations for a conference. It was in vain that the Irish officers warned him of the danger that was brewing and begged their position might be secured while there was yet time. For him it was the voice of Cassandra and he would not listen, till the rough blow fell that awoke him from his dreams of peace.

In relying upon the execution of the facile programme upon which the States and the Queen's Government had agreed, they had both reckoned without two controlling factors. The one was Prince Maurice himself, who had no intention of again invading Flanders except in his own way and at his own time; the other was the dogged persistence of Spain. At the end of July Rheinburg fell, and the rest of the troops which the Queen had promised were raised to go to Ostend in anticipation of Prince Maurice's advance. So soon as they were ready, Leveson and Mansell were ordered to detach some ships of the Channel Guard to escort them over; but they had objections to offer. Once more the air was full of preparations in the Spanish ports, and they had nothing but their own weak fleet to rely on if an armada appeared. Early in the month, when the rumours first revived, Sir Amyas Preston, the hero of La Guayra, had been sent to Justinus to warn him and propose united action. But Justinus would not listen. Wolf had been cried so often, and the Dutch fleet had quite enough to do to keep open the line of communication with Ostend which Spinola flanked at Sluys.[1] Before the end of the month the rumours had

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 80.

taken definite shape. The Government had received detailed information of a powerful expedition that was being prepared under Brochero, Vice-Admiral of Spain. He himself was at Lisbon with twenty-three sail and five thousand men, and Zubiaur, his vice-admiral, was fitting out fifteen sail more at Cadiz and St. Lucar, with many thousand stand of arms. The objective was believed in Spain to be Ireland; but this might only be a report spread by the Spanish Government to mask the real design. There were the usual rumours about Sluys and the West of England, and Cecil did not know what to think. Once more he was confronted with the dilemma which a defensive naval policy inevitably entails. In ignorance of the enemy's objective, the only way to strike with certainty was to get to his point of departure before he sailed. But for this there was no fleet ready. Leveson's squadron was unfit for the work. The vessels composing it were not of the right class, and after his long cruise in the Channel they were too foul for a distant voyage. The old Lord Admiral saw how serious was the situation, and wished to mobilise at once a flying squadron of galleons. Cecil was still incredulous, but the situation was too critical and he had to give way.

Hardly was the resolution taken when the Spanish fleet was reported entering the Channel. Leveson and Mansell were hurriedly informed, and asked what they meant to do. Their answer has the true ring. It was impossible, they said, before knowing the strength and character of the enemy's force to decide anything definitely, but until the fresh ships which had been ordered into commission could join them they meant to keep their fleet concentrated and do their best. 'We propose,' they jointly wrote, 'to keep our poor force as strong as we can in one body, and for no ship to engage herself

further than her consorts may be ready to bring succour ; to work like mariners and men of war for gaining the weather gauge, and when we have gotten our purpose to entertain fight with them, embracing every advantage until we have brought them to the place of their descent, and then use stratagems if we find any disability in our forces.' Still they hoped the Queen would not expect too much of them, and so they conclude : 'We do humbly desire that she will be pleased to esteem us to be her faithful poor servants and men so desirous to deserve well as we can be content to sacrifice ourselves to do her majesty one day's good service.'[1] For their stratagems they demanded fire-ships from the Cinque Ports, but they were not needed. The strange sails proved to be nothing but the Rochelle merchant fleet homeward bound. There was still breathing time, and though reports of the Spanish preparations continued to pour in upon him, Cecil was more incredulous than ever. It was at this time that he had ordered the admirals to detach some of their vessels to escort the troops to Ostend, but when they protested that there was still not a Dutch ship west of Ostend to support them in case a Spanish squadron appeared, he felt compelled to give way. 'I am loth,' he wrote to them, 'to be backward in times of suspicion and have therefore joined with my Lord to further the setting forth of more ships and willingly allow your purpose to keep a good body together and not to divide yourselves for convoys. But surely when I consider the noise of preparation is too great for Ireland, and do likewise consider it were easy for the Queen with the help of the Low Countries, in all their warning they have given us, to keep them from landing either at Dunkirk or Sluys (for to expect them on the

[1] *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxi. f. 41, August 4, 1601.

main of England, I cannot do it) surely I do hope you shall not be put this year to the question.'[1]

It is clear from this that Cecil still refused to believe what everyone else was sure of. Nevertheless the mobilisation order was issued and a new plan of campaign designed. The formation of the new squadron, which was to be the active fleet, was committed to Sir Henry Palmer. It was to consist of six galleons of the middle sort, all fresh ships, and the 'Lion's Whelp' pinnace, which had just been purchased from the Lord Admiral and added to the Queen's navy. They were to receive three months' stores, and until they were ready Leveson and Mansell were to continue cruising on the Downs station with their crompster squadron in one body, while the Dutch were told that if they wanted troops they must send over some of their own warships to fetch them. As soon as ever Palmer could get to sea he was to hand the new squadron to Leveson and take over the old one. Of the ships which formed it, he was to bring in the 'Vanguard' and all the crompsters and pay them off, except the 'Lion' drumbler, which was to be retained in commission for the defence of the Thames. The remaining two galleons and a pinnace were to form a third squadron and continue at sea as the Channel Guard under Mansell.[2]

[1] *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxi. f. 50 i., August 8, 1601.

[2] See *Hatfield MSS.*, vol. 87. The 'ships to be now employed'—that is in the 'active' or Flying Squadron—were: 'Warspite,' 'Garland,' 'Defiance,' 'Hope,' 'Rainbow,' 'Dreadnought,' 'Lion's Whelp.' Those 'to be continued in the Narrow Seas'—that is, the Channel Guard—were: 'Golden Lion,' 'Antelope,' 'Charles' (pinnace). 'The ships to be discharged' were the galleons 'Vanguard,' and 'Adventure,' and the crompsters 'Quittance,' 'Crane,' 'Answer,' 'Advantage,' with the 'Advice' (pinnace). I assume Mansell took the third squadron, as would be his due, since his place as Leveson's vice-admiral was taken in the Flying Squadron by Sir Amyas Preston. Mansell was certainly intercepting contraband of war in the Narrow Seas in the autumn: see *Hatfield MSS.*, vol. 89, where under date November 4 1601 is a report made to him as to the ownership of the prize goods.

The exact destination of the Flying Squadron was perhaps never definitely settled. All we know for certain is that it was not to be kept in the Narrow Seas. But seeing the nature of the vessels that composed it, and that it was victualled for three months, we may assume an offensive movement upon the Spanish coast was in the Lord Admiral's mind. Leveson, however, can not have been informed that this was his destination, though it was certainly the one he desired. Towards the end of the month he was joined off Dover by Duyvenvoord with a squadron of six sail. The stout old Admiral, who had commanded the Dutch contingent against Cadiz in 1596, wanted to repeat the move, and told Leveson that the States wished to revert to the old strategy and concert with the Queen of England combined action on the Spanish coast 'for prevention of such like alarms.' Leveson eagerly reported this proposal, and shortly afterwards by the Lord Admiral's orders went up to Court to confer with the Government.[1]

Meanwhile the mobilisation of the Flying Squadron appears to have gone forward very leisurely. The reports of Spanish activity never ceased, but as week by week went by and no hostile fleet appeared, Cecil grew more and more sure that his incredulity was justified. It was not till August 16th, shortly after another false alarm that the enemy was in the Channel, that Darell got his orders to victual the ships, and even then things dragged on for another month. By the third week in September the squadron was still incomplete, and it became known for certain that a large Spanish fleet was actually at sea. To the Lord Admiral matters now looked very serious, but still he could not believe Ireland was the object. The old bugbear still haunted his judgment. 'I

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 86, August 20, 1601.

think,' he wrote to Cecil on September 23rd, 'this fleet and number of men too great for Ireland. I never liked this dallying of the Archduke before Ostend, but to make it a good colour for a greater design, for it is that army we are to doubt. I pray we be not put in a maze on a sudden. Mr. Caron [the Dutch Agent] should write with speed that those ships of the Low Countries may presently join with her Majesty's, for all will be too little, if they come through the Narrow Seas. P.S.—Tell my Lord Treasurer from me that he must prepare a good store of treasure, for it will be wanted.'[1]

His opinion, it is easy to see, was the outcome of the old man's memories of 1588, and he had hardly penned it before he had reason to change his view. The ink can have been barely dry when a report came in from Plymouth that left little room for doubt. It was sent him by a privateer captain called Parker, who was on the eve of sailing with a small expedition to the West Indies, and had as usual been detained with orders to use his vessels for the assistance of the Government.[2] A Plymouth skipper, he told the Lord Admiral, had just come in from Newfoundland, who on the 12th had seen a Spanish fleet of forty sail standing north direct for Ireland, and that two privateers bringing home a rich prize had seen them again the following day on the same course. The Lord Admiral, though he still was unconvinced, immediately sent the information on to Cecil. 'You will find,' he wrote, 'that if they go for Ireland it is for Cork or Waterford. The course they keep may be very well for these parts coming from Lisbon. If for Ireland, God bless good George Carew.'

[1] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 102.

[2] *Post*, pp. 363–4.

CHAPTER XIV

THE INVASION OF IRELAND[1]

If any man wanted praying for then it was indeed 'good George Carew.' His hour had come, and in spite of his reiterated warning the Government could not stir a finger in time to save him from the blow. For the Spanish fleet, which had been reported to the Lord Admiral, was indeed bound for Munster. Early in September thirty-three sail, great and small, of which twenty were the King's, had sailed from Lisbon under two of the best seamen in Spain, Brochero and Zubiaur. On board were nearly five thousand veteran troops, a battery of siege guns, and a quantity of military stores and spare arms, with the renowned Don Juan del Aguila as commander-in-chief.[2] It was he who had established the Spanish footing in Brittany, which for years had been a thorn in the side both of England and France, nor was he ever dislodged by force of arms. So high was the reputation he had won that, though at the time he was in disgrace and under arrest, he had been called out of prison to take command of the new expedition. What he had done in Brittany he intended to repeat in Munster, where the conditions of success were still more favourable. Carew's position was

[1] The main authorities for the invasion are the *Pacata Hibernia*, where the documents quoted will be found, if no other reference is given; and Fynes Morrison's *History of Ireland*, Book II. c. ii.

[2] *Spanish Calendar*, 1587–1603, p. 692.

indeed critical, and but for the prescience of himself and his chief it would have been desperate. To appreciate it we must turn again to the state of Mountjoy's operations in Ireland; for the naval and military movements, which during the last few years we have seen growing more and more interdependent, became at this point so indissolubly connected that the one cannot be rightly judged without the other.

It will be remembered that in his last campaign, though Mountjoy had successfully established an English garrison at Derry, he had been unable to complete his programme by occupying Ballyshannon and Belleek. Still bent on carrying out his clever scheme, it had been his intention to open the campaign of 1601 by an attempt to seize the coveted position with a force from Connaught, while he himself made a diversion to hold Tyrone in the north-east of Ulster. Tyrone, however, had made the first move. A strong force had been sent down through Connaught with orders to break into Munster and rescue Desmond, who was still a fugitive and in hiding amongst the hills. Carew had frustrated the attempt by rapidly reinforcing Limerick and holding the line of the Shannon; and Tyrone's officers were compelled to return whence they came. The movement convinced Carew that it was in his own province that the Spaniards intended to make their descent. His information confirmed his deductions; and unable to get the Home Government to listen to his warnings, he resolved, like the ideal colonial Governor he was, to make the best of the position for himself.

The main question to divine was the point the enemy would choose for their descent. His intelligence told him to expect them at one of his three chief towns, Limerick, Waterford, or Cork. In the deep sack-like harbour of the first he felt sure the Spaniards would never hazard their

vessels, for fear of not being able to escape before the English fleet caught them entrapped. To reach the second, he argued, they would have to pass too near the English coast to be pleasant; while Cork provided an excellent and accessible harbour and was well placed for future operations. So to Cork he betook himself, leaving a strong garrison in Limerick to hold the line of the Shannon. Weak and difficult to defend as he knew Cork to be, it was his capital, and for the sake of the moral effect he meant to hold it to the last. He had but few resources and less money, yet by good management he got new entrenchments dug by voluntary labour, and month by month by shrewd economies he quietly accumulated stores for the army which he knew would have to be concentrated there before the year was out. Nor was any stone left unturned to prevent the Irish co-operating with the invaders when they came. In May he succeeded in capturing Desmond. Shortly afterwards he caught McCarty tripping, and on his own responsibility arrested him in spite of his vigorous posing as a loyal subject. On the evidence these men furnished he felt himself justified in making further arrests, and by the end of July there was not a single chief at large in Munster capable of heading a rising in the Spaniards' favour.

Still his position was far from secure. The Lord Deputy was as resolute as ever for the seizure of Ballyshannon. So far from being deterred by Tyrone's action he was only the more anxious to see the line of the Earne in his hands before the Spaniards could arrive. He applied to England for assistance, but was informed that what he required could not be sent him in time. Upon this he summoned Carew to consider a new plan of campaign. The Ballyshannon idea was not given up, but the prospect of a Spanish descent upon Munster,

while it added to the urgency of the operation, at the same time increased its complexity. As soon as it was known that the English Government could not provide the stores required for the Connaught project, Docwra had offered to make the attempt by land while his transport went by sea. He had pushed his advanced post as far up the Foyle as Lifford, and having repelled every effort of O'Donel to dislodge him, he was ready to try a blow at Ballyshannon from that point, provided his force were brought up to its original strength and Mountjoy would still make his diversion in north-east Ulster.[1] But in face of the information which Carew had obtained of the danger that was threatening Munster, the Lord Deputy felt it would be madness to engage his main army in the opposite extremity of the island. Early in June, therefore, he told the Home Government he had changed his plan of campaign. Till the eve of harvest he intended to employ his time in making good his ground about Belfast and Carrickfergus, and then to move on round the south of Lough Neagh upon the Blackwater Fort, the scene of Tyrone's great victory over the English in 1598 and his frontier post towards the Pale. At the same time he would order Carew to detach a thousand men into Connaught, and under cover of these operations Docwra was to seize Ballyshannon. But he warned them that in view of his Spanish intelligence it was absolutely necessary that they should send two thousand men immediately to reinforce Carew in Munster and have four thousand more ready for instant embarkation on the first news that the Spaniards had landed.[2]

The execution of this project left Carew very weak. Not only did it deprive him of nearly half the force at his

[1] *Carew Calendar*, iv. 47. *Annals of the Four Masters*, vi. 2205, *et seq.*

[2] The Lord Deputy and his Council to the Privy Council, *S.P. Ireland*, ccviii. part 3, June 14, 1601.

disposition in Munster, but it also required him to sacrifice all he had at sea. Up to this time the 'Tramontana' galleon under Captain Plessington had been cruising off the south coast, but she was now ordered to the north-west and placed at Docwra's disposal to assist him in his move by blockading the area under treatment and ravaging the fertile parts of the coast.[1] Needless to say, seeing what Cecil's views were, no very strenuous measures were taken to raise the two thousand men which Mountjoy asked for; yet Carew loyally obeyed the orders of his chief and sent away a thousand men into Connaught, contenting himself by directing the commander of the force not to leave the province without his express orders. The rest of his troops he concentrated about Cork—they were barely fifteen hundred men—and continued his entrenchments and his arrests. So weak, indeed, was his position that the Home Government gave him leave and even advised him to abandon Cork and retire with the stores he had collected into the interior; but this he stoutly refused to do, considering that the moral effect of such a step would be disastrous, and set the whole country in a blaze. At all costs he meant to hold his capital to the last. 'The town,' he stoutly wrote, 'I know to be infinitely weak, but many hands is a strong defence. When the two thousand aids shall come, the enemy shall find it a tough piece of work to gain it.' With such men at the post of danger there was small fear that all would not end well. Indeed in all our history there are few finer examples of loyal and sagacious conduct in a vital crisis than the behaviour at this time of Mountjoy and Carew—not only

[1] The 'Tramontana' about this time had apparently replaced the 'Popinjay,' a small galleon, which since her launch in 1587 had been serving permanently on the Irish station. It is for this reason, probably, that the 'Popinjay' is absent from most of the Elizabethan navy lists. For notices of her and her captain, George Thornton, see *Carew Calendar*, iii. *passim*.

in the sober fearlessness with which they took the necessary risks, but for the loyal way in which two masterful spirits sacrificed themselves each for the other and loyally recognised each other's difficulties and wisdom.

In an episode which occurred at the moment of greatest tension and came near to making a rupture between them we have another instance of one of the main causes why England succeeded where Spain failed. About the middle of July, Mountjoy succeeded in driving Tyrone from what he had considered his impregnable position on the Blackwater. The way into the heart of his country was open, and Mountjoy, who had apparently fallen back on his original idea, called on Docwra to advance. But Docwra replied that he could not move, and Mountjoy, after sending him a stinging reprimand, ordered the force which Carew had detached into Connaught to advance over the Ulster border upon Ballyshannon. The force was still on the Munster establishment, and the officer in command, feeling himself bound by Carew's order, declined to obey. The refusal reached Mountjoy at the same time that he had heard Carew had asked the Home Government to be allowed to appoint a certain number of captains in the two new regiments that were to come from England. The despatch in which Carew had explained to his chief his reasons for restricting his officer's action had not reached him, and Mountjoy was naturally furious. He wrote home threatening to resign, and to Carew an angry but dignified protest. 'The Council and myself,' the letter ran, 'upon occasion of extraordinary consequence sent for some of the Companies of Munster out of Connaught when we heard you were to be supplied with two thousand out of England, but we received from them a flat denial to come and the copy of your letter to warrant them therein. If

you have authority from the Queen to countermand mine, you may very well justify it, but it is more than you have vowed to me to have, when I (before my coming over) protested with you, that if you had, I would rather serve the Queen in prison than here. My lord, these are great disgraces to me. My allegiance and our honour are now engaged with all my burdens to go on in this work, otherwise no fear should make me suffer thus much, and what I do, it is only love doth move me unto it. For I know you are dear to one whom I am bound to respect with extraordinary affection. And so, my lord, I wish you well and will omit nothing while I am in this kingdom to give you the best contentment I can and continue as your assured friend, Mountjoy.' So nobly spoke the Elizabethan statesman, but the man was burning underneath. His political career had begun in a successful duel with Essex, and his hand was itching for his rapier. 'I will concur with you in the service,' he wrote in another part of his letter, 'as long as it shall please her Majesty to employ us here ; but afterward I doubt not but to give you satisfaction that I am not worthy of this wrong.'

But already, before ever he knew of Mountjoy's order, Carew had told his officer he could spare him a little longer, and he was to advance into Ulster if ordered to do so, and he wrote the Lord Deputy a letter as nobly submissive as his own and vowed he did not mean to bestow a single commission without his approval. This brought from Mountjoy a fine apology couched in terms of deep distress at the injustice he had committed. The extreme gravity of the crisis, he said, must be his excuse. More serious news than ever had come, and he begged Carew to meet him for a consultation. 'If I would like Diogenes,' he said, 'take a candle in my hand to seek a wise man in this kingdom unto whose judgment I would trust to

assist mine (in the case in question) I know not where I should find any except it be you; and therefore if it be possible, send me word, where I may speak with you presently, though I come as far or farther than Kilkenny.'

The letter was written on September 5th from Trim, whither the Lord Deputy had moved as the point from which he could most easily reach either Munster, Ulster, or Connaught, as events required. For the news was now very grave. Early in August Plessington had surprised a smart Spanish frigate at anchor. She cut her cables, and after a hot chase succeeded in getting under O'Donel's guns at Sligo. For seventeen days Plessington blockaded her there, hoping every hour to hear that Docwra was advancing from Ballyshannon and employing his time in desperate attempts to cut the Spaniard out and raiding O'Donel's cattle under his nose. But all was in vain, and at last as his victuals began to get low he resolved to draw off and tempt her to come out. This she did, but again her splendid sailing powers enabled her to show the 'Tramontana' a clean pair of heels, and she escaped.[1] From spies her mission was soon known. She had come to announce to Tyrone that a Spanish expeditionary force was on the point of sailing to his assistance. It was this news apparently that had so deeply disturbed Mountjoy when he ordered Carew's troops to Ballyshannon. It was quickly supplemented by intelligence from the scout pinnaces to the southward that Aguila had actually sailed. Though it was soon known that he had put back again in distress, the reprieve could not be long. Tyrone and O'Donel were preparing to march southward to receive their allies, and with the Ballyshannon pass still in their hands there was nothing to stop them except the dangerous expedient of a

[1] *S.P. Ireland*, ccix., part 1. Plessington to the Lord Admiral, September 3, 1601.

new campaign in Ulster. Fortunately the situation was somewhat relieved by the action of Docwra. Stung to the quick by Mountjoy's taunts, he had made a sudden dash on Donegal and seized it behind O'Donel's back. O'Donel flew to dislodge him, but in vain. The untrained Irish troops were unfit for attacking Docwra's veteran regulars behind entrenchments. Hard pressed they were for a while, but the moment Plessington appeared in Lough Swilly to refit he was ordered with a victual ship to Donegal, and the place was saved.[1]

Thus, though Ballyshannon was still in O'Donel's hands, his line of communication with Tyrone was flanked by a seaport adversely occupied, and something at least had been done to fetter his movements southward. It was also known that the reinforcements for Munster were at last on their way. Three weeks before, on August 12th, when Cecil believed a Spanish fleet was off the mouth of the Channel steering for Munster, he had written to inform Carew that the two regiments he had been promised were only waiting for a wind to embark. Carew therefore felt justified in obeying Mountjoy's summons, and ill as he was, and worn out with anxiety and hard work, he was on the point of starting when he heard independently the news of the Spanish frigate at Sligo. At the same time his long expected reinforcements put into Waterford and he was obliged to say he could not come. Hastily recalling his old troops that were in Kerry and Galway, he flung himself into the work of organising his new forces. It took him another week, and hardly was it complete when a privateer pinnace put into Cork with the same alarming tidings which had finally roused the home Government from its apathy. She had come

[1] *Ibid.*, and *Annals of the Four Masters*, vi. 2252, *et seq.*

straight from the coast of Spain, where to the northward of Finisterre she had seen a fleet of forty-five sail standing straight for Ireland. The wind which had brought the news might bring the fleet at any moment, and not without reason had the old Lord-Admiral exclaimed, 'God bless good George Carew.'

This was on September 13. Undismayed he hurried to Cork, prepared, as he had said, to give the Spaniards the tough piece of work he had so ably prepared for them. Not a sail had yet appeared. The next day and the next went by and still they came not. On the third day the fair weather broke up and on the fourth it was blowing a gale from the north. For a while Carew knew he was safe, and not for a moment did he hesitate how to use his reprieve. A messenger was despatched to the Lord Deputy to say that he was coming, and, leaving Sir Charles Wilmot in command at Cork, on the 17th, ill as he was, he rode off in the teeth of the storm to obey the Lord Deputy's summons. As the cloud darkened to the southward, Mountjoy had moved down to Rheban, near Athy, and thither Carew meant to ride. But he could get no further than Leighlin. There the second day he sank exhausted, and there Mountjoy found him and carried him to Ormond's house at Kilkenny.

It was an anxious and difficult debate that followed. For it was now possible, even probable, that the Spanish fleet had been driven back to Spain. For two days they took counsel together what to do if after all the Spaniards should land. They were still elaborating their plans, when on the 22nd a horseman dashed up to the door with the news that the enemy were off the mouth of Cork harbour. Scarcely had they had time to consider the new situation when a second messenger rattled in to say that at the last moment the wind had shifted so that

the fleet could not enter the haven, and that they had been last seen making for Kinsale.

The majority of the council were for the Lord Deputy's immediate return to Dublin in order to concentrate an army there, while Carew went back to hold Cork. But Carew protested. He knew the Irish too well to assent to so false a step. The moral effect of the Lord Deputy's presence on the spot, he said, was everything. If he went on to the point of danger with but a single orderly, it was better than turning his back for a whole army. Let him summon his troops to meet him in the threatened city, and not an Irishman would care to stir. To chivalrous Mountjoy it was advice after his own heart. His only objection was that it was useless to concentrate an army at Cork without stores to feed it. Then Carew told him how through all the anxious months he had been hoarding supplies till he now had enough to keep the Lord Deputy's whole army two and even three months. At that, in a warm-hearted outburst of admiration, Mountjoy got up from the council table and embraced him, vowing he had saved his honour and the kingdom. There was now no reason for not taking Carew's welcome advice, nor for any further delay than was required for issuing the necessary orders. Arrangements were speedily made for the concentration of the army, officers were sent north to command it, letters were written to England desiring that the reinforcements that were coming to Ulster should be sent to Waterford instead, and finally a modest suggestion was made that a part at least of the fleet should be ordered to their assistance.[1] This done the two friends were again in the saddle that very night, and on the 27th, with nothing but Carew's

[1] The Lord Deputy, &c. to the Privy Council, September 23. *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. part II.

escort and their personal servants, they rode together into Cork.

The effect of the move was all that Carew promised. On the 21st Aguila had reached Kinsale. The weak garrison by Wilmot's orders had evacuated the place and by the 23rd the Spaniards were in full possession of the town and the adjacent castle of Rincorran, which commanded the entrance of the haven at the point where Charles Fort now stands. Yet no move had been made to support the invasion. Scarcely an Irishman had joined, and Aguila began to find his position by no means enviable. It was only part of the expedition that had arrived. In the bad weather that had been met with, Zubiaur, the vice-admiral, and eight other vessels with six hundred and fifty men and most of the stores had been driven back to Coruña. Of the rest two or three ships of Brochero's division with some seven hundred men [1] had been forced to leeward into Baltimore, over fifty miles to the westward, while a large transport that had parted company had been taken by a ship of Sir John Gilbert, Captain of Plymouth Fort.[2] Moreover, the Spanish general found the place weak and difficult to defend. It was commanded by hills on every side; it had no defences but its mediæval walls and towers, nor could Aguila get

[1] Report of a Scottish skipper in *Pacata Hibernia*, 352. Captain Duro says it was 2000 men (*Armada Española*, iii. 219), but he also says Aguila had 4000 in all. The official return (*Spanish Calendar*, p. 692) gives the total infantry that sailed as 4464. From an intercepted report printed in *Pacata Hibernia*, p. 345, we know the official muster at Kinsale was 3400, all of whom, however, were not effective. Adding to this the 650 that returned with Zubiaur, it is clear there cannot have been more than 700 at Baltimore. Captain Duro also says the landing was on October 8, N.S., whereas the intercepted despatch says it was October 13, N.S., thus agreeing with the English authorities.

[2] Cecil to Lord Scroope, October 9, 1601, *Hatfield MSS.* The transport was of 400 tons, 'full of soldiers and officers.' Gilbert's privateer was called the 'Refusal.'

material for strengthening his position with more modern works without the loan of the fleet's boats. But this Brochero refused. In striking contrast to the behaviour of Mountjoy and Carew, he seemed to have no care for his colleague. His one idea was to obey the letter of his instructions and get his ships clear away at the earliest possible moment. His only answer to Aguila's requests and expostulation was to dump his stores and ammunition in the mud at the nearest point. He did not even dare to stay long enough to disembark the whole of the army's victuals, but, as the general complained, sailed away forthwith, as though the shot of the English fleet were already humming about his ears.

Aguila thus found himself left to his own resources with little over three thousand effective men, though most of these were veterans from the Italian tertias and the garrisons of the Azores. Of the Irish horses he had expected to find ready for his cavalry, not a single one had appeared, and much of his ordnance and commissariat stores were injured by rough weather and improper landing. To make matters worse, Mountjoy began immediately to lay waste the country five miles round Kinsale, and to remove the whole of the inhabitants and the live stock, nor could Aguila stir a finger to interfere with the English cavalry at their work. Still, without a siege train and ships, Mountjoy could do nothing to dislodge him. He had not a single war vessel available even to blockade the port; all he could spare were wanted for the Ballyshannon move. The 'Moon' pinnace was the only one he had kept at his own disposition, and her he had ordered to cruise in the North Channel to intercept an agent of Tyrone's who had been sent into Scotland. Again he wrote to London begging that a naval squadron and a siege train might

be sent him.[1] By this time—a week after he had reached Cork—his troops began to come in by companies, but a spell of bad weather prevented his taking the field, nor did it clear till the whole of them had joined his colours. By the second week in October his force was complete except for the expected reinforcements from England and the artillery which was coming from Dublin by sea, and on the 16th he moved out to invest Kinsale and prevent Aguila effecting a junction either with his forces at Baltimore or with Tyrone.

Till a fleet arrived he could do no more, and, considering how long Leveson's squadron had been in preparation, he was not unreasonable in expecting immediate naval assistance. But for some reason not explainable, the ships were still unready for sea. The news of the landing was known in London by October 3.[2] In the previous week, on intelligence that Brochero was at sea, levy letters had been issued for 2000 men for Ireland. These were now raised to 5000, but the fleet did not move.[3] It was not yet known that Brochero had returned to Spain, yet instead of immediately sending every available vessel to attack him, it was determined to use the ships as transports and hold them back till the troops were ready. But in defence of the home authorities it must be said that the difficulty in manning the ships was very great. As we have seen, the popularity of the Queen's service amongst seafaring men had sunk lower and lower with the progress of the war. The Lord Admiral had sent out special orders that no favour should be shown in letting men off, and the Lord Treasurer assured Cecil the delay was entirely due to the want of mariners for the Queen's ships. It was

[1] *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. ii. October 2 and 4.
[2] *Belvoir MSS.*, *Hist. MSS. Com.* xii. iv. 380.
[3] For the levies see *Hist. MSS. Com.*, ix. i. 660, xv. iv. 380, xv. vii. 54.

not till October 20 that Leveson's commission for Ireland was signed, nor till three days later that the fleet was pronounced ready for sea.[1] It was mainly composed of the same vessels that had been named for the flying squadron, though two of the galleons had been changed, and Leveson found himself in command of six Royal ships, 'Warspite,' 'Garland,' 'Defiance,' 'Nonpareil,' 'Swiftsure' and 'Crane,' the pinnace 'Merlin,' four London merchantmen and two hired crompsters. The transports would not hold all the troops, and a large number of the men, against all precedent, were crowded into the galleons. The naval officers strongly objected. But in the loyal spirit that happily characterised the English services under Elizabeth, they were willing under the circumstances to make the best of it for once, but hoped her Majesty's ships would not again be used as transports.[2] It was not till a week later that all were aboard and Leveson was clear of the river. A three days' gale caused further delay, so that he did not reach the Downs till November 5, where he reported all well and the soldiers well accommodated. Four days later he had to put into Plymouth, for the 'Nonpareil' had lost her foremast and had to be left behind. On the morrow he sailed again, with Gilbert's 'Refusal' added to his command. Two days earlier the balance of the troops, to the number of a thousand men, that had been raised in the west and for over a fortnight had been windbound in the Bristol Channel, also got clear, and thus by November 10, some five weeks after the news of the Spanish landing had been

[1] Lord Admiral to Fulke Greville, October 11 : *Coke MSS.*, *Hist. MSS. Com.*, XII. i. 31, and Buckhurst to Cecil, *Hatfield MSS.*, vol. clxxxiii. Palmer and Trevor to Lord Admiral, October 27, *ibid.* lxxxix. Leveson's commission is printed in *Egerton Papers* (Camden Society), xii. 332.

[2] Palmer and Trevor to Lord Admiral, October 27 : *Hatfield MSS.*, lxxxix.

received by the Government, the assistance which Mountjoy had called for was at last well on its way.[1]

Meanwhile the delay had been used by the Lord Deputy to the best advantage his means allowed. Rising from Cork as soon as the weather permitted, he had commenced the investment of Kinsale on October 17, by establishing himself on a hill known as Kilcorran, about a mile from the north gate of the town. Between him and the enemy lay the head of Oyster-haven, an inlet which runs up into the land parallel to that of Kinsale. Hither he had sent his stores by sea, under convoy of a small man-of-war commanded by a Captain Ward, and thus got over the difficulty of land transport, which was so often an insuperable obstacle to autumn operations in Ireland. For the present he could do no more than perpetually harass the enemy with night alarms. He had still no means of blockading the place by sea. The rear division of the Spanish fleet was yet to come, and Ward's vessel could not leave its duty of guarding the store ships in Oyster-haven; nor had the warships which were convoying his ordnance from Dublin yet arrived. On the 22nd, however, Captain Thomas Button, of the 'Moon' pinnace, rode into camp to say he had escorted the ordnance ships as far as Waterford, where they lay windbound. He was ordered to return at once and bring round his pinnace. Mountjoy's first care, according to the invariable rule in such cases, was to get possession of the works commanding the entrance to the haven and so seal up the port. The moment therefore that Button with the 'Moon' arrived, he was directed with Ward to bombard Rincorran Castle from the sea. This the two captains did merrily enough; but as the 'Moon' carried nothing heavier than five-pounder sakers, she could make no impression on the

[1] See various despatches in *Hatfield MSS.*, lxxxix.

masonry.[1] Ward therefore returned to his guard duty in Oyster-haven, and Button had to content himself with blockading Kinsale harbour, 'which service,' says the official journal of the siege, 'notwithstanding many attempts made by the Spaniards and natives, he very valiantly to his high commendation performed.'[2]

By the 26th the ordnance ships reached Oyster-haven and the siege could begin in earnest. The same day Mountjoy broke up his camp at Kilcorran, and, crossing the haven, pushed on and seized the height beyond it, called Spital Hill, which commanded the town within little more than musket shot. Here he entrenched himself, and the investment by land was complete. On the morrow the guns were landed in Oyster-haven, and a battery formed and armed on the land side of Rincorran Castle. Aguila had garrisoned the work with a single company, and in the night he sent fresh troops down the river in boats to reinforce it. But the redoubtable Captain Button had to be dealt with. He was on the watch and was soon blazing into the flotilla so smartly that it was forced to retire with its purpose uneffected. Next day Aguila made a bold attempt to relieve the place by land, but it was repulsed with loss. Rincorran had to be left to its fate, with the result that early in the morning of November 1 it surrendered.

Aguila was thus shut in by land and sea, but there was still grave cause for anxiety. As yet there was no news of Leveson's fleet. Till it came, a powerful Spanish squadron, such as Zubiaur's was known to be, might easily force its way in; nor could the English generals be

[1] The 'Moon' was a pinnace of 60 tons, built in 1586. Her armament as then scheduled was 6 sakers and 2 falcons (two-pounders) and 8 secondary or quick-firing pieces. See *The Spanish War*, 1585–7 (Navy Record Soc.) p. 312.

[2] *Pacata Hibernia*, cap. xvii.

sure of the result should Tyrone and O'Donel appear before reinforcements reached them. In the course of the week it was known that O'Donel was well on his way and Tyrone but a few days behind. Scientific soldiership told Mountjoy that the relieving columns should be beaten in detail before the junction could be effected, and he was for detaching half his force to intercept O'Donel. Carew, however, knew that scientific soldiership would not always work in savage warfare, and pointed out that O'Donel's 'sharking' troops, as he called them, could easily elude a force of English regulars. But he was overruled, and so great was Mountjoy's faith in the skill and loyalty of his second in command that Carew himself, notwithstanding his disapproval of the movement, was given the command.

It was a grave risk to run, and for its success it depended on the prompt arrival of the fleet. Carew's departure left Mountjoy with a force actually inferior to that which he was besieging, yet he did not flinch from the responsibility. Though the fleet had not yet reached Plymouth and the western reinforcements were still windbound in the Bristol Channel, Mountjoy did not know it. He was expecting them every day—as he had a right to—and the risk he took may be commended as highly honourable both to his courage and his judgment.

Carew, having undertaken a task which he himself thought ill advised, did his best with his customary devotion to prove himself wrong. The result was that he demonstrated the correctness both of his own reasons and his chief's conclusion. O'Donel was advancing through Tipperary as though to threaten either the Lord Deputy's base at Cork or some other point on his communications. By forced marches Carew managed to throw himself across O'Donel's line of advance at Cashel before

the Irishmen had got beyond Holy Cross, and there the two forces sat facing each other. Neither cared to attack. Carew was well enough where he was. O'Donel could not pass him without fighting at a hopeless disadvantage, and his only means of turning the English position was by moving to his right rear over the Slievephelim Mountains. These the continuous rains had made impassable, and Carew was master of the situation. But suddenly all was changed. It began to freeze, the hills became passable, and O'Donel immediately slipped over them into Limerick county. It was just the kind of evasion that Carew had warned his chief to expect, but he was no man to accept the reverse without an effort to mend it. By a brilliant march parallel to O'Donel's he reached Kilmallock in a single day and again headed off his enemy on his new line of advance, forcing him still further to the westward. For the exhausted English column to pursue troops so nimble as O'Donel's was impossible. But it mattered little. Though Carew had failed to bring O'Donel to action, he had successfully delayed his march and, having at the same time preserved his own interior lines, was sure by a leisurely retreat to reach Kinsale again before the relieving columns could concentrate upon his chief.

Meanwhile Mountjoy's calculations had proved as just as Carew's. The day after the flying column marched a strange squadron had been sighted from Kinsale driving to the westward. It proved to be the loyal Earl of Thomond with one thousand foot and one hundred horse from England. The violent easterly weather that prevailed carried him as far west as Castlehaven, but in two days he was back at Kinsale. On the morrow, November 12, Leveson, with two thousand foot, besides gunners, artificers and ordnance stores, put into Cork, and on the 14th, as the troops from

the Bristol Channel reached Castlehaven and Waterford, he managed in spite of the violent weather to make Kinsale. For the time, therefore, Mountjoy was safe, with the balance of strength in his favour till such time as O'Donel and Tyrone should appear.

Once arrived the young admiral showed himself as keen to retrieve his reputation as the Lord Deputy was to deal Aguila a blow before the Irish army could come to his relief. To understand the action of the fleet it must be remembered that the haven of Kinsale is roughly a horseshoe formed by the last bend of the river Bandon as it sweeps to the sea round Castle-ni-park. The peninsula which the bend encloses divides the haven into an outer and an inner port, and upon it stood an old castle where the Spaniards had thrown up entrenchments to protect the cattle they had captured at their first landing. Opposite to it, on the seaward arm of the bend and commanding the outer anchorage, stood the castle of Rincorran, now in Mountjoy's hands, while along the inner bend stretched the walls of Kinsale. It was upon Castle-ni-park, as soon as the troops were disembarked, that Leveson directed his energy. Captain Tolkerne with Gilbert's 'Refusal' and Ward were sent into the inner port to prevent the castle being relieved while Leveson attacked it. The two pinnaces successfully carried out the duty allotted to them and drove back the relieving force. But the weather continued so wild that the ships' guns did little damage, nor was it till Leveson landed two pieces and battered the place from the opposite side of the river that Castle-ni-park surrendered.

Mountjoy was now free to carry on the siege upon the lines he had settled. At present he was too weak to attempt to storm a breach against so numerous and fine a force as Aguila's. The reinforcements from the

betweene Page
E
W
N
The Castle of Rinrone
M^r Corys Rouges Corps
THE
KINSALE
Castle my Lo: Barrymore
The Admirall
The Admirall's ship
The Admirall second batty
An entrenchment where S^r Garret Barry lay
The last entrenchment
The Battrie and takinge of Rinkorin Castle by
The Earle of Thomonds Second Compe.
The Earle of Thomonds
The skirmishe the last of october wherein the Enimy was beaten
The entrenchment where 6 Peeces of ordinance were planted to beat into
Stakes pitched to gale the Enimies Horse
The first Approche on the Comandinge ground
The spittle hill where
The Earle of Clanrickard
The Earle of Clanrickard's entrenchment entered by the Enimy

THE SIEGE OF KINSALE

Reduced from part of the Original Engraving in 'Pacata Hibernia'

western counties had not arrived; Carew was still absent; and the whole of Thomond's men had suffered so severely at sea that they were unfit for service and had to be sent back to Cork to recruit. Mountjoy's plan, therefore, was to endeavour to reduce Aguila's numbers by a bombardment of the town before attempting to breach the walls. To this end Leveson was ordered again to land guns and form a battery at Castle-ni-park; but not content with this, he and his vice-admiral, Sir Amyas Preston, had their flagships warped into the inner haven so that they could bombard the town at short range. Aguila promptly mounted a gun to dislodge them, but they had only been hit three times before a well-directed shot disabled it. In concert with Mountjoy's batteries they soon made the base-town, where the Spaniards were quartered, untenable and compelled them to retire to shelter trenches on the further side of the town.

It was thus the time was occupied until November 25 when Carew returned with the flying column and some fresh troops which he had gathered on his march. The investment was then strengthened on the west side, where Tyrone and O'Donel were expected to appear. The batteries were also completed and Aguila was summoned. He of course returned a defiant answer, and then the bombardment began in earnest, alternating with desperate sallies in which the Spaniards attempted to destroy the English works and spike the guns.[1] Both attack and defence were pushed with restless energy. It was now becoming a neck and neck race whether Aguila could be battered into surrender before the Irish could

[1] This is a very early instance of 'spiking.' The official account in *Pacata Hibernia*, cap. xvii. says that upon the bodies of the slain were found 'spikes and hammers to cloy the cannon.' On one occasion they succeeded in 'cloying' a demi-culverin, but it was made serviceable again next morning.

get to his aid. Little progress, however, had been made when the situation was suddenly changed in his favour. On the night of December 2 a more desperate sally than usual had driven the English from their advanced trenches, and it was only after a very hard fight that they recovered them. It was the most serious encounter they had yet had. Aguila's strength and fighting spirit seemed in no way impaired by the bombardment, and in the morning their rest was disturbed with the news that Zubiaur with the second Spanish squadron had put into Castlehaven.

On November 27 he had sailed again from Coruña, with his forces raised to ten sail and over eight hundred troops, but according to the English intelligence he had but half his division—six sail in all, the rest having parted company in a fog.[1] Still the missing ships were known to be in the neighbourhood, and the situation was bad enough as it was. At Castlehaven, the newly arrived Spaniards were practically in touch with the remainder of Aguila's force at Baltimore, nor was there anything between them and the advancing Irish army. Before the day was out it was known that they had joined hands with O'Donel and that Tyrone was within a march of Kinsale. The moment had come, if ever, for Leveson to make his reputation. A few days before he had written to Cecil desponding at the little chance there was for the navy. All he could do, he said, was to impeach supplies out of Spain. He had anchored as close to the walls as water would allow, and had driven the Spaniards from the base-town. 'Yet the best service,' he lamented,

[1] The report of the Committee of the Council of State (*Spanish Calendar*, p. 700) says he lost one vessel coming out of port and that three others parted company afterwards in bad weather, and that the rest not being able to make Kinsale, 'by the mercy of God,' they thought, put into Castlehaven on December 1.

'her Majesty is to expect from her fleet, continued here at so great a charge, is no other but that by making good the place by sea we do give countenance to transportation, whereby her Majesty's army by land may be the better relieved.' Secondly there was the moral effect of his presence on the Irish, who, as he said, 'are apt to turn with every accident of fortune.' Not an inspiring prospect for an ambitious young admiral, unless, as he said, a second force were sent from Spain to support the first.[1] Now the second force he hoped for had come, and he lost not a moment. No sooner did he receive the intelligence than he began warping his flagship out of the inner haven. The wind was dead in his teeth and blowing strong. But his resolution was taken, and he was not to be baulked. Preston with half the fleet was to continue the blockade, while he himself with the rest made a dash on Castlehaven, with intent to destroy Zubiaur's squadron before he could land his stores. With incredible labour he succeeded in getting his ships to sea and in a few hours was away with his own 'Warspite' and three other galleons, the 'Defiance,' 'Swiftsure' and 'Crane,' the 'Merlin' pinnace, one of the London merchantmen and a caravel. It was on Saturday, December 5, that he got out, and on Sunday morning he was before Castlehaven. He found the troops and guns already landed. Some six hundred musketeers were lining the shores which commanded the anchorage within easy range, and at the narrow entrance a battery of eight guns was just finished.[2] Within was Zubiaur's squadron —his flagship, about 500 tons, his vice-flag, almost as

[1] *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. part II. November 29, 1601.

[2] The 'Spanish entrenchments' are still pointed out. The number of troops landed was actually 650, eight companies. *Spanish Calendar*, p. 705.

large—both royal galleons—three other vessels of 200 tons, and one small one.

As naval ideas went then it was an ugly place to tackle. But Leveson only waited long enough for the caravel to find the channel and then he led in. There was no thought, as had so often marred similar actions, of how he was to get out again. It was enough for him, as for Drake at Cadiz, that the enemy was inside. A storm of shot small and great was his greeting, but he would not be turned from his prey. In five hours he had sunk Zubiaur's flagship and three others, a little later he drove the vice-flagship a wreck on the rocks, and the sixth vessel only escaped by running ashore herself. During the whole time, as leading ship, he had received all the Spaniards could give him. By the time night fell his work was done and it was time to think about getting out again. But this was now impossible. The wind was blowing harder than ever into the bay and he could not move. All that day he had to lie where he was, exposed to the fire of the enemy's musketeers and the battery, and all day he fought them. Once in his eagerness he stood in so close that he took the ground, and for half a tide lay exposed to the full fury of the Spanish guns. His ship, says Chamberlain, who had been wont to mock him, 'had been lost had not Sir R. Leveson played the man when all his men's hearts failed.' In the evening two French deserters swam to his ship and told him he had killed forty men. Next day was no better, and again he had to fight them all day long. What damage he did we do not know. In the three days he himself was struck by great shot over three hundred times. At daybreak on the third day the weather mended, and it became possible to warp out, but even then, mauled as he was, he would not move till he saw all his ships clear out before him. For three

nights he had not slept, and on the 9th he returned to Kinsale too exhausted to write his own despatch. Four days before he had left the place the laughing-stock of the wits, and he returned to it with a name that no one could venture to question. Never was a reputation more brilliantly retrieved or a piece of ugly work more completely done. The Lord Deputy in his official despatch lavished on him the highest compliments. 'A more sufficient and gallant gentleman,' he concluded, 'could not have been chosen for such an employment.' It was no more than the young admiral deserved. Practically single-handed he had annihilated the squadron of one of the most renowned admirals of Spain; the Spaniards' retreat was cut off, the bulk of their stores destroyed, and a victory won at the very moment when after long years of heartsore expectation the Irish and their saviours were joining hands. The moral effect upon a people apt, as Leveson had said, to turn with every accident of fortune could not fail to be disastrous. There was little chance now that the remainder of Zubiaur's force, which was still at sea, would ever reach him, and to remove what hope there was, one of the missing transports with eighty men on board came into Kinsale in Leveson's absence and surrendered to Sir Amyas Preston.[1]

[1] Of the other two one was wrecked on the coast of Brittany and one got back to Galicia (*Spanish Calendar*, 705). In the account of the Castlehaven action I have followed the official despatch which Sir Amyas Preston wrote for Leveson on the evening of his return to Kinsale (*S.P. Ireland*, ccix. 11. Preston to the Lord Admiral) and Leveson's own despatch to Cecil (*S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxii. 19, December 13). The account in *Pacata Hibernia*, cap. xix. says there were only five guns in the battery and that Leveson was under fire only twenty-four hours. As to the Spanish commander, though other names are sometimes given, Preston distinctly says it was 'Seriago,' which was the form that the English had by this time adopted to indicate the veteran Spanish admiral who, while keeping open communication with Brittany, had with his squadron of light vessels done more damage to English trade than all the rest of his brother admirals together.

The encouragement which Leveson's timely exploit gave the English was sorely needed. The winter's siege and the vigorous sorties of the enemy had told severely on the Lord Deputy's force. He knew that Tyrone's army must be upon him in a few days, and, what was worse, he had learnt from Preston's prisoners that the veteran admiral Bertendona was expected with reinforcements from Lisbon in six weeks. The fleet had done its work. It had brought him his succours and destroyed the enemy's rear-guard. Yet he took upon himself to keep it under his orders, and, what was more, urged that it should be strengthened with fresh ships. Again the false strategy of the Government was apparent. With the fleet acting on the defensive it was impossible to guard the Irish coast without two squadrons, each strong enough to master Bertendona. It could not be divined where the expected force would attempt to land. As the Lord Deputy pointed out, the situation demanded one squadron to watch Baltimore and Berehaven and another Cork and Kinsale, and Leveson's fleet was not strong enough to divide. His land forces caused him equal anxiety. Encouraged or intimidated by Tyrone's presence, the whole of Munster was now practically in revolt, and the Irish main army consisted of over six thousand men besides the Spaniards at Castlehaven and Baltimore under Don Alonso Docampo. Mountjoy

The spelling of Zubiaur's name had given almost as much trouble in England as his ships in the Bay of Biscay. It occurs in the forms Sebuco, Sebure, Cebeaur, Seburo, Subiacoe, Suriago, Siriago, Sevior, and several others. That Preston was right is confirmed by an intercepted despatch from the chief of the staff of Alonso Docampo, who commanded the troops of Zubiaur's squadron. (See the 'Delanthe of Alonso del Campo from Castlehaven, December 24, N.S.,' *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. 11.) This officer says nine vessels sailed from Coruña, of which two were the King's. Three were thought to be lost and one was sent back. Zubiaur, he says, was then at Castlehaven. Cf. the report on Zubiaur's own despatches, *Spanish Calendar*, p. 700.

begged for four thousand more foot at once. From the north he could expect no help. In Tyrone's absence his officers there could hold their own but no more. The Government, however, had an idea. The Scottish King was now openly Elizabeth's ally, and she proposed with his consent to raise troops in Scotland and send them to reinforce the northern officers. Such troops Mountjoy knew to be useless for regular operations with his own highly trained infantry, but for irregular warfare they were unsurpassed and he warmly approved the design, provided that the new levies were used independently to harry Tyrone's rear.[1]

Meantime he was using the respite which Leveson's action and the bad weather gave him to prepare a hot reception for the relieving force and to prevent joint action between it and the beleaguered garrison. The bombardment and the sorties continued, and it was not till ten days after Leveson's return from Castlehaven that the English scouts got contact with Tyrone's advanced guard. By this time the whole of the country north of the Owenboy river in Mountjoy's rear was in the enemy's hands; and on December 21 Tyrone's vanguard appeared on Kilcorran hill behind him. It was the position which he had himself originally occupied and thus his retreat to Cork was completely cut off. The English siege lines at this time consisted firstly of Mountjoy's main entrenched camp on Spital Hill with its front facing the north gate of Kinsale and its rear Tyrone's position, and secondly on his true right and to the westward the Earl of Thomond had his entrenched quarter. It was at this point that Tyrone, although apparently threatening Mountjoy's position, intended to begin operations. His idea was that Docampo with his Spaniards from Castlehaven and a number of

[1] *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. II. December 12.

Irish who had joined him should break through Thomond's lines and join hands with Aguila in Kinsale. The following night the garrison thus reinforced was to make a sortie in full strength and join with Tyrone in a crushing combined attack on Mountjoy from front and rear.

Fortunately, information was not difficult to obtain. The day after Tyrone's arrival a letter from Aguila was intercepted, explaining exactly how he intended to act so soon as the relieving force attacked. The same night an Irish chief, suffering no doubt from the merciless weather, sent his page into the English lines to beg Mountjoy for old acquaintance' sake to send him a bottle of whisky. Mountjoy gracefully complied, and the warm-hearted Irishman in his gratitude could not refrain as he left the council board from doing Mountjoy the best turn in his power. So he sent his boy back to thank him for his present and to warn him to be on his guard as the attack was fixed for the following night. The Lord Deputy was thus able to perfect all his arrangements, with the result that when Docampo attacked, in the early hours of Christmas Eve, he found there was an unexpectedly formidable force in front of him. Till daylight should reveal the position, therefore, Tyrone, who was supporting the movement, ordered a retreat. From that moment the Irish were lost. They had reckoned without the enemy. With a just instinct, rare perhaps in a soldier made from books, Mountjoy seized the psychological moment and ordered an immediate advance. The retrograde movement in the dark had thrown Tyrone's men into some confusion and they were never suffered to recover. As day broke he found Mountjoy tearing up his right flank. From the English lines regiment after regiment was pressing into action. The Irish, like all troops accustomed to savage warfare, seeing themselves outflanked, became demoralised.

PUBLIC

Unsupported the Spanish veterans could not stand, and in an hour or two Tyrone's line was rolled up and himself flying for his life. All was over before Aguila could stir a finger. It is said, indeed, that he was only roused to what was going on by the *feu-de-joie* that greeted the victorious general as he rode down the ranks of his rallied army. Then Aguila made his sortie, but it was only to see Docampo's colours waving in the English ranks, and he retired.

The victory was complete. In the whole action Mountjoy had lost but one officer and barely a dozen men. Indeed after the first encounter it was little better than a massacre. The flying Irish were ruthlessly pursued and no quarter was given. Twelve hundred, it is said, were killed on the field, and numbers more died of their wounds. Two thousand stand of arms and nine ensigns were taken, together with all the enemy's stores, munition and drums. Docampo and nine of his officers were taken prisoners, as well as some Irishmen; but these had been taken in arms against their sovereign, and no offers of ransom could save them from the ruthless doom the law awarded. Next day every man was hanged. The heart sinks to think such things could be held for high-minded duty by English officers; but the native Irish treated the fugitives little better. As they fled far and wide the wounded were left to die or were butchered by marauders. 'The county inhabitants,' says the historian of the campaign, 'for spoil's sake upon advantages would not spare to take some of their heads, but not in that proportion, as they should have done, if they had been sound subjects.' Tyrone and the whisky-loving chief were both wounded and carried from the field in litters, O'Donel and two other chiefs got away to Castlehaven and with Zubiaur escaped to Spain. Tyrone reached Ulster in safety, but it was only to find

Ballyshannon in Docwra's hands, and the key of his position lost.

After such a victory, and with Leveson in command of the sea, it was but a question of time for Aguila to surrender, and Mountjoy lost not a day in pressing him harder than ever. His only thought now was to make a breach and storm the place before his army melted away with sickness, or Bertendona came to the Spaniards' relief. The end of his resources was staring him in the face. The day after the battle Leveson, for want of victuals, had to send home the 'Defiance,' 'Crane,' and three of his merchantmen; but though he knew his creditors were wrecking his estates at home, he clung with his own shattered 'Warspite' to Mountjoy's side, in hope of another fight. But Aguila, as disgusted with Tyrone's failure as the Irish were with his own inaction, saw his chance of good terms and would not abide the storm. For a free passage to Spain he offered to surrender not only Kinsale, but also Castlehaven, Baltimore and the Castle of Berehaven, all of which were still in the hands of his officers. Mountjoy was only too glad to see him clear of Ireland before the new force could arrive. His men were dying like flies. Indeed Carew afterwards said that that stubborn winter siege, counting those who perished there and those who afterwards died, could hardly have cost the English less than six thousand men. So after a short dispute, during which Aguila like a good soldier refused to make any distinction between his Spaniards and the Irish that were with him, the capitulation was signed on the second day of the new year.

So ended one of the few serious attempts to put in practice the strategical dream of attacking England through Ireland. Everything had been in favour of success. The English naval dispositions could hardly

have been worse. Half Ireland was in successful rebellion under a popular and capable leader. The Spanish commander's previous exploits had proved that for such an undertaking he had no rival in Europe, and yet it failed. The Irish had done everything that was possible and believed the Spaniards had betrayed them, while Aguila, loyal as he had been to his allies, could only bewail to Mountjoy his master's folly in trusting such people. He was sure, he said in his disgust, that when Satan showed Christ all the kingdoms of the earth he withheld Ireland as only fit for himself. His followers shared his opinion. One of his staff even told an officer of Mountjoy's he thought the Irish a barbarous nation 'for which Christ never died.'[1] Still neither Spaniard nor Irishman was to blame. Both were victims of the yet unmeasured power of the sea, and of two sagacious soldiers who felt the mastery it gave. The English control of the coast line had made it practically impossible for Tyrone and Aguila to communicate with each other freely enough for thoroughly concerted action. It had enabled Mountjoy to cut off their supplies from without, and harass their communications within. At the same time he was able to continually change his own base with a freedom and rapidity that practically neutralised the superior mobility of the Irish troops; and by removing his communications from their reach to deprive them of their power to exercise the only form of warfare in which they were his equals. Nor must the moral effect of the fleet be forgotten. It is perhaps impossible for those who sit at home at ease to realise what it means to troops, as they are plunged further and further into what for them is a savage and untrodden country, to see the familiar flag still floating at their elbow, and to find, however far they

[1] *Hatfield MSS.*, xci. f. 91; *Pacata Hibernia*, 497.

move, the tapering spars and the trim rows of guns still linking them with home. This help the navy gave to Mountjoy, and of this help it deprived his enemy. If for anyone it is not clear how far the English position rested on the sea, let him consider what Mountjoy's case would have been if what happened to Zubiaur at Castlehaven had happened to Leveson instead. The Lord Deputy fully understood his obligation, and in view of what might come he and his council, in the same breath with which they announced their victory, begged that more ships might be sent to their support.[1]

[1] *S.P. Ireland*, ccix. 11. December 27, 1601.

CHAPTER XV

CEZIMBRA ROAD

THE conspicuous result of the late events in Ireland was to force the Government back to a right use of the navy. The gravity of the crisis, which Aguila had brought about, and the lavish expenditure of life and treasure, which it had cost to meet it, laid bare the truth. Ireland could only be defended on the sea, and that only by offensive action. By January 16, 1602, the news of Mountjoy's victory was known in London. The public relief found vent in bonfires and bell ringing, and the rejoicings were not done before Leveson was at Plymouth asking for orders and the Government had made up its mind. The young admiral in reply to his request received the compliment of being asked his opinion on the proposed plan of campaign. His answer was clear and to the point. The naval situation, he submitted, was rooted in the present state of Ireland. The object in view must be to crush the preparations for a new Irish expedition in the Spanish ports or else to meet it 'in progression.' The most direct way to accomplish these ends was to send a fleet to the north of Spain, with liberty, according to the information there picked up, to proceed along the coast southwards. If a fleet were found in Coruña or Lisbon it must be blockaded. 'It is,' said he, re-echoing the old maxims of Drake, 'more honourable for the Queen and safe for the State to maintain a fleet upon the coast of Spain than to

stand upon the defensive at home.' Then came the consideration which had spoiled so many well-planned campaigns. 'As to profit,' he proceeds, 'we may get the carracks which sail in March or the West India fleet which usually comes from Havana at the end of March.' But he saw more than profit in thus threatening the merchant fleets. For him it was a means of forcing the Spaniards to an action, and this, like Nelson, he preferred to blockade. He pointed out that his presence in the enemy's waters would compel them either to forego a year's East India trade or else to send out their war ships as a convoy for the carracks, in which case he would fight them. It mattered not how strong they were. 'I doubt not,' he wrote, 'if I be disabled in case I meet with a strong encounter, it will be satisfied and answered by certain benefits.' Nelson himself could not have spoken better or with a juster appreciation of the first duty of an admiral. Leveson's only doubt was whether he would be in time, if he first reconnoitred the north coast with a view to blockading any fleet he might find there. He was clearly for the bolder policy of tempting his enemy out.[1]

To save time he had been ordered to overhaul his ships at Plymouth instead of bringing them round to Chatham in the ordinary way. They were being graved as fast as the resources of the port would allow, but it was clear that no considerable force could be ready before the end of February. Still matters were pushed on with all possible vigour and on February 16 his instructions were drafted He was firstly to set his course so as to cover the line that would probably be taken by a Spanish fleet intended for Ireland, and seek by all means possible to defeat any such force he might find at sea. If it had passed him he

[1] *Hatfield MSS.* xc. f. 110, Leveson to Cecil.

was to follow and fight it wherever he found it. If, however, he had reason to believe it was not yet out, he was to proceed to the coast of Spain and cruise from Finisterre down to Lisbon. He would thus be in a position to get intelligence of the state of the enemy's mobilisation and to interrupt it by seizing all stores and ships likely to be used for it. 'It is well known,' so his instructions reminded him, 'that Spain can raise no great fleet without assistance from other countries.' So much for the defence of the realm. For profit he might attempt both the outward and homeward bound East Indian carracks, for these he could meet while watching Lisbon. If, however, his presence prevented them sailing and he found from the state of the Spanish preparations that it was safe to leave Lisbon open for a while, he might move southward to watch for the spring West Indian fleet. Indeed he might do this in any case, if, by the arrival of a Dutch fleet to assist him, he thought himself strong enough to divide his force, so as to maintain the blockade of the Tagus as well as attempt the homeward-bound convoys. If by June, when his victuals would be running low, he had been able to effect nothing, he should receive fresh supplies in order to enable him to stay out and intercept the autumn West Indian convoy. Finally, in the old cautious way that little suited his daring nature, he had authority to surprise ships in port, if he could do so without putting the Queen's ships in danger.[1]

It was the announcement of this resolution that Mountjoy and Carew received in answer to their cry for more ships. They were too sagacious not to see in it a complete reply to their demand. 'If they come timely,' they wrote, 'it will in our opinions hinder any enterprise for Ireland.' Time was their only anxiety. All they

[1] *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxii. f. 28, February 16, and *Otho. E.*, ix. f. 351 (382).

requested was that the expedition should be pressed on with all possible speed, and that in case of accidents Plessington, who had taken the 'Tramontana' into Bristol, should be sent back to them for service on the coast of Munster. Their anxiety was not unreasonable. The effects of the winter siege were still making havoc with their troops, and Berehaven had not been given up. The Spanish garrisons under the terms of the capitulation had duly surrendered Castlehaven and Baltimore, but their right to do so was disputed by the local chiefs who had originally placed the fortresses in the Spaniards' hands. So strongly did O'Sulivan Bere, the chief of Dunboy in Berehaven, feel this, that before an English force could arrive to receive the surrender, he surprised the Spanish garrison, sent them to Baltimore, and retaining all their stores proceeded to further fortify the haven in King Philip's name. He believed himself to be of Spanish descent, and for Spain he meant to hold his ancestral castle. To the King of Spain, to the Governor of Galicia, who was organising the new expedition in Coruña, and to Zubiaur he wrote explaining his action. For two thousand six hundred years, he said, since his ancestors first came from Spain they had maintained the credit and the calling of great gentlemen, and he could not disgrace them by acquiescing in so shameful a capitulation. He offered the Spanish commanders to feed all the Spaniards in Castlehaven and Baltimore if they would only repudiate Aguila's right to include them in his surrender. His offer was refused, but O'Sulivan held his ground and wrote to his new-chosen King for orders. Aguila when he heard of it was furious. Touched to the quick in the dignity and honour of a soldier, he offered to reduce the place with his own men. But wary Mountjoy begged him not to trouble himself about so trifling a matter, and

at the earliest possible moment sent him and his men off to Spain. The Spanish pinnace that carried O'Sulivan's letters was captured, and Mountjoy and Carew were made fully aware of their danger. O'Donel was known to have been well received at the Spanish Court, and now that there was one of the best and most inaccessible havens in Ireland at the King of Spain's disposition there was every prospect that Bertendona's expedition, which had been preparing all the winter, would sail unless Leveson could stop it. That under such circumstances Mountjoy and Carew could cheerfully accept the diversion of the Irish fleet marks more clearly than ever the advance in military thought that the war had developed amongst the leading English officers.

Nor must the ministers be denied their share of the credit. If they had turned from their preoccupation with the Flemish coast to find the real heart of the war upon the high seas, it was not without overcoming substantial pressure from the mercantile interest. At the end of the preceding year, during the height of the Irish crisis, Parliament had been summoned to supply the exhausted war chest. Unanimously they had voted the unprecedented amount of four subsidies, and in gratitude were permitted unprecedented liberty in discussing affairs of State. Amongst other matters by no means pleasant to the ears of 'the honourables who sat about the chair,' Mr. Dannet, member for Yarmouth, had taken on himself to draw attention to the state of the North Sea, and especially to the depredations from those 'two base towns, Nieuport and Dunkirk.' In the true Elizabethan manner he compared English seamen to a flock of sheep feeding round a den of wolves, and seasoned his eloquence with some very caustic remarks on the navy. The Queen's wars, he was told, were all offensive, and yet the offence seemed all

on the other side. He had heard men say the navy was the walls of the kingdom, but they did not defend our ships, and the Archduke was boasting such walls were very easily pulled down. He finally concluded with a humble motion—which in our days would be taken as a vote of censure on the Government—that the House should enter into the consideration of these things. Mr. Peake of Sandwich supported him, complaining he was always hearing of her Majesty's charges, 'but what,' said he, 'insueth or cometh of it, I never yet knew.' Mr. Martin of Barnstaple deprecated such extravagant speeches, and though he permitted himself to say that the flourishing estate of what he called 'that cottage of Dunkirk' was a disgrace to the nation, he thought it would have been better to suggest a remedy than to indulge in 'cursory motions' distasteful to the House. To the Government the particular motion must certainly have been unpalatable, but Cecil turned it to advantage with a dexterity that would not disgrace the most practised Parliamentary hand of our own day. Instead of resisting the motion he boldly announced his intention of supporting it, but pointed out that there were two difficulties in the way of a remedy—one was the question of expense, and the other, who was to bear it. The Government, he protested, were entirely unable to take the responsibility, and he ended by suggesting that the matter should be referred to a committee. Mr. Dannet acquiesced, provided the committee had power to summon masters and seamen before it, and so the thing was done. The committee met, and Mr. Fettyplace, an influential member for the City, appears to have suggested that the seaports could very well help themselves if they liked, and that this was all the help they were likely to get. Everyone probably was of the same opinion; for the matter was referred again to

a sub-committee of members for the coast towns, which Cecil certainly intended to bear the cost and trouble of whatever was done; and there, so far as the House was concerned, the matter ended, for the committee came to no conclusion before, a fortnight later, Parliament was dissolved.[1]

It was a clever piece of jockeying on Cecil's part. Parliamentary tactics were clearly advancing as fast as naval strategy. The failure of the Queen to keep the home waters clear with the navy for which such heavy sacrifices were made was the subject of wide and increasing discontent. It was even seriously affecting the Queen's personal popularity, and had Dannet's motion been permitted to grow into an open expression of the muttering that was rife, the situation might have been difficult. The outlook was even worse than perhaps Dannet knew. It was not alone the ravages of the Dunkirk privateers that had to be feared. There was also Frederico Spinola. Of him and his galleys little had been heard for some time, but this was only because he was preparing for a higher spring. Emboldened by the reputation he had earned he had gone once more to Madrid with a larger offer to the King. His brother, the famous Marquis, was ready with the royal leave to raise five thousand foot and one thousand horse in the King's Duchy of Milan for service in Flanders, provided Philip would give him two thousand Spanish infantry and eight more galleys. With this force the two brothers promised to seize an English port and establish themselves there as a rallying point for the English Catholics, or possibly to destroy the Queen's fleet at Chatham. It was a more daring form of what Aguila had been sent to do in Ireland—hopeless and impracticable from the first, but yet threatening very serious danger to English

[1] *Megalopsychy*, 280, 288.

commerce and the cause in the Netherlands. The high spirit in which the new King had mounted his throne had been cruelly broken, and eager to clutch at any straw, he readily assented. The attempt had been intended to keep time with Aguila's descent on Cork, but even Spinola's smiling energy could not overcome the jealousy of Spanish officials or the corruption in Spanish dockyards. The winter came before his galley squadron was ready, and the attempt had to be deferred till the spring of 1602. Thus with Bertendona's expedition still threatening, the plan of action which the English had to meet was a second attempt to establish simultaneously a footing in Ireland directly from Spain, and one on the east coast of England from Flanders. It was a shiftless game for Spain to play at any time—a game born of decadence, exhaustion, and acknowledged defeat—and since the Queen had braced herself back to a right use of her fleet, it was a game that was well nigh hopeless.[1]

Such then were the conditions under which Leveson entered upon the last campaign of the war. The force placed at his disposal was none too strong. It consisted of eight galleons and some smaller craft. Of his old squadron he retained the 'Warspite,' 'Defiance' and 'Nonpareil.' The new galleons that had been sent to reinforce him at the height of the Irish crisis were the 'Repulse,' which he now took for his flag, the 'Garland,' the famous old 'Mary Rose,' the 'Dreadnought' and the 'Adventure.' Besides these he was expecting to be joined by a strong Dutch squadron under Admiral Opdam, but as yet there was no news of its approach. For vice-admiral he was given Sir William Monson, the famous

[1] Bentivoglio, *Wars of Flanders*, p. 408; Duro, *Armada Española*, iii. 221; Giustiniano, *Guerre di Fiandra*, 24. The author, Pompeo Giustiniano, was sergeant-major or, as we should say, adjutant of Spinola's own Tertia, and I have therefore followed his figures.

author of the 'Naval Tracts,' to the failing memory of whose later years we are indebted for so much inaccurate information on the Elizabethan navy. Sir Robert Mansell continued to act as Admiral of the Narrow Seas and Sir Amyas Preston's name entirely disappears, for what reason is unknown. Monson was therefore, in all probability, the best choice that could have been made. He had been afloat from the time he left Oxford. His sea service had begun, so he tells us, in a sanguinary privateer action, which resulted in the first Spanish prize that the war produced. Since then he had been continually in active employment till 1591, when he was taken prisoner and sent to the galleys. Even this, however, added usefully to his experience, for while serving as a galley-slave he kept his eyes open and laid up a store of knowledge for a day of reckoning. Since then he had twice served as flag-captain, once to the Earl of Cumberland in his successful cruise of 1593, and once to the Earl of Essex at Cadiz in 1596 where he was knighted. We have seen how well he acquitted himself in command of the 'Rainbow' during the Azores expedition of 1597, and during the mobilisation of 1599 he again had a galleon. He was now forty-three, and this was his first flag command.

Owing mainly to the ever-increasing reluctance of seafaring men to serve in the Queen's ships, there was considerable delay in getting the fleet ready for sea. Recent successes of the privateers were making their service more attractive than ever. Amongst others, Captain William Parker of Plymouth, an old hand, had but lately returned from his raid on the Spanish Main, which in daring and result rivalled Drake's first famous venture to Nombre de Dios. With but two small vessels he had burnt and sacked St. Vincent in the Cape Verde Islands, and crossing the Atlantic had plundered the King of Spain's pearl

fisheries at Cabagua. Thence after picking up a rich slave ship he had proceeded just as Drake had done a generation before. Leaving his ships at the Cabeças he took to his pinnaces with a hundred and fifty men, and passing by the deserted site of Nombre de Dios established himself on the Bastimentos Islands. There he caught negro guides and under their direction made a midnight dash on Puerto Bello, took it by surprise, overpowered its regular garrison after a hard fight, captured the governor, the famous Pero Menendez, and found himself like Drake before him in possession of the 'Treasure House of the World.' Unfortunately a large consignment of bullion had been shipped only a week before, but what remained he valued at ten thousand ducats, and this, with the plunder of the rich Isthmus port, made a full reward for his daring. He might have had more, but not to be outdone in chivalry by his great predecessor, he refused to burn the town and released all his prisoners, even Menendez himself. It was this man, who as Governor of Havana had reorganised the Treasure trade and had done more than any man in Philip's dominions to shield it from the depredations of the English. Yet in the stubborn defence he had made he had received eleven wounds and Parker would not even ask for a ransom. After holding the place for a day he re-embarked and ran out in triumph with his prizes and his treasure past the forts of St. Iago and St. Philip, which guarded the harbour entrance. In vain they tried to sink him. He came quietly to anchor under an island off the port, where their guns could not touch him, and thence he sent for his ships, which all this time, as he delights to record, had been fitly lying 'eastward of the Castle of St. Philip under the rock where Sir Francis Drake his coffin was thrown overboard.' [1]

[1] *Purchas*, iv. 1243.

With the revival of such old memories to seduce them it is no wonder that the Queen's discredited officers called in vain upon her seamen. So great indeed was the difficulty in manning the navy, that in order to commission all the ships that were required for the year's service Elizabeth, for the first time was driven to borrow two hundred sailors from Holland.[1] It was not till March 8th that Leveson received his commission and instructions. He had been excused apparently the duty of reconnoitring the northern ports of Spain, so that he might be in time to intercept the convoys. But even when he got his sailing orders only two of his ships were complete. Three others were victualled, but had not filled up their crews. 'I now sit on thorns,' he wrote to Cecil, 'and if a wind come before the "Garland" and "Defiance" are ready I will be gone unless I hear to the contrary from you.'[2] Fresh news of the sailing of the carracks and of the active preparation of the new expedition for Berehaven had been received, and Cecil put nothing in the way of his ardour to be gone, especially as the government intelligence added that the Spanish coast defence squadron consisted of only five English and Scottish prizes. So on March 19th the wind came fair and Leveson put to sea with six sail, leaving Monson to bring on the others and a letter with the Mayor of Plymouth for the Dutch admiral, telling him where to find the English fleet.[3] No sooner was he

[1] Meteren, 509.

[2] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 161.

[3] Monson (*Naval Tracts*) says Leveson started on the 19th with five sail, leaving him behind with the other four. In his letter to Cecil, March 20th, (*Hatfield MSS.*, vol. xc. f. 119) he says Leveson had sailed on the 19th with all her Majesty's ships except 'Garland' and 'Defiance.' The Plymouth Borough Records (*Hist. MSS. Com.*, IX. i. 278) say Leveson 'went out of this harborough the VIII of March with VI of her Majesty's ships and two other made ready to follow, which did so.' The conclusion is that Leveson

gone than the government received information that the treasure ships were already at the Azores and Cecil sent down orders to Monson to get away immediately. He was still without full crews, there were still no tidings of the Dutch, but he put to sea as he was with his flag flying in the 'Garland,' and on March 26th was out of the Sound.

The government intelligence was correct, but their energy all too late. Without waiting at the Azores an hour longer than was necessary, the treasure fleet pursued its way for Spain, and long before Monson could join, Leveson fell in with it. But the day had long gone by for such exploits. The Queen's unwillingness to use her strength had permitted the Spaniards to create a navy during the progress of the war, and now that for the first time an English admiral had fairly encountered the famous treasure fleet at sea, he was in hopeless inferiority. The Spanish admiral had fully thirty sail and it is said sixteen of them were galleons. The greater number at any rate were armed, while Leveson, it seems, had but four of his galleons in company at the time.[1] Thus even if Monson had succeeded in joining his chief, they would together have been still too weak without the Dutch squadron. But the Spaniards had fallen out of order and were scattered, and Leveson with that reckless courage that had served him so well at Castlehaven resolved to attack. One vessel was quickly captured.

got his six galleons out into the Sound on the 8th, and sailed on the 19th, and Monson's memory as usual was defective about those left in his charge. Possibly he had two small hired private craft as well as the two Queen's ships.

[1] Meteren (*Hist. des Pays Bas*, f. 509) says the Spanish fleet consisted '*de bien trente vaisseaux pour la plus part équippés en guerre*' and Leveson's of only four ships (*navires*). Chamberlain (*Letters*, p. 136) says the Spanish came 'guarded with sixteen galleons.' Camden gives the Spanish fleet as thirty-eight sail.

The Spanish admiral bore up to the rescue and Leveson engaged him, nor would he let go his prize till he found himself surrounded by a dozen or more of the enemy. It bid fair to be another case of the 'Revenge,' but Leveson more wise than Grenville succeeded in extricating himself, though he had to leave his prize and her crew of seven or eight Englishmen in the Spaniards' hands. He had vindicated the honour of the flag, but 'notwithstanding his renowned courage,' as Monson says, 'to little purpose wanting the rest of his fleet and the help of the twelve Hollanders. We may very well,' he continues to lament, 'account this not the least error and negligence in our voyages: for if the Hollanders had kept touch according to promise and the Queen's ships had been fitted out with care, we had made her Majesty mistress of more treasure than any of her progenitors ever enjoyed.'

Thus the first object of the cruise had failed and Leveson set about mending matters with the second. The rendezvous he had given Monson was twenty leagues west of the Tagus and thither he made his way. But Monson had already been cruising there a fortnight and hearing nothing of his chief had taken a cast down to St. Vincent. On his way he received intelligence that two galleons had just left Cadiz for the West Indies carrying out Drake's old prisoner Don Pedro de Valdes, who after years of growling in neglect had just been made Governor of Havana. Five other galleons were to follow the next tide. They were probably galleons of the Indian Guard going out to escort home the autumn *flota*, the capture of which formed the last item in the English programme. Their destruction therefore would be a stroke of the highest value, and as good luck would have it, just as Monson had got the news, he was fetched up by three vessels which Leveson had detached in search of him. To

Monson it was like a special interposition of Providence, and he took upon himself to keep the new comers with his flag while he threw himself across the course the galleons would take. He had hardly reached his station when five sail were made out to leeward that tallied with those he was looking for. He at once gave chase thinking, as he says, 'that that day should fully determine and try the difference between the strength and puissance of the English and Spanish ships, their number and greatness being equal.' Even at this distance of time we can share the keenness of his expectation and the bitterness of his disappointment. The strange sail when he fetched them up proved to be five of the redoubtable English merchantmen of the Levant trade, which, if we may judge by their power of defying every effort of the Spaniards to capture them and by Monson's mistake, must have been barely distinguishable from the galleons of the Indian Guard. It was a cruel disappointment, for never in all the war had there been promise of a prettier fight. In some slight compensation a vessel from the Indies was next day chased and taken, but as the mourning Admiral says, 'he had better have been without her, for the chase brought him so far to leeward that, as he learned next day, the five galleons he wanted had passed by him not ten leagues to windward.'

May was now drawing to a close and little had been effected except the capture of a few prizes and the complete dislocation of the enemy's coastwise traffic on which the Irish expedition depended. The two admirals had not even met, and Monson scattered his ships to search for his chief. Leaving the 'Nonpareil' and 'Dreadnought' about Cape Espichel to watch Setubal and the approach to the Tagus from the south, he himself proceeded north to the Rock of Lisbon. On the way he fell in with the

'Warspite' flying the Admiral's flag. The 'Repulse' a few days before had sprung so bad a leak that Leveson had had to send her home and shift his flag to his old ship. Thus the two admirals had nothing but bad luck to share with one another. But in spite of all their mishaps they were not beaten yet. They knew, as Monson says, 'that fortune could as well laugh as weep, and having good ships under foot, their men sound and in health, and plenty of victuals they did not doubt that some of the wealth which the Indies sent forth into Spain would fall to their shares.'

As though in answer to their cheery spirit the first of June brought a change of luck. The two flagships without any of their consorts were lying off the Rock of Lisbon. They had just captured two Hansa vessels carrying contraband to the Tagus, when they saw a caravel beating up towards them and making signals to speak. Leaving Monson with the prizes Leveson ran down to her and immediately signalled to his vice-admiral to join. For there was glorious news. The 'Nonpareil' and 'Dreadnought' had sent word that in Cezimbra Road under Cape Espichel was lying a great carrack from the East Indies and eleven galleys were guarding her. For two years she had been missing and was believed to be carrying a cargo worth two millions. Having reached Mozambique too late to pass the Cape she had wintered there, but so terrible had been her sufferings that when she sighted the coast of Portugal it is said that of a crew of over six hundred men she had only thirty left, and being unable to make the Tagus had brought up under the guns of Cezimbra Castle. With Leveson's squadron on the coast her position was in the last degree precarious and assistance was immediately sent her. Frederico Spinola with his eight fresh galleys and a whole tertia of infantry had just started on his daring voyage to Flanders but he had not yet

passed beyond Lisbon. The Governor of Portugal ordered him at once to the point of danger and with him went three galleys more of the Lisbon squadron under the young Marquis of Santa Cruz, and four hundred gentlemen who volunteered to man the infected carrack.

It was midnight before Leveson reached the road, too late for anything but an exchange of shot with the galleys. When morning broke on June 2nd he found himself with five of his squadron—the 'Warspite,' 'Garland,' 'Nonpareil,' 'Dreadnought' and 'Adventure,' besides the two Hansa vessels taken the previous day. The 'Mary Rose' and the caravel alone were missing, but even so his force was weak enough for the task before him. In the depth of the road and hard under the walls of the little town of Cezimbra lay the carrack three times as big as the largest of Leveson's ships. Close on her right, as the English saw her, glowered the twelve guns of the fort, a formidable work built close to the water's edge at the eastern extremity of the town. To her left lay the galleys formed in line-abreast with their right flank resting on a neck of rocks which formed the western limit of the road, and in the prow of every one of them, besides four other guns, grinned a sixty-pounder cannon, a piece much heavier than anything the English carried. Towering over all on the hill, where the castle now stands, and completely commanding the town and anchorage, was seated impregnably one of the fortified monasteries common to the coast, while on the lower slopes rows of tents and bodies of troops told that the local forces had already gathered for the defence.

A more ugly position, perhaps, ships never had to tackle in cold blood. But the man of Castlehaven was for an immediate attack. His council of war naturally opposed him, and for the greater part of the day he

strove to overcome the prudent arguments of his officers. Fortunately Monson was thirsty to wipe off old scores on the galleys and gave his chief his utmost support. The captains argued with some reason that to take the carrack was impossible. The utmost to be hoped was to burn her. For all they knew she was even then aground. Boats were constantly plying between her and the shore, presumably removing her cargo with intent that she should be fired if she could not be defended. But the admirals would not give way. They proposed to take their own ships in and anchor as close to the carrack as they could, and if they could not get alongside themselves to lay her aboard with the prizes. All they required of their captains was that they should ply up and down and engage the galleys and the fort. To this course the captains at last consented. It had been dead calm all day, so that nothing could be done, but it was decided next morning to 'charge the town, the fort, the galleys and the carrack all at one instant.' In the exuberance of his spirits at this determination Monson filled in the time by singling his vessel a league from the rest of the squadron in order to defy the galleys to leave their position and attack him. Spinola and Santa Cruz both answered the challenge and made for him, but they did no more than come into range and retire again.

Though the calm continued all night the galleys did not attempt an attack, so well established by this time was the inferiority of their end-on fire to the broadsides of an English galleon. By ten o'clock next morning a breeze sprang up, and Leveson, hoisting the signal for action, at once weighed. He himself led the line, but owing to the blundering or unwillingness of his master he missed his station, and the 'Warspite' was carried by the wind and tide clear out of the road, where she

remained out of action for the rest of the day. In a fury to be so baulked Leveson, as soon as he could, transferred his flag to the 'Dreadnought,' which, with the 'Nonpareil' and the 'Adventure,' had been plying up and down in accordance with their orders 'shewing great valour and gaining great honour.' Monson had brought up the rear, and going direct to his station had there anchored in such a position that he was able to engage town, fort, galleys and carrack all together, and there he remained blazing away with both broadsides at once. So well chosen was his position that the 'Garland' seems to have enfiladed the line of galleys and quickly broke it up. Santa Cruz with the three Lisbon galleys began to make off, but seeing that Spinola held his ground he returned, and the fight continued as before. Still they could not keep their formation. Monson says he had anchored to such advantage that they kept rowing from side to side to avoid his destructive fire.

So far he had borne the brunt of the action, but about two o'clock in the afternoon Leveson succeeded in anchoring the 'Dreadnought' close to him. By this time, however, Monson had been using his hours of vengeance so furiously that the galleys had suffered both in hulls and men nearly as much as they could endure, and were pretty well beaten. 'There,' says Monson, in the joy of his long-deferred reckoning, 'might be seen the prows of the galleys swim by the sides of them, the slaves forsake them, and everything in confusion amongst them.' Though we have nothing but his own account of his performance, there can be no doubt that both for seamanship and daring it was a very fine one. When Leveson at last succeeded in working up to his vice-admiral's side he went aboard him, and in a generous outburst of enthusiasm publicly embraced him, all smoke-

begrimed as he was, protesting in the hearing of all the company he had won his heart for ever. But, for all the punishment he had taken, the intrepid Spinola succeeded in maintaining the fight till five o'clock. By that time Santa Cruz, severely wounded, had made off again for good, two of Spinola's galleys had surrendered, including his vice-admiral and the one on which Monson had been forced to serve, and all the rest were reduced to such a condition that it is said every one of them might have been taken had the fleet had boats enough. As it was they succeeded in retiring after Santa Cruz into the Tagus. Before such a man as Spinola would run away his loss must have been very severe. Its amount is unknown, but the havoc in the crowded vessels exposed for hours to the English broadsides is not difficult to picture. The 'Garland,' thanks to the excellent protective bulkheads and bulwarks of the English fashion, lost but five men killed and as many wounded. The 'Adventure' lost one man, and that was the total of the English casualties. Monson himself had the wing of his doublet shot away, but was otherwise untouched.

Still the victory was but half won. Its fruits were yet to garner. The fort was still unsilenced, and the carrack lay as securely as ever under its guns. The Queen's ships could not get near enough to board her, and as there was no prospect of ever getting her out Leveson resolved to burn her. Even this was a very ugly piece of work under the fire of the battery, and Leveson, according to the strange usage of the time, determined to make his two German prizes do it for him. The custom of compelling neutral merchantmen to serve in a belligerent fleet was then fully recognised. Spain made it an habitual practice and England had occasionally adopted it during the war. Leveson was therefore doing

nothing unusual, and, especially as he had seized the vessels in the act of carrying contraband, he need have felt no compunction. The neutral crews, however, were always difficult to get to the front in such cases, and this was no exception. They naturally hung back, but after considerable pressure one vessel was got to anchor alongside the carrack. But no sooner was she there than a shot from the shore struck her and she promptly slipped her cable. It was more than Monson could endure. Determined to do the work himself, he went aboard the recalcitrant prizes and told the crews plainly that if they again hesitated they should look for as little life from the English as they could expect from the enemy. With that he prepared to take them alongside in person. But this Leveson, who now joined him, would not permit, and together they returned to the 'Dreadnought' to consider what was to be done.

It was the practice in those days, when the rules of land warfare still obtained at sea, to offer terms to a half-beaten ship as to a fortress. The result of the admirals' deliberations was to try this expedient before making another attempt to burn so rich a prize. A certain Captain Sewell, who for four years had been a prisoner in the galleys, had succeeded with a number of other galley-slaves in swimming off to the flagship during the action. This man volunteered to bear a flag of truce to the carrack, and so well did he carry out the duty that her Portuguese captain consented to treat. Scarcely, however, had his officers come aboard the 'Dreadnought' when some disturbance broke out on the carrack between those who wished to treat and those who wished to burn her. On learning this Monson immediately sprang into his barge and went aboard the carrack, to treat with the captain in person. His rapid action checked the mutiny. Owing to his late

imprisonment he was personally known to many of the officers, and the negotiations continued in the chains of the carrack. The terms her captain demanded were that he and all his men should be set ashore that night with all their arms; that they should keep the ship, and the English the cargo; and that they should not be called on to lower their flag. The first condition Monson was willing to grant, the second he said he could only regard as a joke, while as to the third he was resolved that no Spanish flag should be worn in the presence of his mistress's ships, except disgracefully trailing over the poop. In this tone the parley continued angrily, till Monson feigning great rage offered to leap into his boat and leave them. They immediately changed their note, eagerly persuaded him to remain, and finally agreed to surrender the carrack in return for their liberty, promising at the same time to endeavour to prevent the castle firing on the Queen's ships so long as they remained in the road. So the matter ended, and Monson carried the captain and all his gentlemen back to supper on the 'Garland,' where, as he says, with a variety of music they spent the night in great jollity together. That the Englishmen had reason to be in high spirits is not to be denied. To cut out a powerfully armed ship manned with a picked and fresh crew, and three times as big as any of themselves, from under the guns of a formidable fort was a feat by all the rules of naval warfare impracticable. And yet they had done it, and in the face of double their own number of galleys, secure in a position where their flank could not be turned. It was a final and triumphant demonstration of the superiority of the English broadside that Drake had first proclaimed in Cadiz harbour twenty-five years before, and Leveson and Monson had reason to be proud of an exploit that was not surpassed during the whole war.

No hitch occurred in completing their triumph, and next day, in face of some ten thousand local troops that had gathered on the shore, they quietly carried their magnificent prize out of Cezimbra Road.[1]

The English fleet had now been over two months at sea, and nothing as yet had been heard of Opdam's Dutch squadron. From a purely strategical point of view no doubt Leveson should have remained on the enemy's coast. But the capture of a carrack had always been the signal for returning home. The enormous value of these vessels, and the importance attached by the Queen to her Navy paying for itself, quite justified the admirals in feeling that their paramount duty was to get their prize safely to an English port. This was only the third that had been taken during the war. The first had been captured by Drake in 1587, the second by Sir Robert Crosse and Sir John Borough in 1592, and in both cases the capture had closed the cruise. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that although they had done nothing directly against the new Irish expedition they had made havoc with the stores intended for it and had substantially delayed its mobilisation. As for the North Sea danger, they had dealt Spinola and his new squadron a severe and, for all they knew, a fatal blow. Leveson therefore could have little hesitation in following established precedent, and on July 4 he set his course for home.

[1] The main authority for this action is Monson's own account, published in the *Naval Tracts*. Camden's version appears to be merely a careless and inaccurate paraphrase of Monson's. Meteren's account is founded on an independent authority and gives details omitted by Monson. A few notices occur in the *Venetian Calendar*, Nos. 1083 and 1085; but Captain Duro in his *Armada Española* gives no Spanish documents relating to the incident. The Venetian ambassador informed his government that the same English squadron about the end of May had sacked Figueira and Buarcos, two small places at the mouth of the Mondego. It is possible that Leveson had watered there just before joining Monson at the Rock. More probably it was some independent privateer squadron: see *post*, pp. 383–4.

Meanwhile Opdam had sailed to join the English admirals. It was not till April 22 that he had succeeded in getting his squadron of nine or ten ships to sea,[1] and then it was more than a month before he could clear the Channel. So soon as he reached Plymouth, where Leveson's letters were awaiting him, a pinnace was sent forward to find the English fleet.[2] She met it in the middle of the Bay of Biscay well on its way home with its splendid prize, and this was the first Leveson heard of his long-expected consorts. The pinnace had to report that Opdam was close at hand, for she had been in sight of him the night before. A second English fleet, Leveson also learnt, was on the point of sailing to reinforce him, so that he might maintain his station and co-operate with Opdam against the homeward-bound carracks of that year and the autumn West India convoy. Leveson was now in a dilemma. The Dutch fleet did not appear, and it soon became certain that it must have passed him and gone on, expecting to find him at the original rendezvous off the Tagus. He could not bring himself to desert his carrack, and yet it was impossible that both he and his vice-admiral could appear at home and leave so important a fleet to its own devices. It was therefore decided that Monson should transfer his flag to the 'Nonpareil,' which had suffered less than any of the other galleons, and return to take command of the allied fleet. But luck was against him. Before ever he reached Finisterre a violent southerly gale struck him. The 'Nonpareil' was by no means too staunch, yet he fought it stubbornly till his seams opened and his rigging was in ribbons, and his carpenters declared they could not be responsible for the

[1] Meteren, 509.

[2] The draft orders for this pinnace are in *S.P. Dom.*, 282, f. 35, where they are wrongly assigned to 1601 and conjecturally to October of that year.

ship unless he bore up before the wind. So there was nothing for it but to run for Plymouth, where he arrived to find Leveson safe with his prize and the new squadron he was to command still wind-bound in the haven.

The unexpected return of Leveson and his fleet completely upset the calculations of the Government. To them it was a most unlooked-for and unpleasant surprise; and though the admirals could not be blamed for the course they had taken, they found the satisfaction their prize gave was considerably tempered by anxiety about Ireland. Carew was known to be operating against Berehaven, but as yet no news of success had arrived. At the same time the reports from Spain continued to grow in gravity. According to the English intelligence Zubiaur was at Coruña organising a fresh squadron out of the last year's expedition, while at Lisbon Brochero was getting together another, and both were certainly meant for Berehaven. It was a situation which could only be regarded with grave apprehension, and it was this that had decided the Government to reinforce and revictual Leveson. The new squadron had been preparing ever since May. It consisted of the 'Merhonour' and 'Swiftsure' galleons, the 'Answer' and 'Quittance' crompsters, the 'Lion's Whelp' pinnace, and a fine London merchantman called the 'Paragon.' All these vessels the admirals found at Plymouth ready to sail with the first fair wind. With Leveson's force increased with this smart squadron and the Dutch contingent the Government had calculated to make the position practically secure. But now all was undone. The bulk of the English force was at home and unfit for sea, while Zubiaur and Brochero were free to join hands and come for Berehaven.

One thing was certain. The fleet, or at least part of it,

must get back to the coast of Spain and join Opdam at the earliest possible moment. As Leveson could not leave his prize, for whose contents he was responsible, Monson was immediately summoned to Court to report on the state of the ships, while two of the fresh vessels, the 'Quittance' and the 'Paragon,' were despatched next day under Captain Bryan Brown to find the Dutch admiral, tell him how things stood, and arrange with him for meeting the English fleet.[1]

The result of Monson's report was that he was sent back with orders to form a van division with the ships that were ready and to get away with them at once, while Leveson was to follow with the rest as soon as possible. The ships entrusted to him were the 'Mary Rose' and the 'Dreadnought' of the old fleet, and the whole of the new squadron except the 'Merhonour,' which was kept back for Leveson's flag, six sail in all, besides the two vessels already sent forward. This left for the rear division five of the best of the Queen's galleons, besides smaller vessels, so that the combined squadrons when they concentrated would form one of the most powerful fighting fleets that had ever appeared in Spanish waters.

Monson's instructions were practically the same as those issued in the spring. His main object was to prevent a concentration of the enemy's force. For this purpose he was to look into Coruña and if he found a squadron forming there he was to blockade. If not he was to proceed to the Tagus and endeavour to get touch with Opdam and maintain himself there until Leveson could join, but on no account was he to divide his force.[2] The instructions were exemplary had Monson been able

[1] Council's letters to the admirals, June 28, 1602 (*Domestic Calendar*, p. 210), and instructions to Captain Brown, June 29 (*ibid.* p. 211).

[2] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 210, July 9, 1602.

to carry them out, but the stars were against him. Week after week he lay in Plymouth Sound waiting for a wind, and the weather that held him prisoner was fair for Brochero and Zubiaur. Fortunately it was known that the late operations had seriously interfered with Brochero's progress, and by the middle of the month the situation was further relieved by the news that 'good George Carew,' about whom everyone was so anxious, had taken Dunboy Castle the very day that Leveson had come back. By a clever use of the ships at his disposal he had been able to place his men and guns at a point which practically turned O'Sulivan's position, and Berehaven was again in the Queen's hands. Still there were many other points where a strong Spanish expedition might establish itself, and still the wind hung obstinately in the adverse quarter. July went out with no change, August proved little better, and the month was drawing to a close with Monson still chafing at his moorings. Nor could he get to sea before the situation had entirely changed. By the last week in the month the Government had received certain intelligence that the fall of Berehaven had knocked the heart out of the Irish expedition and that it was to be postponed for a year. Still, to make certain and rather than throw away the heavy expenditure that had been incurred, Monson was ordered to proceed with the van division as before to Coruña, and if he found the Irish expedition was really broken up he was to make his own arrangements for a cruise with a view to reimbursing the Queen for her outlay. Leveson was to bring the rest of the ships round to the Downs and assist Mansell's weak squadron in the guarding of the Channel during Monson's absence.[1]

[1] *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxv. f. 54. This paper is wrongly assigned to 1600 (see *Dom. Cal.*, p. 463) though it is addressed to 'Sir Richard Leveson and Sir William Monson, admirals of the fleet employed southward.' The only year in which they were so employed together wa 1602.

The very day the new instructions were received Monson managed to get to sea. The wind was still far from fair, but his superiors had hinted they had half a mind to stop him as well as his chief, and no doubt he feared he might still be recalled. It was the first year he had held flag rank, and to find himself unexpectedly in sole command of a fine squadron was too good a stroke of luck to be easily let go. The whole way to Coruña he had to fight against adverse gales, but nothing would turn him back. His chance had come, and confident of his powers he did not mean to lose it.

Off Coruña he soon ascertained that the Irish expedition had been abandoned and that Zubiaur had sailed for the Tagus to join Brochero. This clearly indicated the formation of a fleet to protect the Spanish home waters. Nevertheless he decided without hesitation to proceed with his cruise to the southward. No sooner had he begun to move down the coast than he received information from one of his scout vessels that the combined Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-four sail, was lying at the Bayona Islands on the look-out for him. This was far from changing his purpose. All he did was to make a wide cast to seaward, so as to slip round his enemy and feel for his two advanced vessels and the Dutch squadron which he expected to find or hear of off the Tagus. So far his movements were correct and ably carried out. By thus boldly seeking to effect a concentration of his force beyond the enemy and between them and the trade routes to Lisbon and Cadiz, he was taking a certain course to bring them to action. With his own nine ships and the Dutch twelve he could calculate on giving a good account of the ill-found Spanish twenty-four. But here the discreet flag-officer disappears and he sinks again into the dashing hard-fighting captain. Like many others in his position, he was to find

that keeping a fleet in hand was a very different thing to commanding a single ship. The Dutch fleet was not to be found at the rendezvous, nor could any tidings of its movements be obtained. As a matter of fact, during Monson's long detention at Plymouth Opdam's victuals had grown so low that he had been compelled to go home, and the two admirals must again have passed each other in the Bay. Monson's calculations were thus all upset. He could not hear even of his own two vessels that had been sent forward to get touch with Opdam. His proper course, in view of the Spanish fleet being out, was certainly to have kept his own force together till he either ascertained the Dutch were gone or got touch with them. But instead of this he appears to have set the example of wildly chasing everything that came in sight, in reckless disregard of Brochero and Zubiaur. We hear of him, with only the 'Dreadnought' in company, following a chase into Cezimbra Road, the scene of his last exploit, and there, after a short engagement with the fort, exchanging presents with the commandant, and coming to a friendly arrangement by which he was allowed to ride in peace. His idea may have been to gather his scattered ships again in a position where it would be very difficult for Brochero to attack him. But of this he says nothing. All he tells us is that, not being able to hear anything of the Dutch, he resolved to go boldly to the appointed rendezvous at the Rock of Lisbon and seek them. There he arrived on September 26, with nothing in company but the 'Adventure' and the 'Lion's Whelp' pinnace, the rest of his squadron having been dispersed in a gale four days before. Still nothing would tame him. That night he saw a number of lights which he believed were those of the Brazil convoy making for the Tagus. Without more ado he dashed at them, and found himself in

the midst of Brochero's fleet. He himself and the 'Whelp' cleverly extricated themselves in the dark without being recognised, but the 'Adventure' was discovered and severely mauled before she got clear. At daybreak further concealment was impossible and the Spaniards gave chase. Three of their best sailors soon stretched ahead of the rest and began to overhaul the 'Whelp.' But Monson at once struck sail and calmly waited for them. Whereupon the Spanish admiral recalled his chasing ships and stood in with the shore, leaving the English to their own devices. It is clear the Queen's ships felt that their handiness and sailing powers still gave them complete security against any number of Spaniards. 'It may appear by this,' is Monson's cool comment on the incident, 'how much the swift sailing of ships doth avail, being the principal advantage in sea service, and indeed the main thing we could presume upon in our war against the Spaniards.' And as testimony of his convictions he began chasing again as wildly as ever, as though nothing had happened, till he soon found himself completely alone, for good and all.

In this condition he heard from a French ship that the autumn West India convoy was daily expected at Seville. As though his whole force were still at his back, he at once ran down to St. Vincent to wait for them, thinking it a likely spot to find his consorts. But it was only to learn from some English privateers bent on the same errand as himself that the convoy had got safely in two days before. Thus the last item of his original programme was unaccomplished. Yet till October 21, later than any Queen's ship had ventured to keep the coast, he clung to the St. Vincent station, and on that day was rewarded with the sight of a King's galleon. Here was another chance of a fair fight and he gave chase

merrily, but before he could fetch her up she had run under the guns of Cape Sagres Castle. Since Drake in 1587 by one of his most daring exploits had taken and dismantled the place, it had been repaired and re-armed, but Monson would not give up the game. Regardless of the plunging fire which the castle could bring to bear on the anchorage, he determined to run in and board his quarry. But, as he says, the fear and cowardice of the man at the helm spoiled the manœuvre. Still he engaged the Spaniard at ship's length in spite of the castle till between them they had killed ten of his crew and so torn his ship 'that a man could have crept through her.' How long he would have gone on we cannot tell, but during the fight Zubiaur's squadron appeared to the westward. No English flag was in sight, except a few privateers who refused to assist him in his mad endeavour, and there was nothing to do but let go and make off while he could.

Finding himself now completely alone, and that there was no longer any reasonable chance of seeing his consorts again, he had reluctantly to confess the station was untenable. Wherever he took up his cruising ground a Spanish squadron was sure to appear, and in a last faint hope he resolved to make for the Azores. It was a bold resolution, but the weather again proved unkind, and after some three weeks' fruitless struggle he bore up for home. It was not till November 24 that he made Plymouth, and there he found most of his squadron. The 'Mary Rose' and the 'Dreadnought' had most of their men dead or sick. The 'Paragon' of London had come home long before, with a prize of sugar and spices so rich that it paid for the whole cruise. The 'Quittance,' which he had never seen since she sailed, had encountered two Dunkirkers on her way home and had fought them till her

captain was killed.[1] The ill-starred 'Adventure' had met the Brazil convoy, and, attacking in the usual reckless way, had been beaten off with loss and nothing else. So ended the last of the great Elizabethan cruises against the Spanish Oceanic trade. A final demonstration of the futility of making war on an enemy's commerce without having first cleared his warships from the seas.

The campaign was the longest of its kind that had yet been seen. Never before had a fleet been sent to the high seas twice in the same year, often as Drake had desired it, and never before had a Queen's fleet kept the Spanish coast so late. Nor did the operations of the main fleet comprise the whole of the year's naval action. The Channel Guard had had its turn, and with a very pretty piece of service, unique of its kind, had brought the last campaign of the war to a brilliant finish.

[1] Chamberlain says that it was the 'Crane' that fought this action and that one Jones was her captain on convoy duty. She was not part of Monson's squadron. See *Chamberlain Letters*, December 6, 1602.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LAST OF THE GALLEYS

It will be remembered that, when the Government heard the Irish expedition had been postponed, and decided to hold back Leveson and the rear division of the main fleet, they had ordered him, instead of paying off his ships, to remain in the Narrow Seas to strengthen Mansell and the Channel Guard. For this order they had good reason. In spite of the lesson which Spinola had received in Cezimbra Road he was undefeated, and with his usual intrepidity was still bent on repeating his exploit of 1599. No sooner had he carried into Lisbon the six shattered galleys that remained to him than he set about refitting and remanning them, determined to carry them through the Channel to Sluys, as he had done before, and join hands with his brother the Marquis. The work took time, but about two months after the action the galleys seem to have been thoroughly repaired, and the crews made up to fifteen hundred slaves and nearly a thousand troops. So soon as he was ready Spinola went straight to Santander without touching at any intermediate port. By the time Monson with his van division reached Coruña he had already passed, and thus it was that the English admiral got no news of him.[1] Opdam, however, before

[1] See Sir Thomas Fane's examination of the galley slaves in his custody (*Domestic Calendar*, September 28, 1602). Captain Duro (*op. cit.* p. 222) says he touched at Coruña and Ferrol, but gives no authority. The galley slaves were clear he touched nowhere.

he left the coast had obtained full information of the movement, and was able to warn the English Government as he passed up Channel early in September. By that time Monson had pushed on to the southward beyond recall, Leveson at Plymouth was still far from ready for sea, and Mansell's force was much too weak to be sure of intercepting such a man as Spinola. Besides his flag-galleon, the 'Hope,' he appears at this time to have had only the crompsters 'Advantage' and 'Answer' at his command.[1] It happened, however, that Opdam on his way back from his abortive cruise had put into Portsmouth. On hearing how things stood he decided to leave behind him two of his best vessels, the 'Moon' and the 'Samson,' and two large flyboats under his vice-admiral, Jan Cant, to co-operate with Mansell, ordering him to hold them at the disposal of the Queen, while he himself pursued his voyage and carried the rest of his exhausted fleet back to Holland.

About the middle of September Spinola was reported to be on the Breton coast. Cecil sent on the news to Cant at Portsmouth, and the Dutch admiral at once put to sea with his four vessels to join the Channel Guard to the eastward. Mansell was somewhere off Dungeness. The two admirals, when they met, rapidly concerted a well-laid scheme for making certain of intercepting their nimble antagonist. For the French coast they had no reason to take special care. Off Dunkirk and Sluys were two Dutch blockading squadrons on the look-out, and it was hardly possible for Spinola to avoid encountering one

[1] During the summer two other vessels had been in commission in the Narrow Seas. One was the galleon 'Vanguard,' to the command of which Captain Button had been promoted, presumably in recognition of his service at Kinsale in the pinnace 'Moon.' The other was under a Captain Turner (see Ralegh to Cecil, July 20, 1602, *Edwardes*, ii. 248). But at this time nothing is heard of either of them. They had either been brought in or were on detached service on the Irish or the Northern station.

or both of them, if he kept his old course along the coast of Picardy. Mansell and Cant seem to have made up their minds that he would this time attempt to slip by along the English coast; but although his progress up the Bay was constantly reported, the admirals are not known to have had any definite information of his intention. Their opinion was probably no more than a luminous deduction, such as naval officers have to make shift with in nine cases out of ten. Having formed their opinion, they acted on it with a decision and courage which marks how low the prestige of the galley's fighting power had fallen, in spite of Spinola's brilliant efforts to restore its reputation. Regardless of his strength they resolved to split their force in two. Cant with the 'Moon' and the 'Samson' was to lie in the Downs in company with Bredgate in the 'Answer' of the Queen's. Mansell in the 'Hope' was to keep the Dungeness station with Jonas in the 'Advantage' and the two Dutch flyboats. Leveson, as being still unready for sea, and too far to the westward, had no place in the design.

Thus upon Mansell's squadron, as being the most westerly of the four that were lying in wait for Spinola, fell the task of getting first contact. To this end he spread out his four vessels to seaward from Dungeness, disposing them in echelon within signalling distance one of the other, the two Dutch flyboats being outermost. In this position he remained some three or four days till the morning of September 24. The day broke thick and misty with a stiff south-westerly breeze fair up Channel. It was difficult to see any distance, but thanks to Mansell's disposition a good stretch of sea was covered, and the first light of dawn revealed to the two Dutch flyboats Spinola's six galleys running merrily under sail before the wind. His course lay about north-east towards the English

coast, as though his intentions were to take advantage of the mist to slip by inside the English cruisers. The Dutchmen at once gave chase, keeping a bit closer to the wind than Spinola on a course oblique to his, whereby they threatened to head him off and at the same time were closing in on their admiral. For awhile Spinola treated the situation with unmoved contempt. Regardless of the bold threat of the Dutchmen, he held on his course as though to brush them from his path if they dared to close. But soon the growing light, and the course he was taking, brought the 'Hope' in all her glory into sight. It was impossible to mistake the splendour of the flagship of the Queen's Admiral of the Narrow Seas; it was impossible to forget what one Queen's galleon had done in Cezimbra Road; it was not Spinola's present business to fight, and for the first time in his life he gave way.

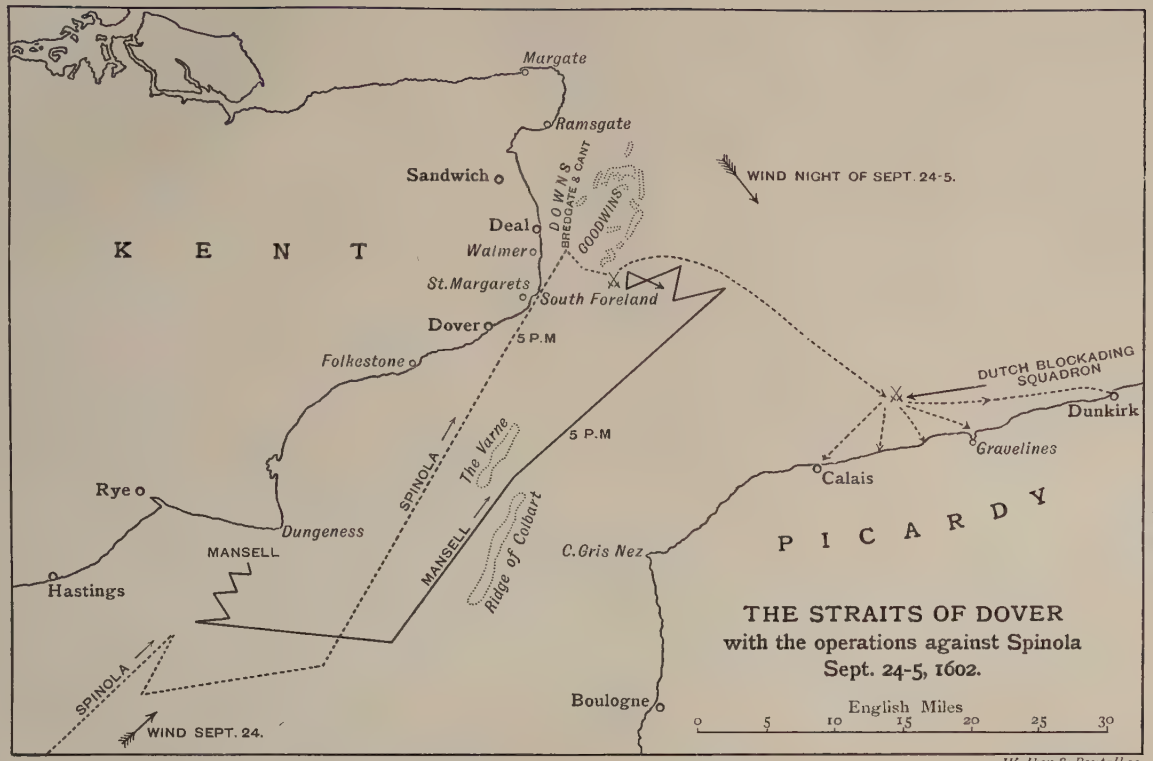
But he was far from beaten yet. What happened exactly at this point we are not told, but from the silence of both the Dutch and English it was presumably something they did not enjoy telling. Spinola certainly struck sail and must have begun manœuvring to windward with his oars. At all events we know that it was only by constantly turning to windward that Mansell and his consorts could keep their nimble adversary in sight. Mansell apparently suspected him of an intention to slip by him to the eastward round his seaward flank as soon as night fell, and he sent off Jonas in the 'Advantage' to warn the Dutch squadrons before Dunkirk and Sluys. He himself edged out into mid-channel to frustrate the move which Spinola's clever tactics seemed to threaten. The two flyboats held their ground between him and the galleys, and all three never ceased to turn to windward in their efforts to keep touch with the enemy. Nearly the whole day was thus consumed without the galleys being

brought to action. Spinola's movements must have been of a brilliancy entirely worthy of his reputation. The details are unhappily lost. All we know is that late in the afternoon he suddenly made sail again and was able to run past his three antagonists close in shore on his original course.[1]

So fine a performance deserved to have got him clear. To all appearance he had fairly beaten Mansell; but it is only just to the English admiral to remember that it was Spinola who was really outwitted. Mansell's move into mid-channel had served two purposes. It had frustrated any intention Spinola may have had of escaping on the French side. At the same time it had temptingly left open the way along the English coast, and this way led straight into the trap prepared for him in the Downs. The immediate result of Spinola's movement was to leave the two Dutchmen far astern and to bring Mansell nearest to him. The apparently baffled admiral crowded all sail and gave chase, firing furiously with his bow chasing pieces. But it was to little purpose, except as a signal to Cant and Bredgate in the Downs to get under sail. The wind held merrily, and Spinola's light craft outsailed the Queen's galleon. About five o'clock they were seen from Dover, and so close in did they pass the South Foreland that several galley slaves leapt overboard and swam ashore at St. Margaret's. The chasing ships were widely separated, and all of them a long distance out to sea.[2] This would look as if Mansell had purposely

[1] Meteren says this movement was made 'as the sun was setting'; but the English authorities make it clear it was before five o'clock. See next note.

[2] *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxv. 14, i. Fane to Cobham, Dover Castle, 6 P.M., September 24, 1602. The paraphrase in the Calendar is inaccurate. The letter runs: 'This afternoon about five of the clock here are plainly discovered six galleys [? chased] by Sir Robert Mansell, having in his company two of her Majesty's ships and two Hollanders, every of them being at the least six or seven leagues to the eastward of the said galleys, and every one



THE STRAITS OF DOVER
with the operations against Spinola
Sept. 24-5, 1602.

made room for Spinola to pass in shore of him when he found he could not bring him to action, and that he was still steadily pursuing his clever design. By keeping persistently to seawards of his unsuspecting enemy and blocking the course to the French coast he was craftily hounding him inside the Downs, where Cant and Bredgate were in waiting. So he held on as he was on a dying breeze till, as night fell, he saw Spinola heading past Walmer fair for the inside of the Goodwins. This was all he wanted. Knowing that Spinola must now inevitably fall foul of the squadron in the Downs and be driven to run towards France, he shifted his course in that direction so as to head him off and drive him back on Cant.

Meanwhile Spinola had held on in the growing darkness till he was suddenly made aware of his danger by the flash of Cant's broadsides. He checked immediately, as he had done before, but now his predicament was more serious. He had no longer sea room. Fortunately for him the breeze died away before the Downs squadron could close. A short calm followed, but it was long enough to enable him to get clear of the Goodwins, and when the breeze sprang up again it was from the north-west fair for him to run out to sea. Thus for the second time he escaped. But still he was not free. As soon as Mansell heard the firing in the Downs he headed up for the south end of the Goodwins, where sooner or later he knew Spinola must seek to escape if he escaped at all. By this time it was quite dark, and as Mansell stood off and on

of them being two leagues each one before the other.' Some such word as 'chased' seems to be omitted between 'galleys' and 'by.' The second Queen's ship may have been the 'Advantage' or a pinnace that had joined. Six or seven leagues is probably an exaggeration. If Mansell had been so far out and had begun to stand still further to the eastward, he could hardly have caught Spinola off the Goodwins.

with every eye in the ship straining into the blackness, he was suddenly aware of a galley passing close athwart his fore foot. In a moment the 'Hope' was a blaze of fire. What happened could not be seen, but as the galley faded into the night the crash of spars mingling with shrieks and lamentations told the tale. When the smoke cleared they thought they saw the mangled vessel making towards them with cries of distress. Mansell hailed her with an offer of quarter and was about to haul alongside when he suddenly found himself in the midst of the other five galleys. The danger of being boarded by a vastly superior force was acute, but he managed to haul off before any of them could close. For a while he blazed away in the dark, but the galleys could keep much nearer the sands than he dared venture his galleon, and he soon lost touch. So he missed his prize, and in spite of his really clever chase Spinola for the third time won clear.

There was now nothing between him and his end but the two squadrons before Dunkirk and Sluys. These he had evaded once, and might easily evade again, so dark was the night. It was sheer blindman's buff. No one could tell where he was, and Leveson, Bredgate, Cant, and the rest were plunging after him through the dark till they had lost touch not only of the enemy, but of each other. If any man deserved success it was Spinola. He had been met with a cunning worthy of his own and had so far escaped every snare. But his harassed squadron was no longer what it had been. It was losing its mobility. His galley slaves were getting exhausted and he had a lame duck to tend. On a freshening breeze and rising sea a whole squadron was on his heels; ahead the Dunkirk blockaders had taken the alarm, and the dark seas through which he must pass were alive with a swarm of hostile vessels, hungry for the treasure he carried. Worst

of all, it would seem that Mansell's furious onslaught off the tail of the Goodwins had had the effect of scattering the galleys, and since they dared not show a light they could not get touch again.[1] The result was that in the dead of the night the Dutch vessels began to fetch them up, and galley after galley encountered a towering enemy that loomed up out of the dark and crashed into her with appalling results. Off Gravelines about ten o'clock Captain Sael in the 'Samson' fell in with one of them and incontinently overran her in the good old mediæval fashion, at the same moment firing his two bow twenty-four pounders into her at point blank. With her galley slaves up to their middle in water and the fallen rigging about their ears, with her oars broken and her poop and steering gear smashed to pieces, she fell away into the dark, only to meet another Dutchman, who rammed her again. Forty of her men were rescued by her last antagonist, who lay by her till about midnight. Then, 'with a loud cry from those on board,' she went down. Cant caught another in the same way and engaged a third, and not one escaped an encounter. In the end two were sunk and one crawled into Calais to finish her days as firewood for the citizens. The rest limped off amongst the Flemish sands, where two more were cast away. The intrepid Spinola alone brought his galley through. Caught by the Dunkirk squadron, he was forced so far in amongst the shoals that his pursuers drew off to watch him strike, just as in 1588 the English admirals had watched the Great Armada. But so long as Spinola had anything under him that would float he was not beaten. Everything he could lay hands on was jettisoned, the galley slaves were promised their liberty, and so, miraculously, he scraped over the sands and brought his vessel and all his treasure safe

[1] Fane to Cobham (*ibid.* 15 i.) Dover Castle, 10 P.M., September 24, 1602.

into Dunkirk. Of the movements of the English vessels during the night nothing is known. It seems clear none of them fell in with the enemy. The Dutch finished the work alone. It is probable that Mansell held up for Sluys, which was known to be Spinola's destination, and so after all missed a fair fight with his subtle adversary.

One leaves such a man with regret. The feat he attempted and the measure of success he achieved gave promise of a career which would raise him to as high a position at sea as his brother won ashore. But it was a promise destined to remain unfulfilled. His end was close at hand, and by a strange dramatic fitness it marked finally and emphatically the hopelessness of the revival he had attempted. It proved beyond doubt that as a weapon against the broadside sailing-ship the galley was obsolete. Undeterred by his failure Spinola throughout the winter was as active as ever, reorganising his old squadron for the spring. We see him incessantly in the saddle, posting to and fro, always with some daring scheme in the wind.[1] In Sluys he succeeded in forming a fleet of eight galleys and four of the smaller oared vessels then known as frigates. But difficulty after difficulty arose, and May came before he had done anything. All the Archduke's officers were by the ears, and in Sluys it was no better. The Governor and Spinola had high words. The Italian felt himself insulted past bearing and, weary of his thankless task, resolved to sally out and silence his enemies by some surpassing exploit or by his death. The Vice-Admiral of Zeeland, Joost de Moor, was watching the port with two ships of war and the two galleys that had been built for the purpose. The Admiral was away in Flushing with four more ships and a frigate; and in the early hours of May 26, 1603, Spinola

[1] See report of English Agent (*S.P. Flanders*, vol. xxxvi., January 7, 1603).

seized the moment for a dash on the weak blockading squadron. By threatening a landing to the northward in Zeeland he was able to choose his own ground, in a position amongst the shoals in every way favourable to galleys. De Moor gave him battle at daybreak. The action was as close as a galley admiral could desire; the Spanish vessels were filled with musketeers; there was no wind. Nothing was wanting to make things easy for the galleys, and yet they could make no impression on the Dutch. A long and furious action ensued with guns and musketry, and it was only ended by a ball that stretched Spinola on the deck. Deprived of his inspiring personality, the galleys, already cut to pieces, at once retired, and hurried back only just in time to prevent the Flushing division cutting them off from Sluys. So the brilliant young Italian's short career ended in a crushing disaster. Sensible of all the victory meant, the Dutch had a medal struck in its honour, and the legend inscribed on it was *Cedunt triremes navibus* 1603 *victæ perempto Spinola.* The last of the true Mediterranean admirals had been put to a final issue, and the ships had beaten the galleys. No more fitting utterance could have closed the great naval war. The transition was over. The north had triumphed, and the broadside galleon was the ship of the future.[1]

[1] In the account of Spinola's last exploits I have followed Meteren (*Hist. des Pays Bas*). He says that in the affair of 1602 the Dutch took all the credit, to the disgust of the English officers, who claimed it was they who had driven Spinola into the toils. Meteren, therefore, assures us that he was at pains to give an accurate and impartial account of what everyone did. The only detailed English account extant seems to be the unfinished draft of an anonymous despatch (*S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxv. f. 16), and this as far as it goes confirms Meteren. Possibly it is by Mansell himself, for we know he drew up a report in his own defence, but this seems to be missing. Chamberlain sent a copy of it to Dudley Carleton on November 4, 1602. 'The Dutchmen,' he says, 'had set out a relation of the fight with the galleys which we allow not, neither indeed do their own tales agree: whereupon I thought good to send you this report of Sir Robert Mansell, in answer of these drunken companions.' *Letters*, p. 161.

CHAPTER XVII

RESULTS OF THE WAR

THE long war was over. Elizabeth was dead. In spite of herself, in spite of all her resistance to her 'men of war,' she had become the soul of it, and when she died the war died with her. Ever since Essex's execution she had been ailing. The new year found her a sinking old woman. Still everything by this time had been arranged in view of her death, and there seemed little cause for anxiety. The war even showed fresh signs of activity. The successes of the last campaign had put new life into it, and hostilities were to be pushed with vigour. Not indeed on the drastic lines which Drake had striven for, but on those of the past year, which long ago had been urged by old John Hawkins and had been rejected in favour of the project of Drake and Norreys against Lisbon. It was a design to maintain a blockade of the Spanish oceanic ports from February till November by a fleet in two divisions, of which the second was to relieve the first in June. The whole was to consist of eight galleons and two pinnaces of the Queen's, five auxiliary merchantmen, and ten Dutch men of war which were expected to join. Leveson as Admiral was to have the first division and Monson as Vice-Admiral the second. Mansell, who had had the Winter Guard, was to remain in command of the Channel Squadron as Vice-Admiral of the Narrow Seas

for the special work of intercepting contraband of war from the north.[1]

In order to leave the Queen's ships greater freedom for offensive action, the duty of protecting commerce in the Narrow Seas, as had been foreshadowed in the recent debate in Parliament, was thrown upon the country at large. During the past year, it will be remembered, a committee of the House of Commons had been appointed to consider the subject. Its conclusions are unknown, but on February 5, 1603, the Queen made an order directing the Council to issue letters calling for contributions for the formation of an auxiliary fleet of private ships for convoy duty. The money was to be raised by voluntary subscription throughout the country, each town and county being assessed at its fair proportion, with the proviso that no one having less than 20*l.* a year in land or 200*l.* in goods was to be called on to subscribe. The money so raised was not to be paid into the Treasury, of which, since Cecil's recent financial tricks over the Ostend auxiliaries, we may assume a reasonable suspicion in mercantile circles, but to a special fund of which Alderman Bayning, of London, was appointed Treasurer; and it was to be administered, not by the Admiralty, but by a committee consisting of one deputy from each county. The Queen undertook to provide the new fleet with all munitions of war free of cost, and further that all prizes taken by it were to be enjoyed by the fund free of customs duties and Admiralty tenths. If the project did not prove to be remunerative, the committee could continue the arrangement or not as they liked. It was merely an experiment. In every way the scheme was to be made to appear purely voluntary and for the benefit

[1] Monson, *Naval Tracts*; Ant. Rivers's letters in the *Domestic Calendar*, pp. 298, 300; *Chamberlain's Letters*, p. 175.

of those who financed it. Her Majesty would have it known that she herself would derive no pecuniary benefit. Her sole interest in it was the security of her subjects' sea-borne trade. Since the Dunkirkers had become so troublesome and privateers from the northern parts of Spain had taken to regular cruises in the mouth of the Channel, her own navy was unequal to the task of commerce protection. Her ships were not of the right design, and moreover were too much occupied with other work. Ten or twelve ships, it was thought, would suffice for the auxiliary fleet she called for, and Cecil undertook that it should be divided into three squadrons, one for the west, another for London and the Channel, and the third for the North Sea, so that no part of the kingdom should benefit more than another.

Whether the fleet was ever formed or not, or whether it fell through with the collapse of the war, we cannot tell, but the project remains an extremely interesting example of the Elizabethan system, contrasting eloquently with the disastrous effort which Charles I. made to raise a fleet in what he presumably believed was the same way. Few documents, indeed, are more redolent of the spirit in which Elizabeth approached the new constitutionalism than the drafts which Cecil corrected for setting the scheme in motion. The voice of opposition, it must be remembered, had already been heard, and we see the old Queen sounding its exact value as Cecil pens his corrections. All his additions to the original draft are designed to make it clear that the whole thing is voluntary, that the Government is merely paternally organising an undertaking for the benefit of the community which the community had no machinery to organise for itself. She claims no right to levy the money, nor even to administer it when levied. It is simply that she sets on foot a national insurance company

governed by a national board of directors, to which she gives special privileges to ensure its success. Wherever the most vigilant Radical of the day might discern 'prerogative' between the lines, Cecil has written in words that obliterate all chance of suspicion. Surely no sovereign ever felt the beat of her people's heart so justly as the wizened old Queen, who, after leading them so far and so high, could still stoop patiently to listen with one foot already in the grave.[1]

While the arrangements for the auxiliary fleet were in progress, Leveson's force for the coast of Spain was pushed as energetically, and so long as the Queen was still herself all went well. By the end of February the ships were lying at Queenborough practically ready for sea, but at the last moment everything hung fire. Early in March the old Countess of Nottingham, the Lord Admiral's wife, died. She and he were almost the last survivors of those who had surrounded the Queen in the heyday of her reign, and the shock was so great that she became seriously ill. Her death even was expected daily, and no public business could be got through. In vain Leveson, eager to be off Lisbon before the carracks sailed, clamoured for his commission. It was impossible for the

[1] An undated copy of the Queen's order to the Council is in *S.P. Dom. Warrant Book*, i. p. 89. The *Domestic Calendar* conjecturally assigns it to 1600, though in *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxvii. f. 23, is a dated copy, which fixes it to February 5, 1603. Similarly, the undated draft of Cecil's circular to the western counties is assigned to 1600, though *ibid.* f. 8, is a schedule dated January 17, 1603, which is referred to in the draft. The western district extended from Beachy Head to Milford Haven, and the contribution demanded for the thousand tons of shipping it was to maintain was 8,732*l.* Stow tells us (p. 812) that London was scheduled to provide two ships and a pinnace at a cost of 6,000*l.* The capital must therefore have been looked to for the bulk of the central squadron. Chamberlain, in his letter of January 27, to Carleton, says: 'It is propounded that the city should maintain two ships and a pinnace, the northern coast as many or more, and the west country in like proportion'—an eloquent testimony to the growing wealth and importance of the port of London.

Queen to sign anything. He begged for a warrant from the Lord Admiral to authorise him to sail with the ships under his command, but even this could not be done. Things were far too critical to let the fleet go. For days the Queen had been lying almost speechless and senseless on a pile of cushions—still dressed in her best and refusing stubbornly to take to her bed. She would not even eat, and rejected every remedy her doctors advised with the same obstinacy with which she had so often rejected the prescriptions of her 'men-of-war.' Just as she had fought against old age she fought against death, till, exhausted with lack of sleep and emaciated with want of food, she gave in and the end was at hand. The fleet was immediately ordered to sea—but not for the coast of Spain. The question of the succession had hung over the country like a nightmare for years; it had been one of the causes of the war. The hour was now come, and the fleet had to watch that the machinery, which the Cecils had constructed with so much skill and weary care to complete the union of Great Britain, was not interrupted in its working. On March 22 Leveson got to sea with instructions to make a demonstration on the Flemish and French coasts. On the 25th he reached the Downs, and there he found news that Elizabeth was dead and orders to proclaim in the fleet that James was King.

It was an end to all the sailors' hopes of carracks and treasure ships. James was a man of peace. He was ready enough to take the benefits of his new inheritance, but not its liabilities. The war was no affair of his. He as King of Scotland was in amity with the King of Spain, and he lost no time in making known the astute position he meant to take up. The quarrel died with Elizabeth and peace came in with the Stuart line.

But, like the stout old Queen lying obstinately on her

pile of cushions and defying her doctors, the war died hard. There was a large section of the maritime population to whom the pursuit of 'a little comfortable dew of Heaven' upon the sea had become a second nature, as deeply engrained as was their old Queen's passion for youth and life. It was a fever not to be allayed by a piece of Jacobean casuistry. The wealth that had been brought into English ports during the past season had only fed the fire. Even as the Queen lay dying a rumour spread that an obscure skipper called Newport, whom no one had ever heard of, had captured between Nombre de Dios and Havana two or three of the Cathagena treasure frigates. Eight Spanish war ships had gone out to hunt him, but he was safe, it was said, in Milford or Ireland, rolling in untold riches. With such potent drugs to stimulate its life, it is no wonder the war gasped on. Ministers might keep the navy ships to pacific demonstrations against any interruption of a quiet succession, but they could not kill the war at a stroke. Even James found himself forced into giving it time to die. When he was safely seated on his throne and had leisure to turn to business he found privateering was going as briskly as ever. It had to be stopped; for the Archduke was taking peace for granted, and without any formal armistice was once more throwing open his ports to English commerce. On June 22, 1603, therefore, James issued a proclamation that the war had ended with Eizabeth's death and his own accession, and that all captures since made were illegal. However, out of tenderness for his subjects, as he said, he would permit them to retain such prizes as had been captured before April 24—that is, within one month after his accession, for in all ordinary cases shipowners ought to

have had notice of the cessation of the war in that time.[1] Considering how widely the English privateers were accustomed to range, and that James did not reach London till May, the time was clearly too much or too little, and there is no doubt that it was the first seed of James's extreme unpopularity with the sailors. Officially, of course, the proclamation stopped the war, but it could not stop the privateering. Not even the formal treaty of peace, which was signed the following year, could do that. The Dutch were still at war, and the incorrigible privateers simply took service under the States, or made a colourable transfer of their vessels to the Dutch flag. In this way the game went on almost as merrily as ever. So serious did the matter become, and so pressing were the Spanish protests, that in July 1605 James had to issue another proclamation more stringent than the last. All seamen serving in foreign ships of war were ordered to return home immediately. The aiding and receiving of such persons was strictly forbidden, as though they were pirates. No privateer was to be permitted to enter a British port, and no ship to go out until it had been searched for arms; nor could any armed merchantman get leave to sail unless its owner first executed a bond for his good behaviour. No colourable transfer would entitle a British ship to extra-territorial rights, and even though, as was the practice, they had Dutch officers on board, the port officials were directed to seize them.[2] With similar orders Elizabeth had attempted to stop the wild

[1] Rymer, *Fœdera*, xvi. 516; *Acta Regia*, iv. 240; and cf. a draft proclamation making void all letters of reprisal and recalling captains of war ships serving abroad, in *S.P. Dom. Add.* It is there assigned to May 1603, though probably it is only another draft of the 'Marine Orders' of 1605 mentioned in the next note.

[2] Rymer, *Fœdera*, xvi. 633. The proclamation of 1605 as given by Rymer is clearly based on the draft 'Marine Orders' in *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxvi. 35, though they are there conjecturally assigned to the impossible date 1602.

game in the old days before the war was officially recognised, but though at times she had certainly been in earnest they had barely checked it. In European waters James was more successful, but beyond the ocean his orders could not reach, and the last days of the Elizabethan rovers became the first of the Buccaneers.

The blame can hardly be laid to the seamen. It was James who made it inevitable. The first act of his pusillanimous hand had been to throw away all for which they had striven so long. From the first, under the flag of old John Hawkins, the seamen had fought for the oceanic trade, and when we examine the peace which James hastened to make, we find that so far as the oceanic trade is concerned there is nothing but the *status quo ante*. The Indies are not so much as mentioned. The burning question, which had been the main cause of so much bloodshed and suffering, was left to rest on a vague declaration that the old commercial treaties between England and the House of Burgundy were still valid. It was on these very treaties that John Hawkins had been first sent out by the London merchants to assert their right to trade with Philip's colonies, and the answer had been to treat him as a pirate. Since then a whole generation had passed. For more than thirty years blood and treasure had been poured out upon the sea to open the gates of the new world, which the blighting hands of Spain kept sullenly locked, and so far as the new treaty went not an inch had been gained. It gave no more than the right to trade with all 'Kingdoms, Dominions, and Islands of the King of Spain to which before the war there was commerce according to the ancient treaties.' It was exactly where Hawkins had started. There was a further clause, it is true, which might be construed as throwing open the Indies. It provided that no party to the treaty would

exclude the vessels of any other party from any port in his 'kingdoms and dominions,' on customary dues being paid. But it was on an exactly similar provision that Hawkins had claimed the right to trade on the Spanish Main, and had been refused. The treaty settled nothing. The old quarrel stood precisely where it began.[1]

As some compensation to the mercantile community, commerce with Spain and Flanders was thrown open, subject only to customary dues. An effort even was made to remove the old causes of friction. No embargo was to be levied on either side without six months' notice, and the right to requisition ships was only to be exercised by consent of the Prince whose flag they flew. To the regular old-fashioned commerce of the country these privileges no doubt seemed a large gain, but it was not with the old-fashioned commerce that the future lay. For the more adventurous spirits European waters would no longer suffice. Elizabeth had let them see the ends of the earth, and no treaty could ever again stifle the voice that kept calling in their ears. England had taken upon herself her burden. She had started upon her mission that was to change the face of the earth. Though its meaning was still dark, the gospel of her sword was the Brotherhood of Industry. To that high end she had begun to fight her way, and all who would not hearken must be trodden underfoot. It was in vain that kings cried peace where there was no peace. For two centuries to come the struggle between England and Spain broke out again and again in sanguinary and protracted wars. The intervals between them were but official truces barely kept, and no real peace came till Spain had nothing left to deny mankind.

It is not in the Stuart treaty that the results of the

[1] Rymer, p. 579.

great Tudor war must be sought. The stricken field, it is well known, cannot fail to produce deep changes, which diplomacy may ignore but cannot root out. The long war of Elizabeth brought possessions to England which James with the worst will in the world could not throw away. With its broad political results we are not here concerned, great as they were. The counter-reformation had been stopped for ever, and Protestantism established as an indelible fact of the world; France had become once and for all a nation and so had Great Britain, and the once overpowering idea of a Spanish dominion was a dream to be laughed at. These, so far as England is concerned, may be regarded as the defensive results of the war. It was as a defensive war that the Queen and her scribes had always treated the struggle, and it cannot be denied them that as a defensive war it was a complete triumph. England, in spite of the apparent impossibility of the task, had kept her faith, her dynasty, and her territory inviolate, and the enemy that once had threatened all three so gravely could never again of her own strength stir a finger against them.

But the defensive aspect of the war is not the only one in which it has to be judged. There is also the view of the men who were its moving spirits. For them it meant something more. The offensive movements into which they never ceased their efforts to persuade or trick the Government were not designed as mere defensive measures. It was so they justified them to the scribes, but in their hearts they meant more. For them it was not enough to preserve what England had. Their hot spirit was set on winning for her something from her enemy's dominions. That they ever dreamed that England might become what Spain had tried to be cannot be maintained. Not even Ralegh could see so far ahead. They only felt within

them the instinct for expansion which was the great outcome of the Elizabethan regeneration, and to that end they pushed turbulently forward in thwarted endeavour. It was here lay the irreconcilable difference between the men of war and the scribes, between Drake and his successors and the mistress they tried to serve too well. Never once, except in the desire to recover the old English possession of Calais, did Elizabeth swerve from her attitude against expansion. Her most solemn and convincing declarations of policy disclaim the wish to acquire fresh territory, and her actions endorsed her professions. The idea of the expansion of England was alive, and Elizabeth was the first 'Little Englander.'

It has become so much a habit of thought to seek for the foundations of the Empire in the Elizabethan era, that it comes with a shock of regret to find we must deny the great Queen the honour of laying the first stone. The truth is that she and the Ministers she trusted were the main obstacles to expansion. But it is by no means certain that her insular policy was not right. There is nothing to show that England was yet ripe to break her shell. Every attempt at expansion had ended in failure. Englishmen as yet had shown no aptitude for colonisation. They had not so much as established a factory for trade. Acute observers believed they were inherently unfit for the work. 'That action,' wrote Chamberlain, speaking of the attempt to restore Virginia under James I., 'it is to be feared will fall to the ground of itself, by the extreme beastly idleness of our nation, which notwithstanding any cost or diligence used to support them will rather starve and die than be brought to labour.' If indeed it was only those incapable of succeeding at home who could be induced to go out, Elizabeth was certainly right in not encouraging the stirring movement and in

compelling it to gather force before it was let loose. Had she been able, as she so earnestly desired and as she prematurely tried again and again, to stop the war when the practical invulnerability of her kingdom had been demonstrated, it is probable there would have been a different story to tell. The energy of the best stuff in her dominions, which the war consumed, would no doubt have been turned to colonisation. But so long as the war lasted the expansive force of the country was unequal to the double task.

And if England had shown as yet no capacity for colonial settlement, still less had she shown capacity for conquest. Here Elizabeth was more directly responsible. She had set her face against conquest deliberately as a fundamental factor of her policy. Instinctively she felt herself too weak to go beyond the defence of her realm. She shrank from provoking further danger by aggression. Was she right? It is not an easy question to answer. It is well enough for Ralegh to say that if she had listened to her men of war they would have laid the Spanish Empire at her feet. But there were two occasions when she did give them a fairly free hand; once in the year after the Armada, when Drake and Norreys went to Lisbon, and once in 1596, when Howard and Essex went to Cadiz. On both occasions the men of war failed. In each case the failure was no doubt largely due to the action of the civil power at home. But it lay deeper than that. It lay in a defect which the men of war never clearly pointed out. What was wanting was an army, and England had none fit for the work. The strength which the command of the sea gave was fully understood. They knew the power of offence which it meant. But they had not yet advanced to the knowledge that to enjoy the vantage ground of the sea you must have an army as

mobile, as well organised, and as highly trained as your navy. Had such an army existed in 1589, Drake and Norreys must have succeeded in taking Lisbon and establishing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. In 1596 things had improved and Cadiz fell, but still the army was not sufficiently well organised or disciplined for the place to be held. Drake with his extraordinary genius for naval warfare knew well where the power of a fleet must end. He knew that without an army to carry forward its work no vital blow could be struck, but it is doubtful if he understood so well how highly developed such an army must be to succeed. Essex perhaps knew better. He had the advantage of the counsels of the men who had been trained to true soldiership in the Low Countries. His strong military instinct could grasp their teaching, and under colour of coast defence, and in spite of all opposition and mistrust, he made an effort to give England a real army, capable of rapid mobilisation for foreign service. The attempt was but partially successful. Neither the Government nor the country understood the need as they understood the navy, and with Essex's fall the movement collapsed. England appeared as unripe for a standing army as she did for colonisation, and under the circumstances peace was the best policy. Without a mobile military force capable of seconding the navy it was impossible to carry the war further. Indeed, for the past ten years England had been losing ground. After Drake's first three campaigns she had been in complete command of the sea. She had the most powerful and efficient navy the world had yet seen, and Spain had practically none. To hold the position it was only necessary to blockade the Spanish naval ports, but this without a base on the spot was impracticable. In those early days of the sailing navy it was impossible for ships to hold a containing position

month after month and year after year, like Cornwallis at Brest and Nelson at Toulon. Ships were not staunch enough and naval hygiene was too imperfectly understood. But with Lisbon for a base and a friendly Portugal behind it, it would have been possible so to watch the coast of Spain that she could never have recovered the blows she had received at sea. This was what Drake and his fellows saw. This is what they attempted, and they failed for want of an army as good as the fleet. The struggle degenerated into that most hopeless form of hostilities, an inadequate commercial blockade and a war on sea-borne trade. Spain, in spite of hampered resources, was left free patiently to create a navy, and England lost the working command of the sea which Drake had so brilliantly won for her. Too late he was called from his disgrace to retrieve the position. He fell under the strength which Spain had been permitted to develop, and his work was left to Essex. In 1596 the fresh attempt to set things right was made, and it failed as it was doomed to fail. It is incredible that Drake could have done better. There was still no adequate army and without an army the base could not have been established. So the war sank again to commerce destroying and blockade.

How vicious is such a form of warfare was one of the first lessons the war should have taught us. The attempt to destroy Spanish commerce was an undoubted failure. True she was greatly hampered by its interruption, and crippled beyond hope of successfully resuming the offensive. But the interruption was never complete enough to bring her to her knees. The treasure fleet upon which so much energy was squandered was never once taken, and yet every time the struggle broke out again it was destined to deflect our naval strategy from its true

lines. 'As to his plate fleet,' wrote an English admiral half a century later, 'it may be resembled to a great basin and ewer in a lottery, where many blanks are drawn before it is got.'[1] Blank after blank was drawn, and yet men never learnt how they were wasting the national resources to a degree beyond anything the whole plate fleet could repay. Had one half the energy those treasure ships consumed been used judiciously on land when the command of the sea made it possible, twice as much might have been achieved. As it was, the end of the war saw Spain far more powerful on the sea than when she began. We had taught her the lesson of naval power, and she had learnt it according to her lights. We had not learnt ours. It is doubtful whether we have learnt it yet. We know what Nelson did at Trafalgar, and forget that its real importance was what it afterwards enabled Wellington to do. We speak glibly of 'sea-power,' and forget that its true value lies in its influence on the operations of armies. For a defensive war a navy may suffice alone; but how fruitless, how costly and long drawn out a war must be, that for lack of an adequate army is condemned to the defensive, is the great lesson we have to learn in the failure of Drake's successors.

[1] Vice-Admiral Goodson to General Monck, October 8, 1657, *Clarke Papers*, iii. 121.

CONCLUSION

THE NAVY AT THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH

When we come to examine the actual state of the royal navy at the end of the war it is not a little surprising to find how small was the instrument with which so much had been achieved. Two months after the Queen's death Linewray, the Surveyor of the Ordnance, drew up for the new King's information a report on the armament of the royal ships and dockyard defences. From this we get a complete picture of the navy as Elizabeth left it. The great-ships, including galleons and crompsters, numbered thirty-one. Of these nine, including the two Cadiz prizes, were of what was coming to be known as 'the first rank'—ships, that is, of 700 tons and upwards.[1] Eight were of the second rank, that is, from 500 tons up to 700; seven of the third rank, from 300 tons up to 500; and seven of the fourth rank, from 100 tons up to 300. These, however, were not all fit for service. The 'Victory,' first rate, was awaiting reconstruction, and the second rates 'Hope' and 'Garland,' with the third rate 'Nonpareil,' were in process of rebuilding. Indeed, at least two or three vessels were almost always in this condition, so that practically the Queen's effective strength

[1] This system of rating first appears in a list of 1604 (*Add. MSS.*, 9336, f. 10). But it was not yet officially established. In the report of the Navy Commission of 1618, the ships are classed as (1) Ships Royal, 800–1,200; (2) great-ships, 600–800; (3) middling ships, 450–600; (4) small ships, 350–400; (5) pinnaces. *Charnock*, iii. p. 246.

of capital ships, which corresponded to the battleships and cruisers of the present time, seldom reached thirty.

After them came the class of pinnaces, corresponding in relative value to the sloops and torpedo gunboats of our own day. Their peculiar attribute was that they were vessels of free movement—that is, they could use oars when the wind failed. The strength of the class varied a good deal. In times of stress it was often increased by purchase from private owners. At Elizabeth's death there were eight on the Navy List, or if 'the frigate,' which seems to have been a prize, is included there were nine. In any case their number seldom exceeded ten, which in our eyes seems wholly inadequate for scouting, or, as it was then called, 'discovery.' But it must not be supposed that the importance of discovery was not understood. The explanation is that the English ports swarmed with small private men-of-war, which were admirably adapted for the purpose, and it was cheaper and probably more effective to employ them for intelligence in time of need than to keep up a strong squadron of pinnaces on the royal list.

Next in order comes a class of five galleys, a startling feature of the later Elizabethan navy. But, as we have seen, four of them were a fortuitous divagation from the normal development of the fleet, built for a special purpose which they never fulfilled. The fifth, the galley 'Mercury,' was the only one that can be counted as really forming part of the regular navy, and she was only a second or third class galley. Though mobilised with the fleet in 1599, she was regarded mainly as a harbour defence vessel for Chatham and the Thames. With the fleet she was of little use except as a tug, and Monson does not even mention her as forming part of the fighting force. The type was in fact obsolete, and its short resur-

rection was due to one of those popular panics which will always arise, when, either from inexperienced leading or bad luck, the services fail to achieve immediately all that rose-coloured traditions of previous campaigns lead civilians to expect.

Three other vessels also appear in the lists of the time and are usually counted on the effective strength. These were the famous old 'Tiger,' 'Scout,' and 'Achates,' of 200, 120, and 100 tons respectively. After serving in most of the famous expeditions of the time, and in the intervals doing the dirty work of the Narrow Seas, they had come to rest in an honourable retirement. Cut down and armed as floating batteries, they were supporting and guarding the Chatham chain, which, like our latest naval works at Devonport and elsewhere, was designed to protect the fleet at its moorings from sudden attempts at destruction, by fire or otherwise. In the Ordnance Surveyor's list they are classed as 'lighters,' and each carried two 9-pounders and four smaller pieces.

A few other vessels appear in some of the lists of the end of the reign—mainly hoys, ketches, and craft of the pinnace class.[1] Their appearance, however, is so fitful and irregular that they can hardly be regarded as perma-

[1] The principal navy lists of the last years of Elizabeth, besides that of Linewray, are: (1) Report of a Royal Commission of 1599, printed in *Archæologia*, xiii. 27, and by Derrick, *Rise and Progress of the Royal Navy*, p. 31. It enumerates forty-two vessels with full details of their armament. (2) A list in the *Coke Papers*, *Hist. MSS. Com.*, XII. i. 13. It there bears the date 1589, but since it contains the Cadiz prizes and does not contain the new galleys it must be between 1596 and 1601. (3) Two lists in *S.P. Dom.*, 286, f. 36, assigned to 1602, enumerating some fifty sail with detailed dimensions and other statistics as to armament, crews, and equipment of nearly all of them. See Oppenheim, *Administration of the Navy*, p. 124. (4) A list of the navy as it existed at the Queen's death in a MS. collection of old navy lists (*Add. MSS.*, 9336, f. 21, which also contains some of the above). This last is printed by Entick and by Derrick. It enumerates forty-three vessels, including hoys and lighters, but omits probably by error the 'Vanguard' and the 'Lion's Whelp.'

nently on the effective strength. They were probably vessels bought or chartered for particular service. They serve, nevertheless, to remind us that the Queen's ships by no means represented the entire naval strength of the kingdom. In sixteenth-century parlance the 'navy' meant the whole shipping of the country. The 'royal navy' was only a part of it. There exists a manuscript treatise on the state of England and Ireland written by one Thomas Wilson about this time, in which the case is clearly put. His estimate, it is true, is somewhat high pitched, but Cecil, to whom he presented the treatise, thought so well of his work that he appointed him an intelligence agent in Italy.[1] In speaking of the royal navy, he tells us that it consisted of thirty-six ships and thirteen or fourteen pinnaces, but this, he adds, was but a twentieth part of the Queen's naval force. Two thousand ships, he asserts, belonged to the Thames alone, all good for war or for merchandise. 'This may well be conjectured,' he proceeds, 'by this—that when there was a fleet of 240[2] ships of war sent into Spain and four other fleets of merchants to the Levant, to Russia, to Barbary and Bordeaux, all at one time abroad, yet should you never see the Thames betwixt London Bridge and Blackwall, four English miles in length, without 200 or 300 ships and vessels; besides the infinite number of men-of-war that then were and ever are roving abroad in the Indies and Spanish dominions, to get purchase, as they call it, whereby a number grow rich.' Although the impression conveyed is valuable, the figures appear loose enough to have ruined the prospects of any aspirant to the intelligence department. In 1582, the latest year of

[1] The treatise is in *S.P. Dom.*, cclxxx. For Cecil's relations with the author see *ibid.* cclxxviii. 130, and *Domestic Calendar*, 1601–3, *passim*.

[2] Really not more than 140.

Elizabeth for which full shipping statistics exist, the official return for the whole kingdom gave 177 vessels of 100 tons and upwards, 70 between 80 and 100 tons, and 1,383 between 20 and 80 tons, or 1,630 in all. Of vessels of 80 tons and upwards, London had then 85, a year later she had 121 of 60 tons and upwards. Since that time shipping had increased substantially. In February 1589 there were absent on distant voyages as many as 43 vessels, averaging nearly 170 tons. In 1588 the port of London furnished a contingent of vessels from 400 to 60 tons as large as the whole Royal Navy. The total number of private ships employed in that year was a little over 150.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that though Wilson's estimate gives an exaggerated picture of the English merchant marine, Elizabeth could count upon it for naval assistance to an extent far beyond anything the King of Spain could command. It was only by wholesale pressing of the foreign traders in his ports that Philip could ever gather a fleet in any way equal to what Elizabeth had always ready to hand. In 1597 of eighty-four ships which the Adelantado had at Ferrol sixty-four were foreign. Even so such polyglot Armadas were no match for the homogeneous fleets of England. They carried with them from the outset the seeds of disruption. The admirals led without confidence, the skippers sailed without heart, and again and again, as we have seen, the first flaw of bad weather was the welcome excuse for a stampede. Over and over again it has been said, even by those who admit that the battle of Gravelines was a great naval victory, that England was saved from invasion by the weather alone. This is not the whole truth. The immunity of England was due to the fact that her enemy could not produce on a

sufficient scale a fleet of one flag. A single flag inspired by a single purpose would have braved worse weather than ever delayed the Adelantado's armadas beyond the timely season or broke them up when they were hounded out to sea.

Turning to the vessels which composed the royal navy there is little progress to note since the completion of the programme of 1588. Those triumphant days were days of bold experiment. It was then that the four crompsters had been turned out, with the improved galleons 'Merhonour,' Garland,' and 'Defiance,' the Lord Admiral's 'Lion's Whelp' and the 'Primrose' hoy. Since then nothing of importance had been added to the navy until the revival of the war gave birth in 1596 to the 'Warspite' and the 'Repulse.'[1] They were the last galleons built under Elizabeth, and have therefore the special interest of marking the furthest point in naval architecture that was reached in Tudor times. The details of their construction and armament that have come down to us are fairly full. Both, it would seem, were laid down in the early autumn of 1595, when the great expedition to Spain was finally decided on, and both were launched about March 1, 1596.[2] This was no mean performance considering that both were ships of the first rank, and the Lord Admiral was not a little proud of it. 'I promised her Majesty,' he wrote to Cecil a few days after the launch, 'the two new ships should be builded by the

[1] Mr. Oppenheim in his list (*Op. cit.*, p. 121) gives between 1590 and 1596 only the 'Mercury,' 'Adventure,' 'Flight,' 'Eagle,' and 'Minnikin.' Of the last three nothing is known, except that the 'Eagle' was a 'lighter' (*S.P. Dom.*, cclxxxvi. f. 36). The 'Mercury' was a galley, or rather a *mezzo-galera* (see report on her, 1605, *Otho.* E. ix.). In one list she is called a galleon' (Derrick, p. 40), a name also applied to the 'Popinjay' (*Carew Calendar*, iii. p. 11). The 'Adventure' was the old 'Bull' rebuilt and rechristened.

[2] *Domestic Calendar*, p. 119; *S.P. Dom.*, ccliv. 43, and cclv. 8; Navy List of January, 1595–6, *Add. MSS.*, 9336.

20 March. It was performed before and yet everybody said it was impossible, but I assure you my often eye and my purse was the furtherer of it.' [1]

The dimensions of the two ships show them to have been of widely different types.[2] The 'Repulse,' with her length of nearly three beams and her relatively small depth, approached, like the vessels of the 1588 programme, to the true galleon, while the 'Warspite,' with her length of two beams and a half, resembled more the 'great-ships' of Hawkins's early administration. It is clear, therefore, that no complete agreement even on the main proportions of capital ships had been arrived at. The prevailing idea was certainly that a war ship should be a true galleon, that is, that it should have a length of three beams and a depth of less than half its beam.[3] The new Navy Commission, which was appointed in 1618 with a view to rescuing the navy from the decline into which it had fallen, recognised this principle as fundamental. The three beams rule was laid down by them as being the opinion of 'all men of the best skill both dead and alive,' and it was obviously regarded as an inheritance from the Elizabethan era. In endeavouring to get a clear conception of how Tudor ships compared with those of Nelson's time the point is of high interest. Charnock, the great authority on the history of naval architecture down to the end of the eighteenth century, believed that the modern type of vessel did not come into existence till

[1] *Hatfield Papers*, vi. 86, March 7, 1596.

[2] They were as follows:

	Keel	Beam	Depth	Burden	Tonnage
Repulse	105	37	16	622	777
Warspite	90	36	16	518	648

Oppenheim, p. 124.

[3] William Borough's definition of a galleon was a ship that has its length by the keel three times its width at the middle, and the depth in hold but $\frac{5}{12}$ or $\frac{2}{5}$ the breadth.—*S.P. Dom.*, ccxliii., f. 110, assigned to 1592.

the accession of James I. His opinion was based on descriptions and alleged drawings of the famous 'Prince Royal,' a ship of 1400 tons and 64 guns that was laid down in 1609 and launched the following year. This vessel he regarded as the true parent of the modern ship-of-the-line, and considered that it differed only in trifling particulars from the war ships of his own day. Subsequent improvements, he held, were all in matters of detail gradually tending to increase endurance, mobility, and fighting power, but the general design had taken the form which it retained at the commencement of the nineteenth century. On this point we may accept his authority with safety, but that the new type was introduced under James I. is much more doubtful.

To begin with, the 'Prince Royal' was only a little over two and a-half beams long, which does not suggest in itself any marked improvement. But there is a deal of direct evidence beyond. The ship in question was the subject of a heated controversy. Phineas Pett, the constructor, was accused by rival shipwrights and experts of not knowing his business. Feeling on the matter ran high. It rose even to the precincts of the throne, and was already dividing the Court into two acrimonious factions when the Scottish Solomon decided to settle the quarrel by holding an inquiry in person and on the spot. The main accusations against Pett were that the ship was of imperfect mould, with too much floor and too much depth; that her lower and upper sweeps were too long and her middle one too short, and that her sides were too upright. But he was able to refute them all to the King's satisfaction, and came off with flying colours. 'Much time,' he himself tells us, 'was spent in dispute of proportions, comparing my present frame with former precedents and dimensions for the best ships for length, breadth, depth,

floor, and other circumstances, in all which they could not fasten anything upon me.'[1] So far from claiming any revolutionary improvements, Pett based his defence on having followed established precedent. Clearly, then, the 'Prince Royal' was not a new departure. Charnock's error was due to his having trusted too implicitly to the representations of English ships on the House of Lords tapestries, apparently the only source to which he had access. These appeared to him to show no improvement on the old drawings of the 'Great Harry' of Henry VIII.'s time, and he therefore came to the conclusion that practically no real improvement was made till Stuart times. But if the representations he relied on be compared with other English and Dutch drawings of the time, it will be seen that the foreign artists who executed the tapestries treated the fleets in a highly decorative spirit and that Elizabethan ships were really much more modern in appearance.[2]

[1] *S. P. Dom.*, 1609, xlv. 32; Nichol, *Progresses of James I.*, vol. ii. 252.

[2] See those shown at the Cadiz action in Vere's commentaries, *supra*, cap. iii., and more especially 'The Black Pinnace' (*Brit. Mus. T. Laut.*, c. 21 f.); the illustrations to Drake's expedition of 1595; and Visscher's series of engravings of 1588, reproduced in *Drake and the Tudor Navy*. That Visscher's engravings really represented English war ships of the time and probably those which made the naval demonstration off Flushing in March 1588 there is no reason to doubt. It is true the artist might have decorated some Dutch ships with the English flag, but at this time the Dutch had no such ships as he represented. The squadron of Justinus of Nassau, which they equipped in this year to act on the high seas with the English fleet, included no vessel larger than 250 tons (see Meteren, *Hist. of the Netherlands*, authorised edition, Hague, 1614, p. 289: *van tachtich tot twee hundert vijftich vaten*. A *laste* was two *vaten*, *ibid.* p. 396 *b*). Nor is any Dutch ship of greater burden recorded until 1594. In that year four new ships were laid down for their first expedition to the East Indies. Two of them were of 230 'lasts' or 460 tons, and with them was a pinnace, *groot vijfentwentich lasten ofte vijftich vaten* (*ibid.*). It was not till their first real naval expedition in 1599 that they had a war ship of 1000 tons. See *ibid.*, *Books* xv., xix., and xxi., and cf. Ralegh, *War with Spain*, *Works*, ii. 7. In the authorised French edition of Meteren, the Hague, 1618, *laste* is rendered *charge* and *vaten*, *tonneaux*. Cf. the English measurement by 'cask,' i.e. 'pipes of oil or Bordeaux wine,' *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, vol. ii., Appendix C.

There is the further evidence that the Commission of 1618 made no reference to any recent changes in design, but quoted dead shipwrights of the past generation as authorities for what a ship should be; and finally we know that as late as 1635 the 'Merhonour,' a ship of the Armada programme rebuilt in 1613, was still regarded as one of the fastest sailers in the navy.

There can be little doubt, then, that the type of ship which survived till Charnock's day was much older than the early decorative representations of it led people to believe. If naval construction be traced back through Elizabeth's reign, the early adoption of the general lines on which eighteenth-century ships were constructed becomes very apparent. Taking first the important factor of the relation of length to beam, we find no indication of any radical change in Stuart times. The dimensions of the earlier Elizabethan ships we unfortunately do not know. The only extant list which gives complete details belongs to the year 1599, after all of them had been rebuilt. The first-born of her reign, however, the 'Elizabeth Jonas,' we know to have had a length of two beams and a half, and that when she was reconstructed in 1597 her beam was reduced so that its relation to her length was as 1 to 2·63. The only one of her earlier great-ships, which even after reconstruction reached true galleon standard, was the 'Bear' of 1564. The 'Swiftsure' and 'Dreadnought,' built in 1573, averaged between them very little over two and a half beams, and we may take it that up to 1577 the ideal was between this proportion and that of two and three-quarter beams.

But in the year 1577 there was a marked advance. Hawkins, who had for some time been employed under his father-in-law, now rose to the head of the department, and perhaps it was his influence that at once appears.

In that year three great-ships were turned out, the 'Revenge,' 'Lion,' and 'Nonpareil,' and all of them were true galleons. They were followed at the outbreak of the war by the new 'Rainbow' and 'Vanguard,' both exceeding galleon standard, the latter being as much as three beams and a third in length. Here then, if not earlier, we find the modern ship coming into being, and, as we shall see, it was not only their proportions that were modern. It was just at this time that Drake's influence in naval matters was becoming paramount, and with Hawkins controlling the dockyards the seamen's authority was supreme. Reforms now went apace. The whole of the capital ships built under the Armada programme, though they show a slight reaction against the excessive length of the 'Vanguard,' were closely on galleon lines, and the new class of crompsters which proved so valuable was introduced. Nor was this all. The clumsy superstructures fore and aft, which Charnock believed to have survived the reign, were rigorously cut down. The 'Revenge' is described by Monson as 'low and snug in the water, like a galliasse.' The new ships were ordered to be built like her, and so far did the reform go that in 1593 so fine a seaman as Sir Richard Hawkins found cause to lament that the fashion for 'race' ships, as he calls them, in preference to those 'lofty-built' had been overdone. So great, however, was the improvement found to be that the old ships as they were rebuilt were 'brought into the form of galliasses,' and the navy as a whole must have rapidly lost all that was left of its mediæval appearance.

It is clear then that by the middle of Elizabeth's reign English naval construction was already committed to the general lines it was to follow throughout the period of sails. Lofty superstructures had been condemned and

the galleon adopted as the typical form. On the question of the length of ships it is true that two schools continued to exist. Sir Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester's son, wrote a treatise at the end of the reign elaborating an ideal navy. His shortest ship he called a galleon and would have it four beams in length, while his lower-rate sailing ships, which he called gallizabras and frigates after the new Spanish treasure ships, extended to six and seven beams. On the other hand, the designers of the 'Warspite' and the 'Prince Royal' were reactionaries who favoured ships as short as two beams and a half. Sir George Weymouth, the most voluble authority of James I.'s time, protested strongly against the relapse. He attributed the superiority of the new Dutch ships to their greater length, their lower free-board and their shallower draft, and by the time the 'Sovereign of the Seas' was laid down ideas had swung back to the old galleon lines. So, till steam and iron came to sweep away all the old learning, the ideas of naval construction continued to oscillate upon the galleon mean. In the first official 'establishment' of the eighteenth century the length exceeded three beams. In the last, which was issued in 1745, it was less than three. When towards the end of the century the alarming superiority of French construction forced the Government to give the English shipwrights a free hand, the ships tended to lengthen again, and later still they were once more shortened. With perfect safety, then, we may push the parentage of Nelson's ships even further back than Charnock ventured to trace it; and may confidently assert that between the ships of the Armada programme and those with which Trafalgar was fought there was no difference, at least in the hulls, that can be called generic.

In the matter of rigging the difference was not much

greater. Here too the vessels of the Armada programme show a striking reform. With the exception of the 'Swiftsure' and 'Dreadnought'—which, as we have seen, were abnormally short—all capital ships of over 400 tons built before 1588 had four masts. The whole of those laid down in 1589 had only three, and yet one of them, the 'Merhonour,' was a full galleon and one of the longest and largest ships in the navy.[1]

Such a reform must have appeared to all concerned little short of revolutionary, yet not a single contemporary writer so much as mentions it. But for a forgotten schedule that has survived, we should have no information on this important point. The change did not meet with universal approval. Turning to our last two ships we see the 'Repulse' had gone back to four masts, while the 'Warspite' had only three. The fluidity of opinion, therefore, which these two ships represent as existing at the end of the reign is very curious. For whereas in her rig the 'Repulse' was behind the 'Warspite,' in hull their positions were reversed.

The masts and principal spars as enumerated by the schedule were the same for all classes of ships from the largest galleons down to the smallest pinnace. There was a foremast and fore-topmast carrying a foreyard and 'fore-topsail yard.' The mainmast was the same. If there were two mizen masts the foremost was called the

[1] See *Add. MSS.*, 19889. The MS. is endorsed, 'A note of the names and greatness of all the King's ships,' but the tonnage is nowhere entered. It is really a schedule of the masts and principal spars of each vessel, with the size of some of the items. It is undated, but must be very early in James I.'s reign. For though the 'Golden Lion' has its Stuart name of 'Red Lion,' the 'Nonpareil' and 'Hope' retain their Tudor names. The 'Merhonour,' which occurs in another early Jacobean list as 'Mary Honora,' here bears what was probably her fo'castle name, 'Mary Nora.' The 'Revenge,' built in 1577, having been lost in 1591, is of course not scheduled, but in the House of Lords tapestries she was represented with four masts. This evidence, however, is of course not conclusive.

main mizen, and the second the base, or sometimes the bonaventure mizen. Both were rigged with one lateen sail.[1] The bowsprit (here written 'boulspere') carried a sail on a spar called the 'sprit sail yard' which hung under it. No vessel is mentioned as having a top-gallant yard, but these spars are shown in some of the ships as represented in Visscher's series about 1588, and in Pine's engravings of the House of Lords tapestries. The better opinion is that they were really in use in Elizabeth's time and even long before. They can, indeed, together with spritsails and bonnets, be traced back to the fifteenth century, although Ralegh speaks of them all as though they were recent inventions.[2] No Tudor ship carried anything in the form of a foresail or jib. It was not till long afterwards that any nation adopted them for square-rigged vessels—a fact that is very remarkable, since they were certainly used by small craft at the end of the sixteenth century.[3]

The batteries of Elizabethan ships appear on close examination no less modern than their rig and general design. It is even doubtful whether some of the larger great-ships were not two-deckers. Most of them certainly carried two tiers of guns. But a two-decker in the eighteenth-century sense meant not merely a vessel with two tiers, but one with two covered gun decks, the armaments of which bore a definite relation to each other. It is usually assumed that the 'Prince Royal' was the first English ship of this type, but in the face of existing evidence it is very difficult to assert so much. The

[1] In some prints the main mizen is occasionally shown with a lateen top-sail, a rig which is now considered impossible, and perhaps never existed except as a decorative embellishment of the artist's.

[2] *The Invention of Ships*, *Works*, ii. 78, ed. 1751. For Ralegh's inaccuracy on nautical history, see Oppenheim, p. 127.

[3] Jal, *Glossaire Nautique*, *sub voce* Foc.

'Prince Royal,' as we have seen, was expressly claimed by her designer to be no departure from the Elizabethan model, nor does Ralegh mention two-decked ships amongst the reforms of his time. All he says on the point is 'we have raised our second decks and given more vent thereby to our ordnance lying on our nether overlop.'[1] Here he is probably referring to a single covered tier. He did not approve of more. 'Two decks and a half,' he says, 'is sufficient to yield shelter and lodging for men and mariners.' We may presume, therefore, that three-decked ships—that is, with two covered decks—were not unknown. Indeed, Sir Richard Hawkins, in his 'Observations,' expressly commends them, and not as a new thing. 'Neither,' he says, 'can the ship be so strong with a deck and a half as with two decks; nor with two as with three . . . and the advantage the one hath of the other experience daily teacheth. In the great expedition of eighty-eight did not the "Elizabeth Jonas," the "Triumph," and the "Bear" show greater majesty than the "Ark Royal" and the "Victory" being of equal burdens? Did they not cause greater regard in the enemy? Did they not harbour and accommodate more men and much better? Did they not bear more artillery?' But apart from untrustworthy representations there is no direct evidence that any of the three ships he commends were really two-deckers.

The first ships of whose batteries we have detailed specifications are those of the Armada programme.[2] All

[1] *Invention of Ships*, *Works*, ii. 79, ed. 1751. The subject has been obscured by 'overlop' or 'orlop' having changed its meaning. In the eighteenth century it meant a deck below the waterline covering the hold, and was not a gun deck. In the sixteenth century this deck was called a 'false overlop' (see *infra*, p. 426). As late as at least the first quarter of the seventeenth century 'overlop' signified any complete deck (see Boteler, *Dialogues of the Sea Service*). A number of instances of this use of the word occur below.

[2] *S.P. Dom.*, ccxxiv. 45–6, 83–4.

three of these galleons were of the same design, though not of the same size. That named the 'Defiance' was to be fifteen feet in depth, from the keel to 'the beam of the main overlop.' Below this deck and eight feet above the keel she was to have 'a false overlop as far as need shall require.' The main overlop was to be of three-inch plank and so was the waist of the deck above, which indicates that she was intended to carry a whole tier of heavy ordnance on the main overlop, but only part of one on the deck above. She was also to have a half-deck reaching to the mainmast, and a forecastle and a barbican to the mast, 'and other building above to fit the ship with comeliness.'[1] To complete the picture we are told she was 'to be painted from two feet above the channels upward with colours of oil, carved likewise and garnished with gold, with galleries about the stern, as is fit for such a ship.'[2]

In these vessels we have clearly examples of the type Ralegh approved—vessels, that is, of two decks and a half, not counting the false or lower overlop, which we are told was devoted to the petty officers' cabins, the crew being berthed on the main-deck. They were therefore vessels of but one true gun-deck with the rest of their armament disposed on the upper deck and in the half-deck and forecastle. It would, however, be hasty to conclude from the arrangement of these ships that the principle of two covered gun-decks was unknown. The 'Defiance'

[1] The expression 'barbican to the mast' is difficult to explain. In all contemporary pictures the forecastle is almost entirely abaft the foremast. The barbican may therefore be the part that projected forward of it. The derivation of the word seems to be from the Arabic *bâb-khana*, gate chamber. This would point to its being some kind of work which gave egress to the foremost part of the ship and flanked the forward bulkhead. But Stow thought it came from *burg-kenning*, meaning a fortress watch-tower, so that possibly the English gave this name to a protected look-out forward.

[2] She was also to have galleries for 'easement,' corresponding presumably to the 'garderobes' projecting from castle walls, an indication of increasing attention to sanitation.

and her sisters were ships, as we know, specially constructed 'to be low and snug in the water like a galliasse,' and hence the single covered tier may have been a peculiarity of the galliasse type. In one at least of Visscher's plates two covered tiers of guns are very distinctly shown, although the upper tier extends only under the waist.[1] This vessel, therefore, was not a true two-decker in the later technical sense. In the House of Lords tapestries several vessels were shown with two entire tiers besides their upper deck armament, but here the evidence is too untrustworthy to be relied on.

It is not till we come to the last ships of the reign that we attain anything like a clear view. The 'Warspite' especially places us on firmer ground, for in her case we have the exact distribution of the armament designed for her.[2] 'For the sides of the lower overlop' she was to have twelve shortened culverins, 'for the stern and prow in the lower overlop,' two pairs of long culverins as chasers; similarly 'for the capstan deck in the sides' eight shortened demi-culverins, and 'for the stern and prow in the capstan deck,' two more pairs of long demi-culverins. Besides these she was to have six sakers 'for the waist fore and aft,' and two more 'for the half-deck.' Unlike the 'Defiance,' therefore, she carried her heavy armament in the 'lower overlop.' If the 'capstan deck' which carried the rest of her main armament was covered, she was therefore a true two-decker. In the Pipe Office accounts she is said to have had 'an overlop and deck before and after, and a half-deck abaft the main mast.' Nothing is said of a third deck covering the capstan deck. But in the case of the 'Defiance' and her sisters, the capstan deck was certainly the main-deck and covered. 'The main capstan,' says the specification,

[1] See *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, i. 390.
[2] *S.P. Dom.*, cclv. 43.

'to go alow (i.e. between decks), the chase to be fair upon that (i.e. the main) overlop forward with a pair of carrack bitts, a jere capstan to be made aloft (i.e. on deck) in the waist.' It is possible, therefore, that the expression 'an overlop and a deck before and after' in the Pipe Office account means, that the 'Warspite' had only two decks that ran flush the whole length of the ship without a break, and that it does not exclude an upper broken deck. Indeed from the fact that the schedule speaks of a waist besides the overlop and capstan deck, it seems clear that she must have had an upper deck, and that the guns on the half-deck and waist formed a partial tier above those on the capstan deck. The only way out of it is to assume that the 'waist' was the middle part of the capstan deck. Such an assumption, however, presents at least one insuperable difficulty. The waist guns were only sakers, while those of the capstan deck were demi-culverins. It would mean, therefore, that the lightest guns of the capstan deck were carried amidships. Such an arrangement is unheard of, and so improbable that it is almost certain the 'waist' must have been part of a deck above the capstan deck and that the 'Warspite' was at least in principle a two-decker.

In the case of her fellow the 'Repulse' we unfortunately are not told how her intended armament was to be disposed. But it is possible that in her case a specific statement of the distribution of her guns was deemed unnecessary, for by their nature there seems to be only one way in which they could have been carried. She was to have sixteen shortened culverins and sixteen shortened demi-culverins, with four pairs of chasers as in the 'Warspite,' and besides these she was to have four sakers. The inference is that she was to have a lower battery of 18-pounders, a middle one of 9-pounders, and an upper one of four 5-pounders, carried in the waist or half-deck, as in

the 'Warspite.' For since she was no more than 105 feet on the keel, and must have had two pairs of chasers in each of her main batteries, it is difficult to see how so many guns could have been worked on less than three decks. In her case, then, we have possibly an example of a true two-decker, with upper and lower batteries of exactly the same relative weight as those of similar ships in the eighteenth century. Until further evidence be forthcoming, however, no certainty is attainable, but enough exists to forbid a categorical assertion that two-deckers were unknown under Elizabeth, and when we remember that the 'Warspite' in her dimensions was a reversion to an older type, we cannot even say that they did not exist in the early part of the reign.

It is not, then, at this point that any distinct line can safely be drawn between the ships of Drake and the ships of Nelson. If such ships as the 'Repulse' and 'Warspite' were indeed two-deckers, a certain difference must be noted. But it is not a radical difference of design. It is only a difference of relative size. At the end of the eighteenth century no two-deckers or even two-tiered ships were admitted so small. In the French 'Establishment' of 1786, from which may be said to date the final English improvements of the eighteenth century, the 20-gun corvettes were as large as the 'Warspite,' while there was no frigate so small as the largest galleon of Elizabeth. In other words, the Elizabethan double-tiered vessels were no bigger than the second class single-tiered ships of the new French establishment. But in gauging the modernity of the vessels, which Hawkins turned out, it must not be forgotten that this French establishment was far ahead of contemporary ideas in England. It almost revolutionised our naval construction. It was not till a generation before that the construction of two-decked

44-gun ships ceased, and they appear in the Navy List as late as 1792. When, therefore, it is remembered that these vessels were very much of the same size as the Elizabethan first-rates, we see dwindling almost to nothing the gap between the ships of Drake's prime and those in which Nelson learned his art.

Even in the character and weight of the armament itself the case is much the same. Between the natures of the guns that won Gravelines, and of those that proclaimed the final triumph at Trafalgar, the differences except in the weight of metal and more accurate boring are barely perceptible. It is only in the proportion of guns to tonnage, and in the distribution of the armament that there is any marked contrast. But even here the difference is not so great as is generally believed. The tendency to reduce the relative weight of armament, which has reached its highest point on the ships of yesterday, had already set in before Elizabeth died. When the tactics that were based on gunnery first displayed their mastery over the old system that was based on boarding, the tendency to overgun warships was almost inevitable. Drake was the great exponent of the new school, and it was he who appears to have been the arch-offender. A marked increase of armament coincides with the dawn of his ascendency at the outbreak of the war. During his lifetime, armaments continued at their highest point, and after his death a reaction set in. The last vessels designed, while he was still a power at the Admiralty, were the 'Repulse' and 'Warspite.' For the 'Repulse' was specified a primary armament of forty-four guns, weighing over sixty-seven tons. That of the 'Warspite' was thirty-six guns, weighing about fifty-two tons. By 1599, however, both vessels had been differently armed. The 'Repulse' then carried

only thirty-eight guns weighing fifty-four tons, and the 'Warspite' had been reduced to thirty-two guns weighing forty tons.[1] Although there is no actual certainty that either ship ever received the heavy armament originally specified, the reduced weight of 1599 is evidence nevertheless of the existence of a reaction.

The mistake of overgunning ships beyond the economical mean had indeed declared itself some time before, and efforts were being made to deal with the difficulty. At first relief was sought by reducing the number of heavy pieces of the cannon class—the guns, that is, of high

[1] For the re-armament see Oppenheim, p. 124, and Derrick, p. 32–3. For the original armament see the 'Estimate for brass and iron ordnance for the "greater" and the "lesser" new ship,' October 31, 1595 (*S. P. Dom.*, cclv. 43). In the fleet list of December 12 (*ibid.* cclv. 8) the words 'great and less new ships' are erased and 'Repulse' and 'Warspite' substituted. The details of the estimate are as follows:—

'Repulse.'

8½ foot brass culverins (18-pdrs.)	each	3800 lbs.	16
10 ft. „ „ „	„	4000 lbs.	4
8½ ft. iron demi-culverins (9-pdrs.)	„	2500 lbs.	16
9 ft. „ „ „	„	2700 lbs.	4
8½ ft. „ sakers (5-pdrs.)	„	1700 lbs.	8

'Warspite.'

For the sides in the 'lower overlop'	8½ ft. culverins	16
For the stern and prow in the lower overlop	10 ft. „	4
For the 'capstan deck' on the sides	8½ ft. demi-culverins	8
For the stern and prow on the capstan deck	9½ ft. „	4
For the 'waist' fore and aft.	8½ ft. sakers	6
For the 'half deck'	8½ ft. „	2

The weights are reckoned in the paper at 2000 lbs. to the ton, and these are followed in the text.

The armament of 1599 was as follows:—

	Demi-Cannon	Periers	Culv.	Demi-Culv.	Sakers
'Repulse'	3	2	13	14	6
'Warspite'	2	2	14	10	4

battering power—and relying on the superior penetration of the lighter culverin class. This proving insufficient the process was carried further by shortening the culverin, whereby it was made both lighter and less liable to strain the ship when run out. In 1594 the Lieutenant of the Ordnance spoke of 9 feet as the length of ordinary demi-culverins in the sea service as against the normal 12 feet.[1] Subsequently a still larger reduction in length took place in the armament designed for the 'Repulse' and 'Warspite.' The ordinary demi-culverins were to be only $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and even the chasing pieces only $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The process did not even stop there. Writing after the war Monson says, 'No ship commonly carries greater pieces than a demi-cannon, and the rest of her pieces ought not to be above 7 or 8 feet long, unless it be in the chase or stern: they are easier in charging, easeful to the ship, besides better in traversing and mounting.' Sir Richard Hawkins, the most advanced naval expert of his time, was of the same opinion. His famous action in the South Sea confirmed him in the view that 'it is most proper for ships to have short ordnance except in the stern or chase. The reasons,' he urged, 'are many, viz. easier charging, ease of the ship's side, better traversing and mounting.' But his weightiest and most modern reason was that long range guns at sea were a mistake. Short guns and close action was his maxim. 'To reach far at sea,' he argued, 'is to little effect. For he that purposeth to annoy his enemy, must not shoot at random (*i.e.* at extreme range) nor at point blank, if he purpose to accomplish his devoir; neither must he spend his shot nor powder, but where a pot-gun may reach his contrary. How much the nearer, so much the better. And this duty executed, the shorter artillery will work its effect as

[1] Sir George Carew to Cecil. *Domestic Calendar*, July 31, 1594.

well as the long; otherwise neither short nor long are of much importance. But here my meaning is not to approve the overshort pieces devised by some persons, which at every shot they make dance out of their carriages, but those of indifferent length and which keep the mean betwixt seven and eight foot.' His last allusion is to the newly invented 'Drakes' and 'Curtals,' light pieces which were the precursors of the carronade and like them unpopular for the violence of their recoil.[1] So strong, however, was the demand for light pieces that although the new curtals were a complete failure from what Boteler calls their 'boisterous reverse,' drakes later on came into regular use, and in 1635 the 'Sovereign of the Seas,' except for a few chasers, was entirely armed with pieces of new type. But in Elizabeth's time nothing better for the purpose than the low-charge perier had been perfected.[2]

Although the reaction had made little real progress during the Queen's lifetime it was certainly set in motion by the experience of her officers during the later campaigns. Both the 'Repulse' and the 'Warspite' had behaved badly in their first voyages. We have seen how in 1597 Essex had to shift his flag from the 'Repulse,' and how the 'Warspite' frightened Ralegh. The impression produced on his mind was deep and lasting. In the 'Observations on the Navy and Sea Service' which he wrote after the war for Prince Henry,

[1] Cf. Boteler, *Dialogues about Sea Services*, p. 316.

[2] No clear description of the drake appears to exist. Boteler speaks of its thinness of metal making it liable to overheat and so putting it out of action. In the 'Sovereign of the Seas' the culverin-drakes were $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long and weighed 28 cwt., whereas the culverins were $11\frac{1}{2}$ ft. and 48 cwt. Similarly the demi-culverin-drakes were $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. and 18 cwt. and the demi-culverins were 10 ft. and 30 cwt. She also carried cannon- and demi-cannon drakes (Oppenheim, 262). In Elizabeth's time the ordinary sea-service demi-culverin weighed about 28 cwt.

he is emphatic against even the reduced armaments then in vogue. 'It were also very behoveful,' he writes, 'that his Majesty's ships were not so over-pestered and clogged with great ordnance as they are, whereof there is such a superfluity as that much of it serves to no better use, but only to labour and overcharge the ship's sides in any grown sea and foul weather. Besides many of the ships that are allowed but twenty gunners have forty piece of brass pieces, whereas every piece at least requires four gunners to attend it, and so that proportion of ordnance to so few gunners is very preposterous . . . Withal we do see that twenty or thirty good brass pieces, as cannon, demi-cannon, culverin and demi-culverin, is a royal battery for a Prince to bring before any town or strong fortress: and why should not we as well think the same to be a very large proportion for one ship to batter another withal.'

Ralegh, of course, is little to be trusted in naval matters. The soldier in him predominated too heavily over the sailor, and nothing shows it more clearly than the use of such an argument. He had clearly failed to grasp not only the English principle of a fighting crew but also the theory of the new English tactics. He could not believe that seamen could work a gun nor could he see the ship as a gun carriage. It was still for him a fortress carrying men in which the guns were mainly of use to effect an entrance into a rival fortress. In the new tactics the men were subordinate to the guns. It was the guns and the power of the crew to work them with accuracy and rapidity that were the essence of success. You must sink your enemy before he could sink you. Superior gun power was the first element. Yet Ralegh made no difference between the rapid fight of two ships at sea and the prolonged siege of a fortress.

Still his remarks, like all he wrote, are full of interest

and suggestion. After pointing out that a reduction of guns would mean a saving of expense in ammunition—a heresy that Drake had vehemently decried—he gets to sounder argument. 'If many [guns],' he proceeds, 'had not been stricken down into hold in many voyages (and especially in this last voyage to the Islands) divers of the ships [from the] weight heaft and charge thereof would have foundered in the sea; wherein I report me to such as have served in them and saw the proof thereof.' The expedition he refers to is that of 1597, in which he himself served. 'For this journey to the Islands,' he goes on, 'did most of all others discover unto us these experiences and trials of the Royal Navy; for that it was the longest navigation that ever was made out of our realm with so many of the Prince's ships; and tarrying out so late in the year, whereby both the wind and sea had power and time thoroughly to search and examine them.' Then he falls back again upon lame excuses for his opinion that are not to the point as argument. 'Besides,' he concludes, 'many times there is no proportion of shot and powder allowed rateably by the quantity of great ordnance, as was seen in the sea battle with the Spaniards in '88, when it so nearly concerned the defence and preservation of the Kingdom. So as then many of those great guns wanting powder and shot stood but as cyphers and scarecrows, not unlike to the Easterling hulks who were wont to paint great red portholes in their broadsides, where they carried no ordnance at all.' The Stuart Navy Commissioners were equally strong on the point. In 1619 they reported officially that the 'Dreadnought,' though called a ship of 36 guns, yet had had four of them buried in her ballast for the past seven years, and that some pieces were in the same case in the crompster 'Answer,' and other ships.

The reaction, then, had clearly not proceeded very far, and ships continued to be badly overweighted. Still, it must not be imagined that the ships of Elizabeth carried a weight of ordnance heavier in proportion to their tonnage than those of the next two centuries. Indeed, the reverse was the case. The 'Merhonour,' a ship built when the fashion for high gun-power was at its zenith, will serve as a convenient example. By dimensions she was 691 tons, and was rated at 800. Originally designed as a 48-gun ship, she was armed in 1599 with 39 guns weighing 63 tons. In 1624, after she had been rebuilt and was still rated at 800 tons, she carried an armament of 40 guns, weighing over 66 tons. In Cromwell's navy the 40-gun ships measured by dimension about a hundred and fifty tons smaller than the 'Merhonour,' and their armament was probably quite as heavy. In any case, we know that the 'Dover,' a 38-gun fourth-rate, a hundred tons smaller by dimensions than the 'Merhonour,' had an armament of 24 culverins, 6 demi-culverins, and 8 sakers, which must have weighed at least as much as the 'Merhonour's' of 1599.[1]

In another hundred years the lightest armament of 44-gun ships had been fixed at twenty 18-pounders, twenty 9-pounders, and four 6-pounders, corresponding in calibre to the culverins, demi-culverins, and sakers of the Elizabethan service; yet the vessels of this class, measured by their established dimensions, were still seventy-five tons smaller than the 'Merhonour,' and their guns, calibre for calibre, weighed far heavier than those of Tudor and early Stuart times. Indeed, it is not till we come to the French establishment of 1786 that we find

[1] Calculated by the lowest weights in Norton's table (*The Gunner*, 1628) they would have totalled 128,600 lbs. or over 64 tons at 2,000 lbs. to the ton, but as some of them must have been heavy chasers they probably weighed much more.

vessels carrying, ton for ton, so light a weight of ordnance as those of Elizabeth. The corvettes of that establishment were practically the same size as the original 'Vanguard.' At the Queen's death the main armament of this ship was thirty-eight guns, varying from 24-pounders to 5-pounders, and they weighed about 40 tons. The new French corvettes carried only twenty 6-pounders, and they weighed 39 tons.[1]

Clearly then, the overgunning of the Elizabethan ships was not due to their being burdened with a weight of ordnance heavier than that approved in the eighteenth century. It was due to the faulty lines of the ships themselves which rendered them incapable of carrying batteries, such as the better designed vessels of Nelson's time supported with ease. Nor was any great improvement effected during the Stuart period, and what was done was only by halting and hardly perceptible steps. When we read that the Elizabethan great-ships were regarded as unfit to leave harbour in winter, and listen to Ralegh and Monson boasting how they kept the sea till autumn, the Tudor navy seems to recede into something primitive and unformed. Yet for another hundred years its endurance was hardly increased, and even on the eve of the eighteenth century Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a sailor born and bred, could roundly assert that an admiral who kept his fleet out after October deserved to be shot.

The truth is that in spite of all that seems at first sight so old-fashioned in the instruments and ideas which Drake and his successors used, they differed only in degree, and that in no large degree, from those with which

[1] The above figures are all taken, except where otherwise noted, from Oppenheim, Derrick, and Charnock. The 'Vanguard' measured $108 \times 32 \times 13$ or 449 tons by the dimension rule, and the French corvettes $112 \times 28\frac{1}{3} \times 14\frac{1}{3}$ or say 455 tons.

Nelson brought the art to its zenith. The seeds that grew so great may be seen already stirring in the fertile Elizabethan soil. In whatever field they be closely watched—in strategy or tactics, gunnery or construction, they will still be found with all the vigour of that teeming age, pushing blindly through to the golden harvest that was in store.

APPENDIX

Authorities for the Cadiz Expedition, 1596

Owing to the importance of the officers engaged, and their anxiety to give each his own version of what happened, the authorities for the Cadiz expedition are unusually numerous. In the days before war correspondents were thought of, the generals did the work for themselves, and displayed an ardour and ingenuity in their efforts to be first in print, that would have strongly recommended them to a newspaper editor to-day.

According to the practice of the time, no official despatch was written after the capture of Cadiz, but instead an officer was sent home whom the commanders could trust to do them fair credit by word of mouth. At the same time, however, they all wrote private letters which were intended for publication. In these each officer related the events from his own point of view, to excuse his failures, emphasise his successes, and put the responsibility for blunders on anyone's shoulders but his own. Fortunately a rigorous censorship at home made up for the absence of anything of the kind with the force, and, as explained in the text, only one version was allowed to be published. Everything else the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed the duties of press censor, was ordered by Cecil not to license.

1. The version which the Archbishop passed was of course the official one. Cecil himself prepared it for the press. The account which he chose for a basis, and very properly, was Howard's letter. No man was likely to be so impartial. The Lord Admiral wrote it to his father-in-law Lord Hunsdon, but the old Lord Chamberlain was dead before it arrived and it thus came into Cecil's hands. A copy is in the 'Bacon Papers,'

xii. f. 36 (see Birch's 'Memoirs of Elizabeth,' ii. 52). The draft corrected for the press by Cecil is in 'State Papers, Domestic,' cclix. 114. There it is not stated to be by Howard, but it is identical with the Bacon copy. This account, having been sent off with Ashley from Cadiz, does not extend to subsequent operations.

2. Ralegh's account is probably the best known of all, and, on account of its literary merit, has had more weight attached to it than it deserves as an historical document. Though clearly written with a view to publication it must have been suppressed with the other private narrations, since it was not printed till his grandson Philip Ralegh found a copy or draft of it amongst Sir Walter's papers. Like the other private narrations, it is in the form of a letter, beginning 'You shall receive many relations, but none more true than this. May it please your honour, therefore, to know, &c.' Edwardes professed himself unable to throw any light on the question of the person to whom it was addressed. The reason, no doubt, is that it was not addressed to anyone. It was the fashion of the time to give such pieces an epistolary form. See Edwardes's 'Life of Ralegh,' ii. 139.

3. Another well-known account is that contained in the later editions of Hakluyt. It was printed by him for his first edition, but though mentioned in the preface and title-page of the first volume of the 'Voyages' in 1598, it was not allowed to appear. Before the second volume could be issued Essex had fallen, and for fear of resuscitating his past popularity, the story of his great exploit was officially suppressed. It was not again printed till the time of George I. See Birch's 'Memoirs of Elizabeth,' ii. 99. For the original of this account, see *infra*, § 6.

4. Sir William Monson's account appears in his 'Naval Tracts.' Like all his work it is inaccurate and partial, showing clear evidence of a dim memory and a strong bias, especially against Ralegh, and characterised by a transparent desire to enhance his own reputation. It is nevertheless valuable for naval detail wherever it can be checked by other authority.

5. An anonymous account in the British Museum 'Sloane MSS.' 1303, 1, is of high interest in view of its possible origin. It is in epistolary form, like Ralegh's version, and ends as his

begins with the stereotyped protestation of good faith, which irresistibly suggests an ulterior purpose. It concludes: Thus have you the sum of all that passed the 21st of June . . . which you shall find neither coloured with art nor in any part amplified beyond the truth, both these having been most clearly avoided and a plain and direct narration of particulars religiously observed.' The whole extends to seven pages of closely written manuscript, but so carefully is the narrator's identity concealed that nowhere is there any real clue to its authorship. The only indication is where it speaks of Essex's attempt to land at St. Sebastian's. 'Sir Walter Ralegh,' it says, 'and some sea captains and masters from the Lord Admiral *came* to protest against the landing.' The use of the word 'came' would suggest that the author was someone in the 'Repulse,' Essex's ship, for it was aboard of her we know the protest was made. Throughout it is favourable to Essex, and especially during the naval attack, where it distinctly says that it was he who made Ralegh go in closer (see *supra*, p. 82). Further, there is no hint that the author personally took any part in the fighting, which renders it probable that he was a non-combatant. These shadowy clues all point to the Earl's secretary, Mr. Henry Cuffe, as the possible author, and we know he prepared an account of the affair for his chief and brought it home (see *supra*, p. 127–9). Being unable to place it personally in the hands of Essex's agent in London, he sent it on with the following letter: 'Amongst other things you shall receive a discourse of our great action at Cadiz, penned very truly according to his lordship's large instructions; by which, besides my own knowledge, he informed me of sundry particulars of moment in the process thereof. And after I had penned it as plainly as I could, altering little or nothing of his own draught, I caused his lordship to peruse it once again, and to add *extremam manum*, which he hath done, as you may perceive by the interlining. His lordship's purpose is that it should with the soonest be set in print, both to stop all vagrant rumours and to inform those that are well affected of the truth of the whole, yet so that in any case neither his lordship's name nor mine nor any other [about] my lord be either openly named, used or so insinuated that any slender guess may be drawn, who was the penman. . . . The title in the title-page

may be: *A true relation of the action at Cadiz the 21st of June under the Earl of Essex and the Lord Admiral, sent to a gentleman in Court from one that served there in good place.*' The suggestive echoes of the concluding paragraph of the 'Sloane MS.' which this letter contains add materially to the possibility of its being the lost Essex version, and consequently it must be received with caution wherever it tells in the Earl's favour at the expense of other officers.

6. The manuscript account next in importance is that written by Dr. Roger Marbecke. At least three copies of this are known to exist, two in the British Museum (*Sloane* 229 and *Stowe* 159, f. 352) and one at Oxford (*Rawlinson* D. 124), the Sloane copy being a small beautifully written quarto, attributed to Marbecke himself, who was famous for his calligraphy. At Oxford his scholarship and elegant latinity raised him to the position of Provost of Oriel and Public Orator for life; but a discreditable marriage compelled him to sever his connection with the University and he had to begin life again. Taking to medicine and losing his wife, he rapidly rose again to the top of the tree, and became the Queen's chief physician. When the expedition to Cadiz was decided on he seems to have been lent to Howard, just as the heads of the profession seek the seat of war in our own days. His MS. is entitled '*A brief and true discourse of the late honourable voyage into Spain, and of the winning sacking and burning of the famous town of Cadiz there, and of the overthrow of the Spanish Navy at that time, with a report of all other accidents thereunto appertaining by Doctor Marbecke attending upon the person of the right honourable the Lord High Admiral of England all the time of the said action.*' It is this MS. that is the original of Hakluyt's account, but unfortunately the Doctor's lively style seems to have displeased the Preacher, and in editing it for his collection of voyages he sadly mutilated it. The Doctor is particular in relating everything that struck him as worthy of record in naval laws, manners, and customs, but nearly the whole of these passages Hakluyt modified or omitted. Here, for instance, is the Doctor's description of the ceremony of 'Hailing,' when a ship rejoining the fleet reported herself to the admiral. 'These hailings then are in this order. When after a day's absence or more, as occasion serveth, they come near to the Lord Admiral,

and yet not too near, but of such a reasonable distance as they may not endanger themselves of going foul one of another, they presently man the ship and place every one of their companies both upon the upper and middle deck and also upon the waist and shrouds and elsewhere to the most advantage they can to make the bravest show and appear the greatest number. Then the masters and mates of the ships immediately [join] upon the sounding of their whistles in a pretty loud tunable manner, all the whole company shaking their hands, hats and caps, giving a marvellous loud shout with as much mirth and rejoicing as they can, which shout, consisting of so many loud, strong and variable voices maketh such a sounding echo and pleasant report in the air, as delighteth very much. And this ceremony is done three times by them and three times interchangeably answered by the Lord Admiral.' This seems to be the first mention of 'manning ship' and 'three cheers' as official acts. The Doctor, too, is rich in personal touches and gives us the most intimate picture of Howard that exists. He shows us the Lord Admiral diligently attending prayers three times a day with his son and his two preachers, Mr. Edward Doughtie and Mr. Theodore Price.[1] Then we are shown the Admiral caring for the smallest wants of the meanest of his crew, and making a point of addressing every man by his name. Finally we see him fuming because his master will not take him into closer action, and laying guns with his own hand. On the controversial points in the campaign unfortunately the astute Doctor is not so satisfactory. He was an arrant courtier, and avoids criticism in a pean of praise on all the flag-officers alike, as their names occur. Here and there he has passages and illustrations of considerable humour, but all these his editor considered unworthy of the dignity of the subject. He omits his embellishments and corrects his dates.

7. Two other manuscript accounts may be noticed, both in epistolary form. The first, *Harleian* 167, is clearly the draft of a letter by Howard himself to someone whom he addresses as 'My very good lord.' It contains full details of the regiments and knights, with a note that two gentlemen, Mr. D'Oyly and

[1] This adds one more piece of evidence to the many that exist that Howard could not have been a Roman Catholic, though it is true that years after it was said that Price died a Papist. (See *Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

Mr. Ratcliffe, refused the honour. It contains little of importance that we do not know from other sources. The second is in *Stowe* 164 f. 90. From internal evidence it would appear to be a private letter by the secretary who drafted the first, for Howard. For it follows its wording exactly with a slightly different opening.

All the above accounts relate only to the proceedings at Cadiz, and probably were all in some form or another sent home with Crosse's squadron immediately after the evacuation.

For the whole of the voyage we have :

8. Sir Francis Vere's account printed in his 'Commentaries.' It is especially valuable for technical details and the light it throws on the true intention of the tactics employed; but throughout it is a studied apology for the author, probably exaggerating the part he played and minimising that of officers he disliked, such as Ralegh.

9. The fullest and on the whole the most impartial account is an anonymous and hitherto unnoticed manuscript in Lambeth Palace (No. 250). It is entitled: '*A Journal of all the particularities that fell out in the voyage under the charge of the two Lord Generals, the Earl of Essex and the Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, and also the names of all the commanders and great officers with the captains and voluntary gentlemen that appertain to the army.*' It begins with the Queen's prayer and the general orders prepared by Vere, but otherwise is in the form of a diary or log of the whole voyage, from April 11 when Essex took leave of the Queen for Dover to August 8 when he put into Plymouth. It is detailed in giving latitudes and direction and force of wind, and throughout has the appearance of being founded, as it pretends to be, on a genuine log. Its author was in a position to know what passed at the Councils of War, and from his account of the movements of Ralegh's detached squadron on June 19 and 20 it is clear he was serving on one of Ralegh's ships, if not the 'Warspite' itself. He gives no particulars of personal service, and is just as careful with military as with naval details, so that it cannot be divined whether he was a soldier, a sailor, or a non-combatant. The whole has an unmistakable air of having been prepared for the press, but as far as is known it has never been printed, and may have lain where it is ever since it was sent in to the Archbishop to be licensed.

10. On the whole strategy of the campaign we have two documents prepared by Essex in reply to hostile critics. One is entitled '*A Censure of the Omissions of the Cales voyage*,' meaning a consideration of certain things left undone. The 'omissions' considered are four in number—that the *flota* at Cadiz was not captured; that the city was not permanently occupied; that the fleet did not go to the Azores; and that no other ports were attacked. Against all of the charges he defends himself with success. A manuscript of it is in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford, and it is printed in the modern editions of Hakluyt's 'Voyages.'

The second document is '*An apology of the Earl of Essex against those who falsely and maliciously accuse him to be the only hinderer of the peace and quiet of this kingdom, written to Mr. Anthony Bacon.*' A copy is in the 'State Papers Domestic,' cclxix. 71. Another in the 'Lambeth MSS.' 185. It was reprinted in 4to. in 1603, after Elizabeth's death, and was subsequently included in the works of Francis Bacon in 1753, but on what authority does not appear (Birch, ii. 384). Birch, who is indignant at this attempt to deny Essex the authorship, quotes a Latin letter from the Earl to Antonio Perez which tells him to look out for an 'Essexii apologiam,' and says it was begun off Coruña, when he was left alone there by his colleagues on their refusal to continue the campaign. Birch considers that this is irrefutable evidence that Essex wrote the 'Apology,' but it is more likely that the letter refers to the 'Censure of Omissions.'

The above are the main English authorities, but a number of other documents exist, which will be found noted in the text.

The Spanish official documents are conveniently collected in vol. xxxvi. of the 'Documentos Ineditos,' whereby we are able to follow the events at Cadiz almost from hour to hour.

The Dutch account in Meteren is of little value.

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